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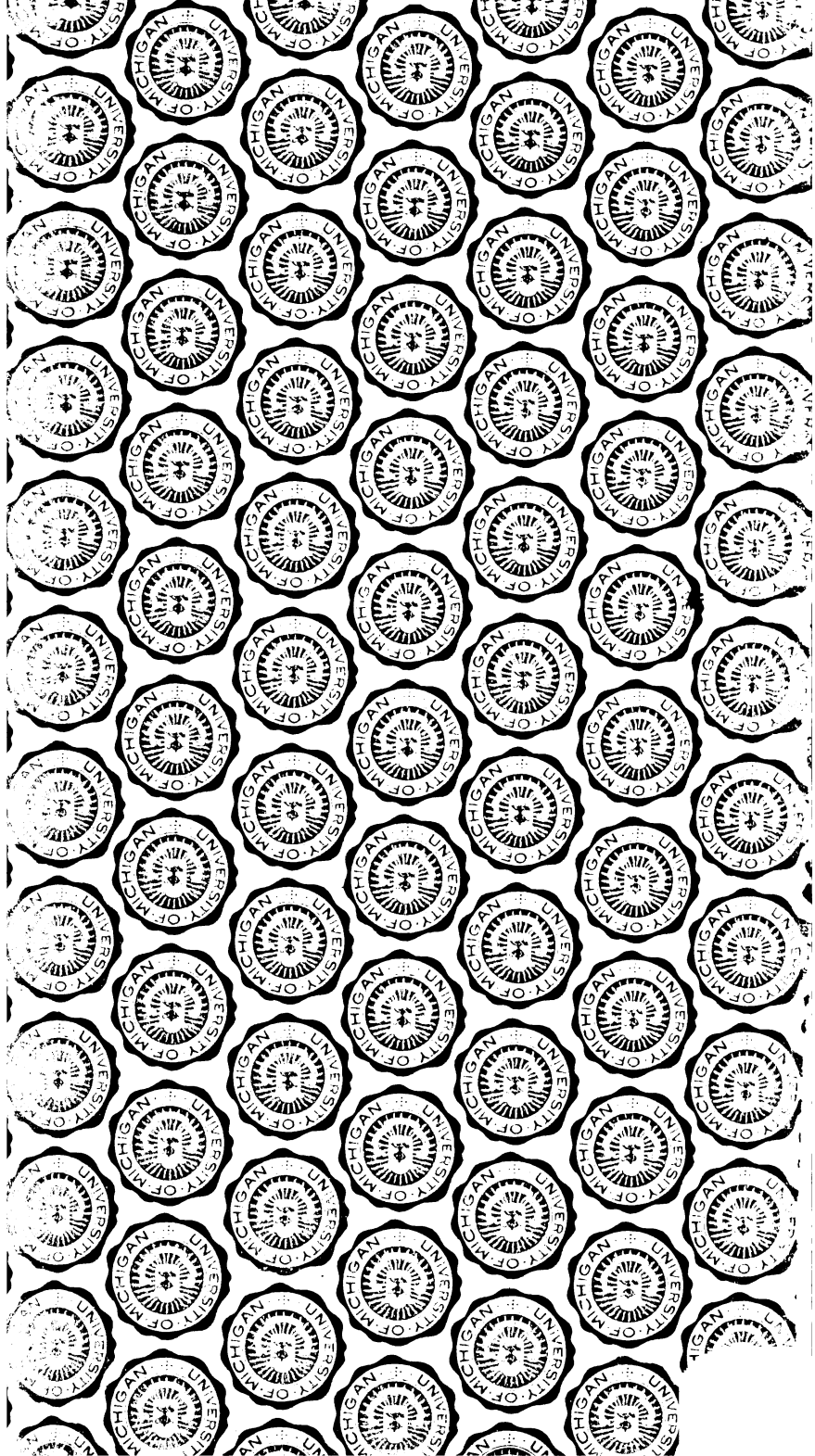
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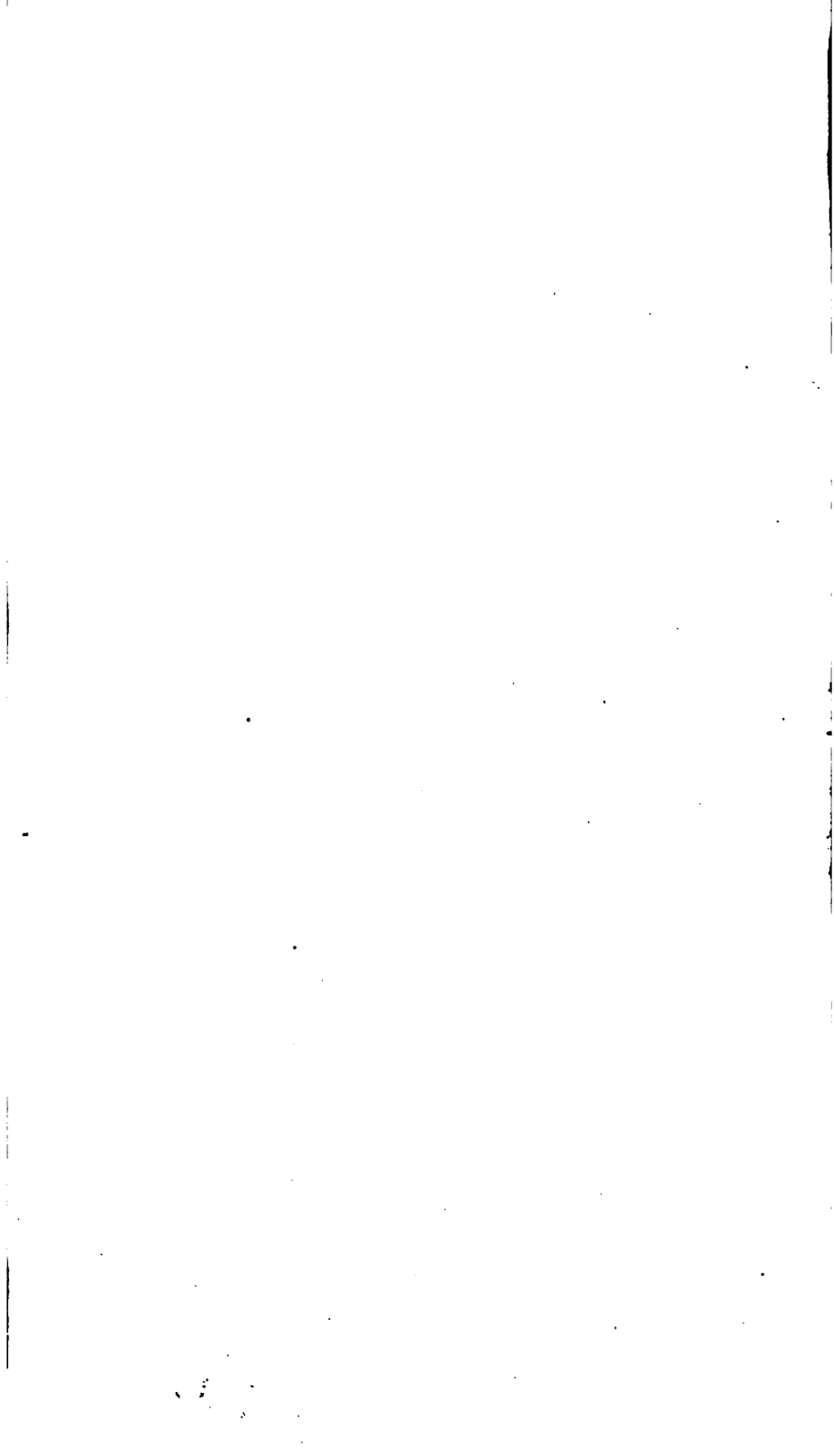
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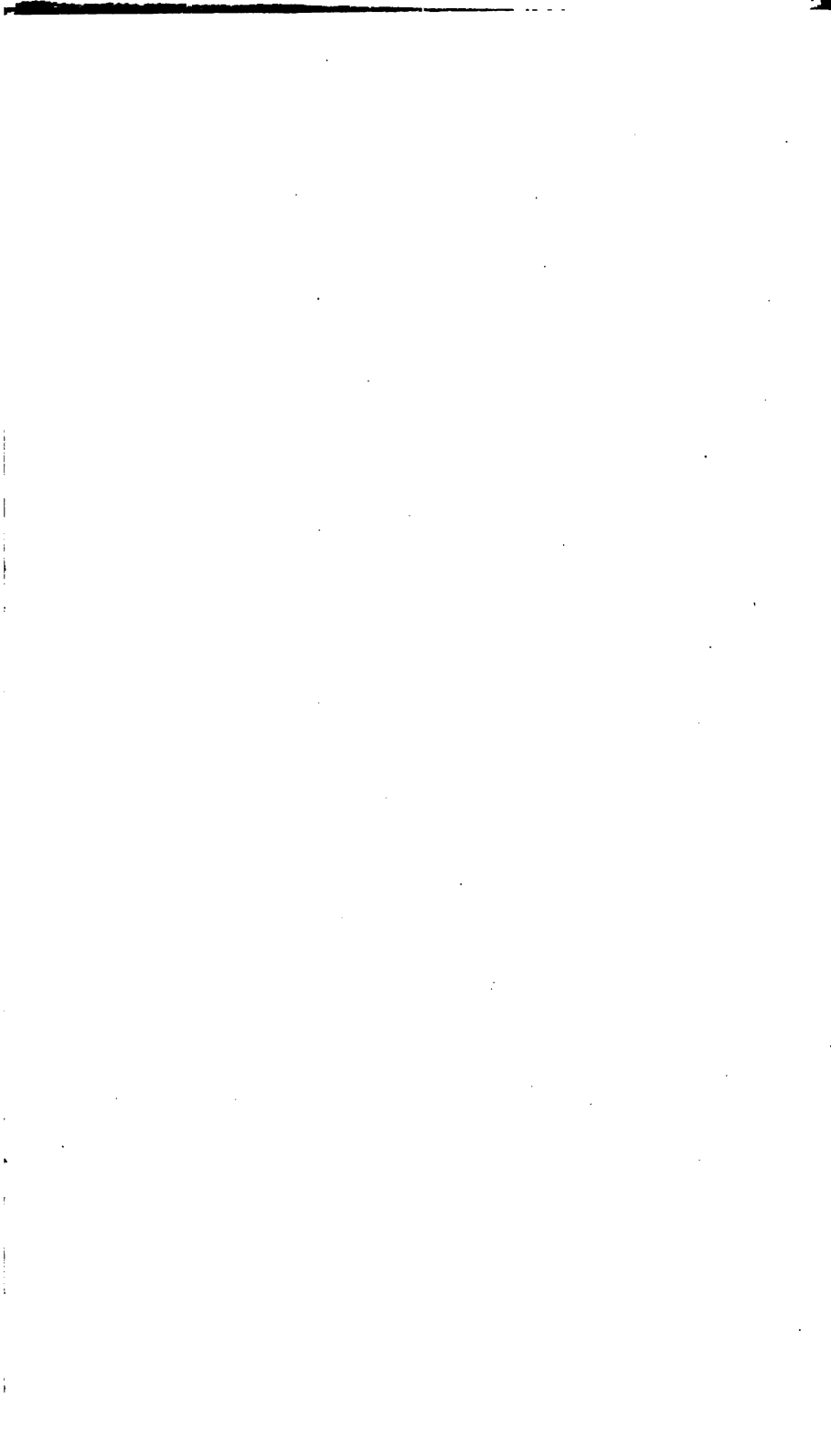


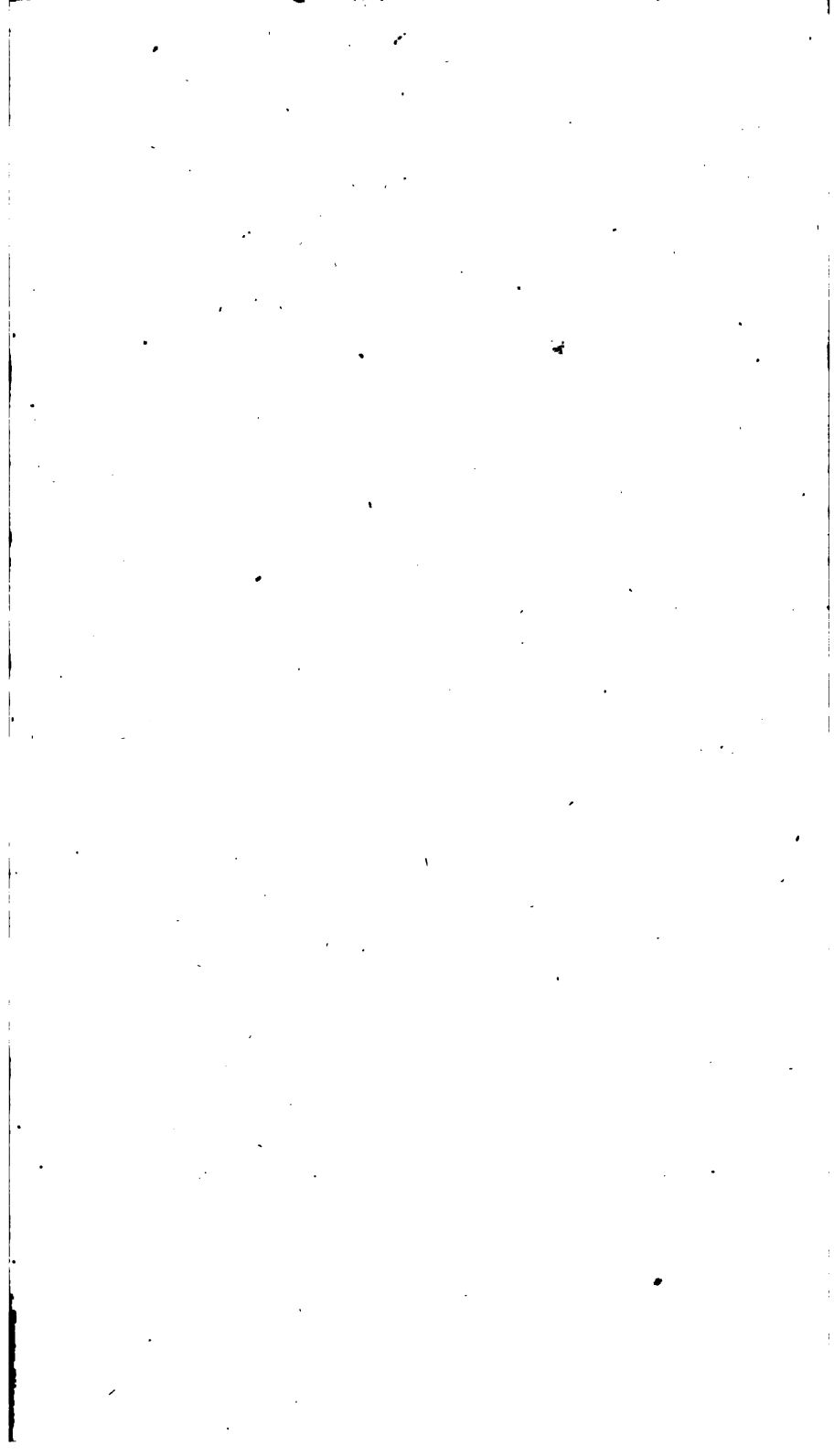


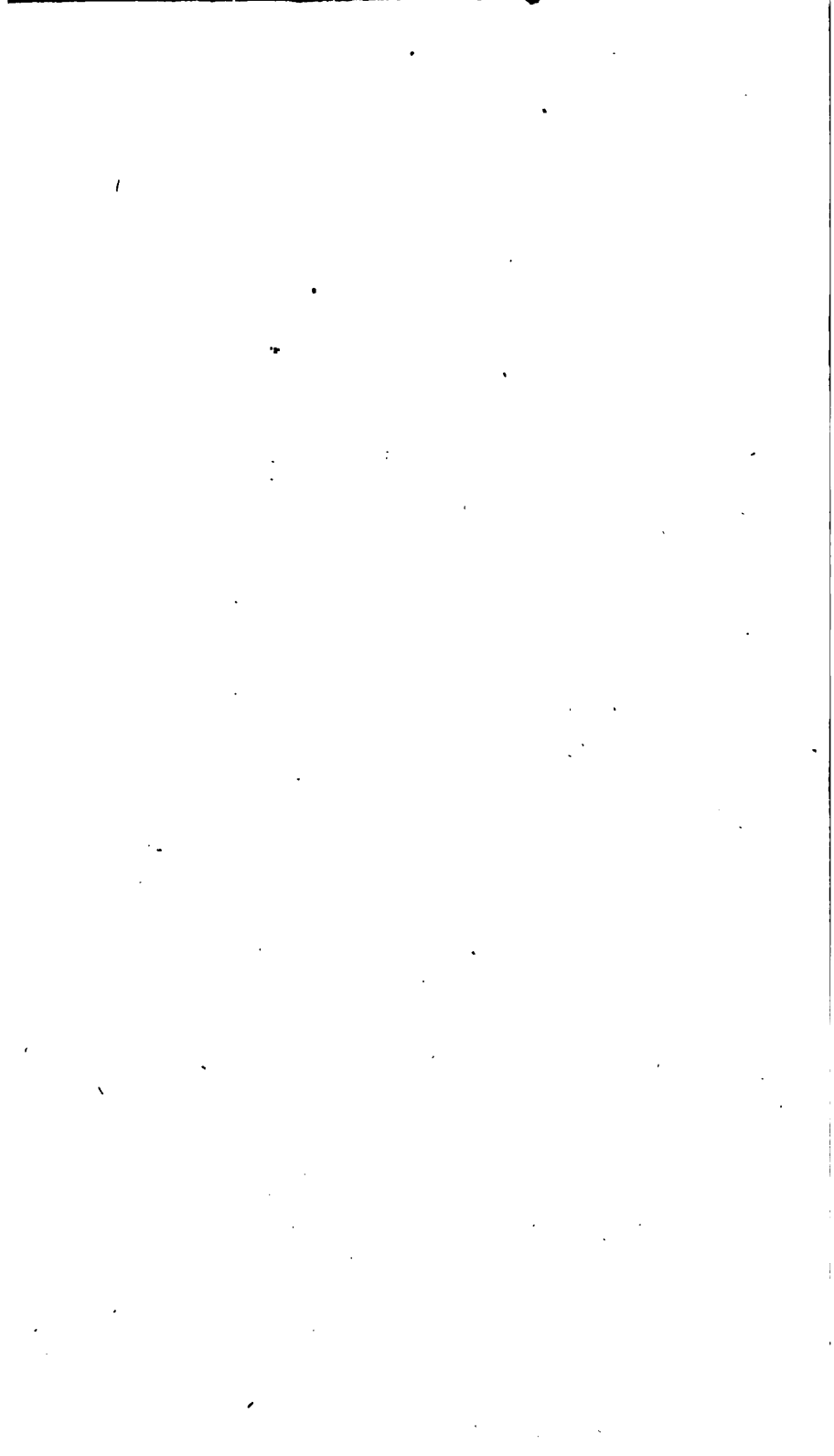
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DR. BARRETT'S
ESSAY
ON THE EARLIER PART
OF THE
LIFE OF SWIFT.

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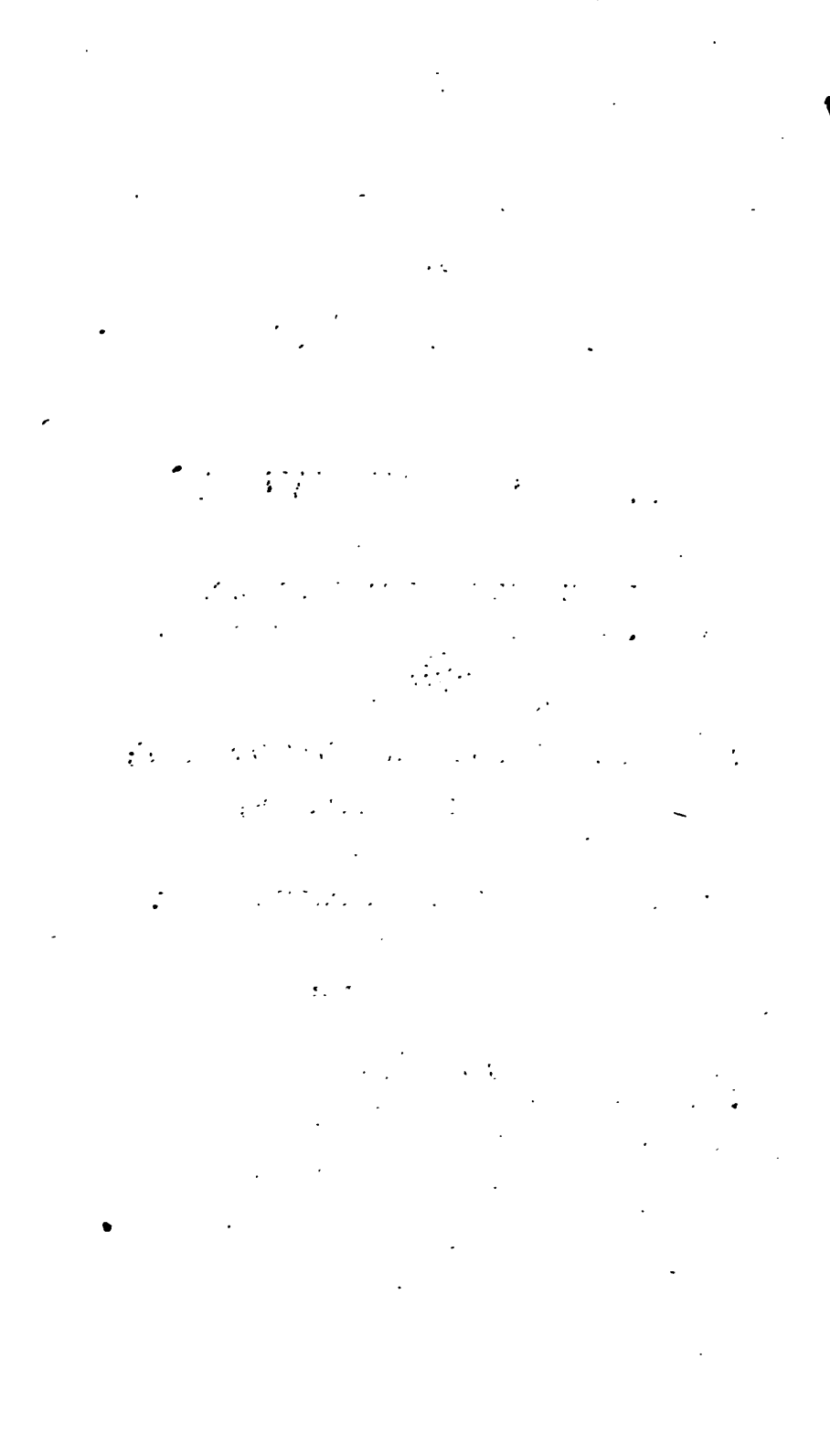
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AN
ESSAY
ON
THE EARLIER PART
OF
THE LIFE OF SWIFT.
BY THE REV. JOHN BARRETT, D.D.
AND VICE-PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.
TO WHICH ARE SURJOINED
SEVERAL PIECES ASCRIBED TO SWIFT;
TWO OF HIS ORIGINAL LETTERS;
AND EXTRACTS FROM
HIS REMARKS ON BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY.

LONDON;

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1808.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the summer of 1808, when a new edition of Swift's Works revised and corrected (which had been some months delayed by a calamitous fire) was nearly ready for publication, the Proprietors were favoured (through the friendly exertions of Mr. MALONE, a name respected by every literary man) with an elaborate and valuable Essay on the early part of the Dean's Life; an Essay which had been, with much labour, research, and attention, some time before composed by the learned writer of it, the Rev. Dr. BARRETT, Vice-Provost of Trinity College; accompanied with several Pieces ascribed to Swift on Authorities which carry with them their own conviction.

These curious communications are intended to be annexed to the Edition of the Dean's Works, which will now be in a few days published; but are in the mean time submitted

in

in a separate form to the Publick, for the convenience of those who are already possessed of any former Edition of the Writings of Dr. Swift.

Two original Letters, which will be found highly interesting, have also been obtained by the persevering attention of Mr. MALONE.

J. N.

Oct. 31, 1808.

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AN
ESSAY ON THE EARLIER PART

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THE LIFE OF SWIFT.

AFTER the many accounts which have been given to the Public of the Life of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, it may justly be thought a matter of wonder, that room should be left to add to the narratives already supplied by his biographers, and to increase the stock of general information on the actions and writings of so extraordinary a character. But we should recollect, in what a cursory manner they pass over all that relates to his earlier years (which portion of his life I mean principally to consider) • and that

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ERRATA.

- Page 40, l. 10 from the bottom, for *Thewks*, read *Thewles*.
 51, l. 15, for *pinquis*, r. *pinguis*.
 53, l. ult. for *notissimus*, r. *notissimus*.
 56, l. 18, for *mixture*, r. *mixtum*.
 62, l. 17, for *hilari*, ori solito, r. *hilariori solito*.
 64, l. ult. for *solidissimis*, r. *olidissimis*.
 70, l. 6, for *reddit*, r. *rediiit*.
 79, l. 19, for *gives*, r. *exhibits*.
 83, l. 1, for 16th, r. 18th.

THIS EDITION NOT FOR SALE

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AFTER the many accounts which have been given to the Public of the Life of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, it may justly be thought a matter of wonder, that room should be left to add to the narratives already supplied by his biographers, and to increase the stock of general information on the actions and writings of so extraordinary a character. But we should recollect, in what a cursory manner they pass over all that relates to his earlier years (which portion of his life I mean principally to consider); and that, while they profess minutely to detail those transactions in which he bore a considerable share as one of the supporters of the measures of Lord Oxford's administration, (when his political life may be said to have commenced,) or to relate his conduct in a private station whilst he was Dean, (which last chiefly fell under their inspection,) they seem unacquainted with his earlier transactions: nor have they vouchsafed to seek that information relative to them, which the College where he had the honour to be educated, might be supposed best able to supply.

The same conclusions will force themselves upon us, if, from considering the *persons* who have favoured

us with accounts of his life, we pass to a review of the *times* when these events happened. At his departure from College, the political hemisphere was covered with thick clouds; the Protestant religion seemed on the point of being extinguished in Ireland; and the College experienced such convulsions from the troubled state of the times, as produced a temporary dissolution, and had well nigh destroyed the society. Once more restored to the blessings of peace, religion, and freedom, many of its members were exalted to high stations, the reward of their distinguished attachment to the principles of true religion and constitutional freedom: the few who remained, in no great length of time gave place to others, and, in the change of the parties concerned, was lost much of the recollection of the past.

The first ten years after the Revolution, Swift appears to have almost exclusively spent in England, where he took his Master's degree, and where all his hopes of preferment were centred: the death of Sir William Temple was the epocha of his return to Ireland, with the fixed intention of there residing; and although he spent much of the next ten years in Ireland, yet it was not without many and long excursions to that country where he was one day to act so distinguished a part. During all this time he was a person but little known; he had not attained that celebrity of character which attracted and fixed the attention of the world, and which only could bestow importance on, and render interesting, the most trivial occurrences of his past life. His earliest production, the Tale of a Tub, he was ashamed or afraid to avow; it was therefore sent into the world anonymously; as were also many of his
other

other juvenile pieces. At length, in the year 1710, we behold him emerging from obscurity, but this upwards of twenty years after he had left college; and the earliest of his college friends, who has favoured us with an account of his life, Dr. Delany, a person who was admitted into college fourteen years after Swift had left it. Can it then be any wonder that, when the office of collecting and transmitting to us the transactions of his earlier years, devolved on different persons inadequate to the task, because they were long posterior to the times, and not sufficiently careful to consult the proper authorities, we should labour under much ignorance and uncertainty upon the subject?

Subsequent long to those times as was their connexion with Swift, what then was the source whence they derived all they knew about his conduct in college?—It was from his own information, and no other.—Depending on his authority, they all enlarge on his neglect of science, and the ignominious circumstances which attended the taking of his degree; and in them imagine they have found a true solution of that disgust which Swift sometimes expressed against that society where he received his education.—That a degree of A. B. taken in the manner he did, was ignominious, I readily admit: for I find in the petition of the College to Lord Tyrconnell, that a degree of A. M. conferred *SPECIALI GRATIA* on the unworthy Bernard Doyle, in July 1685, is thus spoken of:—"Add hereunto his ignorance and want of scholarship, whereby he obtained his degree with much difficulty, out of compassion chiefly, and because he had long since left the college, so that it was registered with the mark of unworthiness and disgrace

disgrace in the public acts of the University. But while they think they have found in this, the true cause of Swift's pique to the college, they are ignorant that degrees of this nature were very frequently conferred in those days; and they forget that Swift always acknowledged the justice of the measure, and candidly admitted that it was what he deserved.

And granting that Swift, in the moments of peevishness or disappointment, did write or utter things to the disparagement of the college, are we warranted thence to infer that he was the real enemy of this institution, and it the settled object of his aversion? Was he not the approved and staunch friend of Ireland, and yet known on some occasions to express resentment against it? Were not his principal connexions among members of the college, and do not his letters contain abundant proofs of his regard for it? I would particularly refer to his letter of July, 1736, to the Provost and Senior Fellows, as containing a very explicit declaration of his feelings towards their society. See also his letter to Lord Peterborough, 28th April, 1726. And did he not abide in college near three years after the supposed slight and affront?

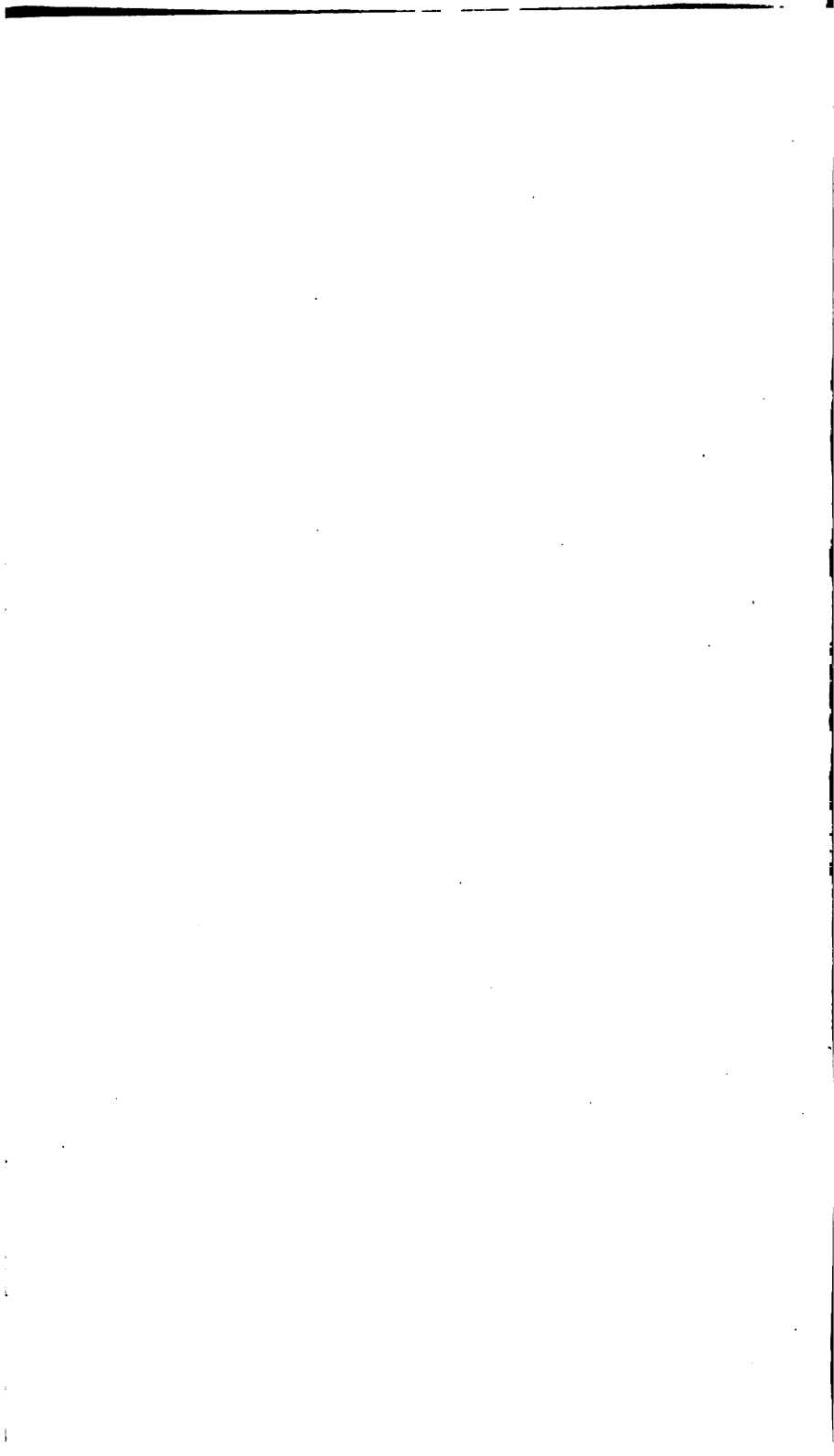
After thus considering what they have told us, let us next turn our eyes to the points on which they have left us in the dark, and respecting which they are entirely silent. And here, in case we find from undoubted authority that Swift became the object of academic censure on more than one occasion, and yet find these circumstances unnoticed by his biographers, to what can we ascribe it, except to the silence which Swift himself (who was their sole authority) preserved on the subject? And why was he silent, unless some disgrace had attended these censures, which, to
a spirit

a spirit so high as his was, it must have been peculiarly grating to reflect upon. Would it not have been most probable, that in order to avert inquiry into the causes of any ill-nature or pique in which he could not avoid sometimes indulging, and to obliterate as far as in him lay, all memory of past disgrace, he would have assumed the appearance of a candid confession; and frequently rehearsed the circumstances that attended his disgrace; and that thus, in the repetition of a lesser misfortune, he was likely to abolish the memory and avert the suspicion of a greater delinquency?—For that he left college in a disgust, is pretty evident from the following passage, taken from his own letter of 28 November, 1692: “I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers, than I was in seven years to Dublin College.”

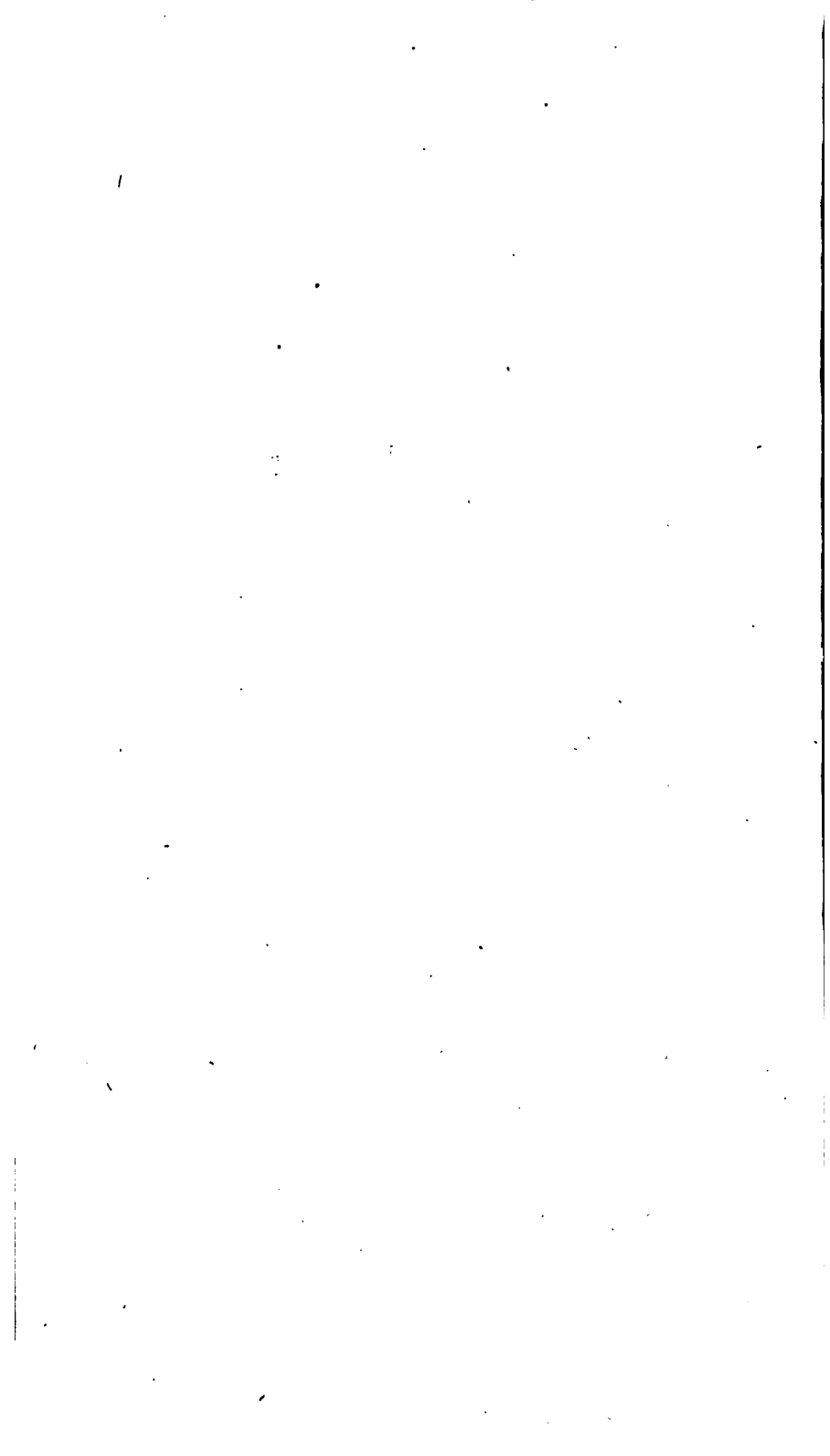
I propose therefore in this Essay, to draw up a short account of that early part of Swift’s life which he spent in Trinity College, and to notice some omissions respecting this celebrated author, even in his more advanced years, into which his biographers have been betrayed. Such an account, if properly authenticated, will discover some particulars that cannot fail to interest us: will discover the true sources of any intemperate language or harsh expressions respecting his ALMA MATER, which he may have been led to adopt; and will prove a proper introduction to the papers that accompany this Essay, and shew that they are not ascribed to him as their author, upon weak or slight evidence.

But first it will be proper to premise what are the sources whence I derive my information respecting the time he spent in college. They are these:

1. The







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Greek lecture 9d., Hebrew lecture 8d., mathematic lecture 1s. 10d.; and those for missing night-rolls, or town-haunting, (that is, for halls *,) amount to 3l. 4s.; but are all taken off, the admonition being substituted in their place.

His negligence did therefore principally consist, 1st. in the neglecting to attend divine service in the college chapel; concerning which I observe that there are very few weeks in which he is not fined for a partial and remiss attendance, although there appears scarce any in which he was totally and completely idle. 2dly. In the frequent missing of night-rolls or halls, and also the missing of tickets †. He is sometimes punished for disputations and declamations; and once 1s. for verses, which appear to have been some exercise given in at the time of the quarterly examinations.

The want of the second Junior Book (in which alone I could hope to find the name of Jonathan Swift) obliges me to have recourse to its corresponding Senior Book, to determine several points relating to the second punishment inflicted on him, and to the time of his leaving college. I shall therefore now proceed to state what information respecting his cousin Thomas, and Jones, the two Senior Books supply us with; observing only, that as Thomas and Jo-

* The names of the students are called over in the college hall every night at nine o'clock.

† The students of Trinity College are required by the statutes not to go into town without the written permission of their tutors, left at the porter's lodge; this is called a ticket: and consequently *missing tickets* and *town-haunting* mean the same thing, and the offence is punished by a pecuniary fine, or (when that is found inefficient) by admonition.

nathan have their names written in separate books, all possibility of our confounding the one with the other is thereby prevented.—The names Thomas Swift and John Jones are found among the scholars not then commenced, on November 21, 1685: but appear among those who commence in the succeeding February. Thomas (from some omission or other) is not called Sir Swift senior, previous to 21 September 1688: from thence he appears always under that appellation, (with the exception only of the weeks between 1 December 1688, and 5 January 1688-9) until 1 June 1689: from which time until 17 August 1689, he is styled only Sir Swift: a chasm then ensues in the book until 9 August 1690; the College having been seized on by King James the Second, and converted into a prison for the Protestants, no accounts seem to have been kept. And as his scholarship must in the interim have expired, his name is of course not found on the books, when the accounts were again resumed.—From all this I infer, that the name of Jonathan was taken off the books about 1 June 1689: at which time we know he was at Moor Park, his Ode to Sir William Temple bearing date in June, 1689. But I consider him and his cousin as having left college the end of January 1688-9; for I find that Thomas is marked out of commons from 26 January 1688-9, to August 17, 1689: whereas he does not appear to have been out of commons previously to that time, except only twice; and for each time about a month; viz. about Christmas 1685-6, and September 1686. I am therefore of opinion, that Thomas left college about January 26, 1688-9; and think it probable that Jonathan accompanied him.—Thomas Swift appears to have

have had a non co. from 16 October 1686, to 18 March 1686-7; and again from 26 March to 30 July, 1687; and Jones to have had the same indulgence from 26 February 1686-7, to March 18, 1686-7; and from 30 April 1687, to 12 July 1688. In this last week he is marked, *out of commons*, and the following censure annexed to his name in the Buttery Book; *suspensus a discipulatu et ab omni jure quod habuit in collegio*. But a pen has been drawn across the latter words, "et ab omni jure quod habuit in collegio," as if for the purpose of expunging them. He remained out of commons, until 21 September 1688, at which time his name was finally taken off the books.—The reasons of all these things I shall proceed shortly to explain, chiefly on the authority of the Registry; and will shew how these two records, the Registry and Buttery Book, confirm each other.

The second public punishment inflicted on Jonathan Swift was on the 30th of November, 1688, a day when he had just completed his twenty-first year. The entries concerning it in the Registry are in these words:

"1688, November 30. The crimes objected against Sir Web, and others, having been fully proved, the following sentence was drawn up against them by the Vice-Provost and Senior Fellows, and published in the Hall by their orders:

"Nemini obscurum, &c. &c. Constat vero Dom. Web, Dom. Sergeant, Dom. Swift, Maynard, Spencer, et Fisher, huic legi contravenisse, tam seditiones sive dissensiones domesticas excitando, quam juniorem decanum ejusque monita contemnendo, eundemque minacibus verbis contemptus et contumaciæ plenius lacessendo,

lucisendo, unde gravissimas poenas conmeriti sunt, &c. Placuit Dom. Web, Dom. Swift, et Dom. Ser-
geant, omni gradu suspendendos tam suscipio quam
suscipiendo, &c. Ast vero Dom. Swift et Dom. Ser-
geant, quoniam ceteris adhuc intolerabilis se gesser-
unt, ab eodem decano publice in Aula Glensis gentibus
secundum præscriptam formulam die tertio Decem-
bris proxime futuri, hora nona antemeridiana veniam
petere. ^{no}

1689, January the 8th. The persons suspended by the decree of November 30, were restored.

In addition to the above I have to observe, that the Vice-provost * was Dr. Acton, on whom the government of the College had devolved while the Provost was in England; that Mr. Owen Lloyd was the junior dean, elected to that office on 20 November, 1688; and that Fisher, one of the parties punished was a scholar of the house, and that a part of his punishment consisted in the suspension from his scholarship.

I admit that in the above sentences, we do not find mention of the christian name of Swift, the delinquent; neither is any title annexed of senior or junior: yet that the person so censured was Jonathan and not Thomas, the following considerations will render certain.

1. The Senior Buttery Book remains; and from thence it is most clear, that Thomas never was suspended from his degree; for he is always styled *Sir* Swift! But, as I have said, he entered his baronet bus; in 1681, and also appears in the time of taking his degree; in 1682.

2. During

2. During the precise time of the suspension, Thomas has not the word, *senior*, annexed to his name; although he is denominated *Sir Swift senior*, prior to the censure, and subsequent to the restoration. But whence arose this, unless from the circumstance of *Sir Swift junior* having been suspended from his degree, and therefore no longer designated on the books as *SIR Swift JUN.* but simply as *Swift*: there being therefore during the suspension, only one *Sir Swift*, he would of course lose the title of *Sir Swift senior*; and be styled only—*Sir Swift*.

3. The sentence itself admits that *Swift's* conduct was more culpable than that of *Fisher*. And we know that *Fisher* was suspended from his scholarship. Had the *Swift* then that was punished, been a scholar, we may justly wonder why he also was not suspended from his scholarship. My opinion is, that it was because he had not a scholarship to be suspended from. Now if this answer be true, it is most certain that the delinquent must have been *Jonathan*. For *Thomas* had a scholarship, a suspension *from* which, had he been the censured person, would have formed a part of the sentence, and which we find it does not.

Let us now see what reasons can be drawn from *Swift's* own accounts, to shew that he actually was in college at that time.

1st. His own account says, he entered at fourteen: now he completed fourteen years on 30 November, 1681; and entered as I have above stated, (and as appears also from the time of taking his degree,) in April 1682, that is, when he was fourteen years and a few months old. Which agrees with his own account; for in April 1681, he was not fourteen years old.

old.—And he says in his letter of 28 November, 1692, that he spent seven years in Dublin College; which added to April 1682, bring us to April 1689, and of course include November, 1688.

2d. Mr. Deane Swift, one of his biographers, says, that he spent three years in college after taking his degree of A. B.—But this he took at the regular time in 1685-6. And three years thence computed lead us to February, 1688-9.

3d. He himself says, in the Account of his own Life, that he left college when the troubles broke out. But the troubles broke out in England in November, 1688, when William landed, and shortly after they extended to Ireland. A general alarm prevailed among the Protestants, that a massacre, similar to that of 1641, was intended to take place, and that the day appointed for this scene of horror was the 9th of December, 1688: in consequence of these reports, multitudes sought their safety by a timely flight into England: and this I would call the beginning of the troubles.

The accounts then that Swift gives us of the time he spent in college, and the informations on the same head, derived from the college records, are perfectly consistent, and confirm each other.—It remains to shew, what particulars in his future life and conduct may be explained from the events I have above stated, and what light they may throw upon his character.

1. Hence is assigned the true reason of any aversion, which he might sometimes have expressed to the College of Dublin; and hence we see why he studiously enlarged upon the circumstances of his degree; probably to banish the recollection and pre-

vent the suspicion of his having been the object of a severer punishment, and compelled to submit to an indignity at the idea of which his haughty spirit could not but revolt.

2. Hence we learn, why Dr. Owen Lloyd became so obnoxious to Swift; who, in his account of Lord Wharton, has heaped upon him such abuse as he never was known to have bestowed on any other person who had been a fellow or member of the college. Not the interval of twenty years elapsing could extinguish the resentment he felt, and the rage that burned in his breast, when he remembered the intolerable humiliation to which he was forced to submit, in imploring pardon publicly on his knees from a person, the object of his contempt: an humiliation which I cannot believe his haughty temper could have stooped to, had there not been another person involved in the same act of degradation, and had not the Board given him this fellow-sufferer.

The events I have hitherto mentioned are those in which Swift took a direct and avowed part: but was there nothing else? was there no crime of a deeper dye, in which, though there was no direct and positive evidence, yet Swift did not pass unsuspected? To this particular I now hasten, which took place in a time intermediate between the two punishments; and in which I own, it does not appear from any existing college record, or probably from any that ever did exist, that Jonathan Swift was implicated. The nature of the offence precluded such a proof, and rendered suspicion the only thing that could ever have reached him; and strange as it may appear, the suspicion is perhaps stronger at the present time, when we know more of his writings, than when

the offence was newly committed.—And that suspicion did extend to him, the following passage which is extracted from the Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, lately published, may probably lead us to believe.

Vol. VI. page 171. Richardson to Lady Bradshaigh, April 22, 1752:—"I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate who was for three years what is called his chum, in the following account of that fact. Dr. Swift made as great a progress in his learning at the University of Dublin in his youth, as any of his cotemporaries; but was so very ill-natured and troublesome, that he was made *Terræ-Filius*,—on purpose to have a pretence to expel him. He raked up all the scandal against the Heads of that University, that a severe inquirer, and a still severer temper, could get together into his harangue. He was expelled in consequence of his abuse; and having his *discessit*, afterwards got admitted at Oxford to his degree."

So far has Richardson preserved this valuable anecdote to us, in which there is some truth, though mixed with much error; and it shall be my business to separate these from each other, and to discriminate that which is true, from that which is not so.—Is it then true, I ask, that Swift ever was appointed *Terræ-Filius*, for a purpose so base and unworthy? Or that he ever was *Terræ-Filius*? Or that he ever incurred the punishment of expulsion? To all these questions, I answer in the negative.—But if this be so, where then lies the truth in the anecdote transmitted by Richardson? My answer is; that on the 11th of July, 1688, there actually was a *Tripes* or speech pronounced by a *Terræ-Filius*, in
c 2 which

which very sarcastick reflections were made, and gross abuse poured, on some members of the University; and that its reputed author was punished with a severity which would almost justify the assertion, that he had been expelled for it. And so far this anecdote is certain truth. The entries relative to it, which I find in the registry, are these :

1688, July 13. " It was ordered that Sir Jones should be deprived of his degree, for false and scandalous reflections in his Tripos."

1688, July 19. " Ordered by the Vice-Provost and Senior Fellows, that Sir Jones's degradation should be remitted, upon application made to the Provost, and intercession in his behalf; and that he should be suspended of the benefit of his Scholar's and Native's place *, and chamber."

And I do not find any mention made of punishment ever inflicted for the like offence, except the above-recited, and this one which I proceed to state; which having long preceded the times that Swift and his cotemporaries spent in college, could therefore never have been the one alluded to by the chum of Swift or the informer of Richardson.

1680, July 15. " Ordered then by the Provost and Fellows, that Mr. George Finglas shall make a confession, and absent himself from the college, for his abuses in his tripos speeches: which punishment if he do not submit to, he shall be expelled from the college."

* In the College of Dublin there are seventy Scholars on the foundation, of whom thirty are termed NATIVES, or Hibernici; and to encourage the natives of the country to resort to this college, and receive their education there, a more liberal allowance is made to them. This is called a Native's place.

Beside

Beside these two, there is not the least mention made of any censure ever inflicted for irregularities of this kind : and as that of July 1680, could not possibly be the one that gave ground to the person from whom Richardson derived his information, to communicate to him such an anecdote, I must conclude that the occurrence, which happened in 1688, shortly before Swift's punishment and leaving of the college, is that alluded to. And I further observe, that the Buttery Book and Registry both concur and ascertain the person who sustained the censure ; that he was the person who was in the same class, and under the same tutor, with the two Swifts.

Warranted then as we are by the assertion of Richardson's friend, let us make this hypothesis : that Jonathan Swift was the true and real, though secret, author of that production which so greatly incensed the Heads of the University ; that Jones was the reputed ostensible and nominal author ; and let us see by what arguments such an hypothesis can be maintained.

Now these arguments will be either external or internal ; that is, derived either from a connexion and intimacy subsisting between Jones and Swift, both before and after the misfortune that befel the former : or from consideration of the work itself, the *Tripes*, from finding therein passages corresponding to the undoubted and genuine productions of Swift, and bearing, if I may so say, the stamp of his genius and talents.

And such conclusions will be strengthened by reflecting that Jones never produced any thing that we know of, corresponding to such a beginning : and by recollecting that it was the well-known practice of

Swift to send his juvenile productions into the world, without prefixing his own name.

Let us then first take a review of the external evidence, which may tend to shew whether our suspicions be well or ill founded; and for this purpose assemble all the facts we can collect, relative to Mr. John Jones.

And first:—From the Senior Lecturer's book I find, that between the years 1690 and 1713, a person of the name of John Jones did keep a very flourishing school in Dublin, from which more students were admitted into the college than from any other; the first entered being on the 7th of August, 1690, and the last on 28 February, 1711-12:—that this person is styled Dr. Jones in the Senior Lecturer's book perpetually, after 10 July, 1700, as he was continually stiled Mr. Jones previous to the Shrovetide that preceded it; and is sometimes stiled Dr. Jones in the time between that Shrovetide and the succeeding July.

Secondly, I find from the Registry, that in Shrovetide 1700, the grace of the house for D.D. was conferred on a person of the name of Jones; and that such person did, on or about July 1700, take the degree of D.D.

From these two premises I conclude, that the person who taught the school, and the person who took the degree, were one and the same: and when we consider that the number of those who commence Doctors in Divinity (the members of the college excepted) is extremely few, and the concurrence of the times and names, I have no doubt of the truth of the conclusion.

I further conclude, that the person who commenced D.D. in July 1700, was the person who entered

tered college on 1 May, 1682. For the class of this latter person had commenced its academical standing from July 8, 1681, and therefore on July 8, 1700, nineteen years were completed; and immediately after Jones entered into his twentieth year of academic standing. He therefore was capable at that time of commencing D.D. in case the College had pleased to confer the degree: and there can be no doubt, but it would have done so; because it did the very same thing in the case of Peter Browne, afterwards Bishop of Corke, who was in this very class, and commenced in like manner in 1700.

Now if these two conclusions be both true, it follows as a conclusion from them both, taken as premises and compared together, that Jones the schoolmaster and Jones who was in Swift's class, and was punished for pronouncing the Tripos, were one and the same person.

Thirdly, the Tripos is taken from a Miscellany, in three vols. 4to. in MS. in the College library. This Miscellany is called "The Whimsical Medley;" contains much that was published or written in the reigns of William, Anne, and George the First; but nothing posterior to the year 1723, that I can find. And it appears to have been composed by (or for the use of) Theophilus, first Lord Newtown Butler, who died in that year; and who had been in the college at the very time the Tripos was delivered. In this Miscellany the Tripos is attributed to "Mr. John Jones, then A.B., since D.D."—Now upon searching the Registry I find no person between the years 1700 and 1723 to have taken the degree of D.D., that was of the name of Jones, except the one in 1700; and

and to have begun my researches before 1700 would have been useless, on account of want of standing.— It is therefore plain that the author (real or reputed) of the *Tripes*, and the person who commenced D.D. in 1700, are one and the same person. And therefore he is also the same person with Swift's class-fellow, and with the person who taught a school in Dublin in the times above specified.

We should next consider what proof may be afforded to us, independent of the college records, to shew that a school was taught in Dublin in the very times I have mentioned, and that by a Doctor Jones.—Such proof I find in Chetwood's *History of the Stage*, in the life of Mr. James Quin, the celebrated actor. His words are, (p. 213,) "Mr. James Quin was educated under the care of Doctor Jones, of Dublin, a person eminent for learning, till the death of his father in the year 1710."

And in the *Dublin Gazette* of October 28, 1707, No. 263, and some following numbers, is this advertisement: "On Thursday, 20th November, those gentlemen who have been scholars to Dr. Jones, are desired to meet at his house, thence to go to St. Bridget's Church, where will be a sermon preached by Mr. Howard, one of the fellows of T. C. D., and from thence to attend the stewards to dinner."

Fourthly. Let us next see what further information the Senior Lecturer's Book can supply to us, respecting this Doctor Jones. From it I learn that two persons, both sons of Counsellor Godwin Swift, and consequently both cousins to Jonathan Swift, were admitted into college as pupils of William Tisdall, the well-known friend of Swift, and from this very school: the one of them was Meade Swift, aged fifteen,

fifteen, admitted 6 October 1698; the other Michael, aged 15, admitted 25 March, 1700. Doctor Jones appears also as schoolmaster to one Abraham Swift, son of Abraham, (whether of the Dean's family I know not,) admitted under Dr. Hall, 5 September, 1702. And to mention no more, Thomas Sheridan, Swift's great friend in the latter part of his life, was educated under this very man, and thence admitted into college, 8 October, 1707.—In short, no person certainly known to be of Swift's family, was admitted into college, so far as I can judge, during the time that Jones taught a school, who had not received his previous education from Jones.

These facts may serve to shew us on what footing of friendship and intimacy Jones and Swift lived together, after they had ceased to be class-fellows and acquaintance in the college: and the circumstances of their being cotemporaries in college in the same class, under the same tutor, taking their degrees at the same time, and leaving college nearly at the same time, will not permit us to doubt that they were well acquainted while they were members of it. This then forms what I term the external evidence; whose force chiefly consists in the support it receives from the anecdote furnished by Richardson.

But is it not likely that we should find some passage or passages in Swift's writings, in which this very person would be mentioned by name? and is it not to be expected, that in some of his numerous letters written to his friends, he should make some friendly inquiries about Jones? I answer; it appears to me, that he has so done in a letter of his to William

liam Tisdall, dated 3 February, 1703-4 *. His words are: "My humble service to dean Ryves, Dilly, Jones, and other friends." The Editor, in a note, it is true, supposes this latter to be a *Dean Jones*, mentioned in Dr. William King's Works, vol. ii. p. 250, because he knew no other Jones: but is, as I think, mistaken therein†. For that person was a non-juror; whereas John Jones took the degrees of A.M. in 1691, or 1692, and D.D. in 1700, and must have taken the oaths prescribed by act of parliament on both occasions; he therefore was not the same with Jones mentioned by King.—And if we should admit that Jones is mentioned in no other place by Swift, yet this cannot be a matter of surprise or ground of objection; because but little of Swift's life or correspondence, previous to 1710, has reached us; and because Swift did not permanently reside in Ireland until after the Queen's decease, previously to which event Jones, from what cause I know not, had ceased keeping school; and when either death might have dissolved, or change of party broke off, the mutual ties of friendship that united them. Now we have proof that Swift knew the one Jones; that this last was different from the Dean Jones; and no proof that I know, that Swift knew this latter: hence I believe the person mentioned in the letter to be John Jones.

The next thing I proposed to consider was the internal evidence, or that which a careful and attentive perusal of the piece itself would suggest to every reader who had studied the genuine and undoubted

* See vol. X. p. 41.

† This is very probable. N.

productions of Swift. The proofs of this kind which have occurred to me, I have here collected in one view; and believe that to those who are better acquainted with his style and composition, than I can pretend to be, many more will present themselves.

1. The *Tripes* is a piece that argues its author to have been a person who held abstract science in little estimation, such as logic and mathematics. It begins thus :

“Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

“Your *probabo, probabo*, is as dull as a Trinity Sunday Sermon.”

Now to understand this exordium rightly, we ought to conceive that these words contain a tacit reference to, and reprehension of, the modes of logical disputation, in which the expressions, *probabo aliter*, did frequently recur, and are the *crambe* here complained of: and further, that previous to the delivery of this speech, such disputations in logic had been held. A similar contempt for logic occurs at the end of the first act: and the little repute the writer held mathematics in, is perceivable in the first two scenes of the third act.—Nor can we pass over the expression—“as dull as a Trinity Sunday Sermon,” when we recollect that Swift has a sermon fitted for that day: and consider the manner in which he has treated that subject, from which it seems that he thought all inquiries on such abstruse points superfluous and unnecessary.

2. Nor is his aversion restrained to science only. The author of the *Tripes* lashes with his satire virtuosos of all descriptions; nor are Freemasons exempted from the severity of his censure.—Such passages bear evident indications of the hand of Swift: by whom abstract science was ever held in contempt; whose

whose voyage to Laputa is one continued censure of all kinds of projectors; and who has written a letter on the very subject of Freemasonry, printed in his works. In this letter he compares certain Hebrew letters to a gallows, and speaks of Freemasons to be hanged thereon: as in the *Tripes*, the author gives the elegy of Ridley, a Freemason hanged.

3. The zeal which Swift ever entertained against fanatics and innovators in Church and State, and for which he was so remarkable, is visible in like manner, in the author of the *Tripes*. See what this latter says of Colonel John Hewson, whom he calls the blind cobbler.

4. But nothing is more observable in the true and undisputed productions of Swift, than the pains which he seems to take in raking together the most nauseous ideas, and dwelling upon the most indelicate images. It is unnecessary for me to bring examples of this strange propensity of his nature; which is the more serviceable to us, because he is almost singular in this respect, and it forms the strong outline that distinguishes him from almost every other writer. In a pamphlet which came out in 1704 at London, called "Some Remarks on the Tale of a Tub," he is thus described: "The Author's first aim is to be profane; but that part I shall leave to my betters, since matters of such a nature are not to be jested with, but punished. The second is, to show how great a proficient he is at hectoring and bullying, at ranting and roaring, and especially at cursing and swearing. His third is, to exceed all bounds of modesty. His next is, a great affectation for every thing nasty. He takes the air upon dunghills, in ditches, and in common sewers, and at my Lord Mayor's dog-kennel. By the

the first of these, he shews his religion, by the second his conversation, by the third his manners, and by the fourth his education. Now were the crow who at present struts so much in the gutter, stripped of these four sorts of feathers, he would be left quite naked."

Now the *Tripes* furnishes no mean specimens of the same talents. See the description given of a college steward, wherein one passage can only be paralleled for filthiness with the Lady's Dressing-room, or the poem of Strephon and Chloe, or the character Swift gives of Primate M—h; in all which the same filth occurs.—See also the place where the author undertakes to describe the breeches of the infamous Barnard Doyle.

Swift, it is also observable, frequently unites images that have no natural connection with each other, and makes quick transitions from one to another. Compare an instance in the beginning of the tenth chapter of the *Voyage to the Houyhnhnms*, with a parallel passage in the *Tripes*; wherein he describes the persons who are to compose a society of Freemasons that was about to be introduced into a college, which was to be newly erected.

5. Resemblances are not wanting between particular passages in the *Tripes*, and others taken from the works of Swift, where the imitation is too strong and the features too prominent to be the effect of chance.—Thus, the foundation of the *Tale of a Tub* is laid in the testamentary disposition of a father, whereby he bequeaths three coats among his three sons; now the second act of the *Tripes* begins in like manner with a disposition of her property, by the last will and testament of a lady, Mrs. Mary
Hawitson;

Hewitson; and the author thence takes the opportunity of introducing his satire, and making it the vehicle of his abuse.—Compare what Swift says in the Tale of a Tub, section second, concerning the taylor and the animal, the delight of the monkey; with a corresponding passage in the Tripos, concerning the monkey that devoured Doyle's breeches.—I may add, that the author of the Tripos, when he gives the character of a college steward, makes the doctrine of transubstantiation the object of his ridicule; and we know that satire on that doctrine forms a leading part of the Tale of a Tub.

6. How much Swift delighted in the composition of barbarous Latin, is sufficiently evident from the correspondence that passed between him and Sheridan; now the same affectation of writing in barbarous Latin, is every where discernible through the Tripos, but especially towards the conclusion of the first act.

7. The same person who in November, 1688, was treated insolently by Swift and his associates, Mr. Owen Lloyd, is also the subject of gross abuse in the Tripos.

8. But the poetical part of the Tripos is that which to me seems, much more than the prose, to breathe the spirit of Swift, and to bear evident marks of his very peculiar mode of writing. The lines upon Mr. Weaver and Mr. Ridley, seem entirely composed in his manner: which is the more remarkable, because the earliest of his known productions, his Odes and Pindarics, bear no similitude to those later compositions in the light and humorous style, which have raised his character so high. And here I may be allowed to observe, that the aversion the author of the Tripos expresses towards a fop, in the character of

of Mr. Weaver, accords well with what we know of Swift, especially with an anecdote related of him and Faulkner; to whom dressed out first as a beau, with a laced waistcoat, and afterwards as an humble printer, he is recorded to have given very different receptions. And further: when we read in the *Tripes*, the metamorphosis of the Fellows into trees, it cannot fail to remind us of Swift's tale of *Baucis and Philemon* turned into yews.

And that Swift was used to copy from himself, and in his later productions sometimes to pursue the ideas he had adopted in his more early years, we may see, by comparing the *Discourse on the Operations of the Spirit*, printed at the end of *THE TALE OF A TUB*, with his Poem, called *PETHOX THE GREAT*. Of what he says there of *Hermes's Rod*, in the story he tells of the *Banbury Saint*, he afterwards gave a striking imitation in the passage extracted from *Pethox*, and thus beginning:

"How fam'd thy conduct in the fight

"With *Hermes*, son of *Pleias* bright," &c.

As I have had frequent occasion to refer to the *Tale of a Tub*, the following particulars relative to that extraordinary piece, which are found in pamphlets published about those times, may perhaps not be uninteresting. From one of these, entitled, "*Some Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; to which are annexed, Mully of Mountown, and Orpheus and Euridice: by the author of the Journey to London*," Lond. 1704,"—I have already given an extract. I have only to add, that in the Preface, the publisher tells the reader, that he has authority from the author of *Mully of Mountown* to say, "That he

• Dr. William King. N. . . .

had

had no hand in writing "The Tale of a Tub." He happened one day to discourse more largely than ordinarily of that book with one of his friends, and found the following remarks the next morning laid upon his table." From these remarks I gave the former extract; and add this: "The author, by the oaths, should rather be an Irish evidence. Another cries, What if after all it should be a parson; for who may make more free with their trade? What if I know him, describe him, name him, and how he and his friends talk of it, admire it, are proud of it?"

Another pamphlet is entitled, "Miscellanies, by Dr. Jonathan Swift; viz. Meditation upon a Broomstick, Baucis and Philemon, Petition of Mrs. Harris, To Mrs. Biddy Floyd, History of Vanbrugh's House: to all which is prefixed, A complete Key to the Tale of a Tub." London, printed for E. Curll, 1711. At the end is this advertisement, "Speedily will be published, some other *Pieces* relating to the last subject herein mentioned;" which last subject is Vanbrugh's House.

In this pamphlet, the Tale is ascribed on general reputation only, to "Thomas and Jonathan Swift, who composed it in 1697, having been domestic chaplains to Sir W. Temple, and therefore thought themselves obliged to take up his quarrel. Thomas began a defence of Sir William, under the title of a Tale of a Tub, under which he intended to couch the general history of Christianity. His aim is to ridicule the stubborn errors of the Romish Church, and the humours of the fanatic party. He designed to shew the purity of the Christian Church in primitive times; and consequently how weakly and partially

tially Mr. Wotton passed his judgement in preferring the modern divinity before the ancient. But his companion Jonathan, borrowing the MS. to peruse, carried it with him to Ireland, and having kept it seven years, at last published it imperfect."—The parts of the book are in this pamphlet thus allotted to them.

To Jonathan: The Dedication to Lord Somers, Preface, Epistle to Prince Posterity, and the Four Digressions; 1. On Critics. 2. In the Modern Kind. 3. On Digressions. 4. In Praise of Madness.—Also, the Battle of the Books.

To Thomas: The Tale of a Tub, and the Fragment on the Mechanical Operations of the Spirit.

Concerning these pretensions of Thomas, see Swift's Works, [1809, vol. ii. p. 168.]

One of the annotations in this pamphlet I shall mention, both because it is not noticed in the editions of the Tale, that I have seen; and because the allegory of Swift is not explained there or any where else, that I know of. It relates to the two monsters, Camelion and Moulinavent, which are mentioned in the Tale, section viii. as sworn enemies of the *Æolists*. The pamphlet thus explains them: "The CAMELION is the priest, who denies inspiration; and the Infidel, who argues against such a thing as a Deity, from his shuffling and turning every way that will make for his argument, is here represented by MOULINAVENT." This explanation appears to me to labour under great difficulties: first, that it does not distinguish between the two monsters; for the Priest who denies inspiration, and the Infidel who argues against a Deity and therefore against inspiration, appear to me not to be different, but the same;

and however they may differ in name, to agree in reality. Secondly, That no reason is assigned, why these monsters should be sworn foes to the Æolists only, and not to Christians of every denomination.

My solution of the allegory is, that by **CAMELION** and **MOULINAVENT**, are understood the Church and State; that is, the Episcopal Church of England by law established, and the Monarchy. The union between these two has ever been held inseparable; and it was the well-known assertion of an English Prince, "No King, no Bishop." Against these two, all Æolists (that is, sectaries of every description) have ever opposed themselves, and waged incessant war: and though they destroyed the Monarchy for a time in the reign of the First Charles, when the Church fell with it, yet in the reign of Charles the Second both revived, and the sectaries received many violent blows from the Monarchy. **MOULINAVENT** has four arms; these are the four sceptres (of England, Scotland, France and Ireland), issuing from the centre of the coin, and including the arms of those kingdoms. A windmill (which is what the word *moulin à vent* means) is a proper image of the State or Monarchy, whose condition is subject to much alteration and many vicissitudes.—

As for the Camelion, it is an animal that lives upon air, and refunds no part of it by eructation. This is the image of the Church of England; whose articles acknowledge the inspiration of Holy Scripture, whilst its members make no pretences to supernatural powers, or to the possession of inspiration in themselves, but have an established Liturgy and set form of prayer, and do not make use of extemporaneous praying and preaching, here called Eructations. This

Church

Church Dryden had represented under the image of a panther; and Swift (in imitation of him I suppose) compares it to a camelion. But further; the camelion lives upon air, and varies his colours according as the objects that surround him vary: and will not this be a just representation of those ecclesiastics (if there be any such) who exist on the promises of the great, and rise to power by complying with their variable humours?

In the same work, Swift attributes to Lord Peter, a powder, which he calls Pimperlimping [vol. ii. p. 275, sect. iv.]: relative to this I find in a pamphlet published about 1690, and called, a Dialogue between Dr. Sherlock, the King of France, the Great Turk, and Dr. Oates, the following passage: "This famous Doctor (Sherlock) plays the Merry Andrew with the world, and like the Powder of Pimper le Pimp, turns up what trump the Knave of Clubs calls for."

But that I may return to my subject;—we are led to give small credit to what the famous Dean of St. Patrick's related, when his recollection of the past was much impaired; concerning the earlier events of his life, when we consider what he himself asserted about the *Testimonium* which he received from the college of Dublin. Mr. Deane Swift positively affirms (p. 30.) on the Dean's own authority, "that the University of Oxford misconceived the meaning of the expression *in it*, "*speciali gratiâ*:" and yet when he afterwards produces a copy of the *Testimonium* (p. 43), he finds no such expressions *in it*, and feels no small difficulty in defending the veracity of his relation. He ascribes to the friendship of the college the omission; whereas there was no friendship practised, or compliment intended; and the College

only pursued the conduct always adopted on such occasions *. On this point therefore it is impossible to defend the veracity of either Swift or his biographer, or to vindicate them from the imputation of mistake. But, if he could be mistaken in this point, I think the inference warranted—that he might be equally mistaken with respect to transactions in the college, that were still further removed from the times when he conversed with Mr. Deane Swift on those subjects; and therefore that we cannot implicitly depend on his own representations; much less can we argue, from what is merely silence in him, against the conclusions deducible from authentic documents, whose testimonies do mutually confirm each other.

From Swift himself let us now turn our eyes to those who have described his life and actions; and one fact which I proceed to relate will shew us what little care they have used to procure information as to the earlier part of his life. None of them mentions the fact that he was a prebendary in St. Patrick's †, and enjoyed that dignity with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin: and yet that this was the case plainly appears from his own letters. I am pos-

* The University of Dublin could never have inserted the words—*per specialem gratiam*—in any *Testimoniurn*, because all that is certified in such an instrument is only the mere fact of taking the degree, under the circumstances required by the customs of the college and the laws of the land.—I may add, that the above statement not only disproves Lord Orrery's idle suggestion, that the learned University of Oxford mistook the meaning of these expressions, but also decisively shews that there is no ground whatsoever for Dr. Hawkesworth's conjecture, that probably by the influence of Swift's uncle, these disgraceful words "were omitted in the copy which he procured, and sent [to Oxford.]"

† This fact was not wholly unnoticed; see vol. II. p. 53. N. sessed

ceived of the presentation copy of the third volume of Temple's Miscellanies, (said in the title to be published by Jonathan Swift, A.M. Prebendary of St. Patrick's, London, 1701), which he himself presented to Primate Marsh. He has written in it this address:

To the most Reverend
Narcissus Lord Archbishop of
Dublin, and one of the
Lords Justices of Ireland;

By his Grace's
most obedient, and
most obliged
humble servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

Having applied to the Dean of St. Patrick's to learn the name of the Prebend, I understood from him that it was Dunlavin; that Swift was presented to it by Narcissus Archbishop of Dublin, on 28 September, 1700; and installed on 22 October, and that it had become vacant by the resignation of Dr. John Bolton. His patent for the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, vacant by the deprivation of William Milne, bears date 28 January, in the sixth year of William [1694-5]; and that to the vicarage of Laracor and rectory of Aghir, in the diocese of Meath, vacant by the cession of John Bolton, D.D. on the 20th of February [1700], in the twelfth year of the same reign.

And as the accounts which he himself and his biographers deliver of the earlier transactions of his life appear thus defective, it may not be unusual to consider whence these imperfections appear to have arisen;

and

and what may have been the causes why the world has been so little acquainted as to some of his earliest productions, such as the *Tripes*, &c. Now these appear to me reducible to the following heads :

1st. To the confusion of the times that immediately succeeded.

2dly. To the little notoriety attached to the character of Swift previous to the year 1710. At that time indeed he commanded the public attention, but it was only for the space of four years. He appeared, it is true, a comet in the political world ; but his duration was almost equally short-lived. With the administration of Lord Oxford he set, and lost all hopes of ever rising to political consequence : he was forgotten by one party, and was so much detested by that which had supplanted them, that he was the object of their persecution for above ten years.

3dly. To the silence which Swift preserved on this topick, and which is the more remarkable, because he never failed to enlarge on the imaginary disgrace that accompanied the taking of his degree.

4thly. To develope these truths, a concurrence of circumstances was necessary, which could scarcely be hoped to be ever met with in the same person. For instance ; it was necessary to be acquainted with the facts related by Richardson ; with the work called the *Tripes* ; with the connection between Swift and Jones, its reputed author, and with those transactions of Swift and Jones which were only to be discovered from the Registry and Buttery Books ; where the omission of the Christian name in the Registry, and the loss of the Junior Buttery Book, seemed to threaten insuperable difficulties.—On these subjects my information

formation was obtained at different times: I had no copy of the *Tripes* until 1802; knew not the connection between Swift and Jones, or their transactions, before 1803; nor was acquainted with the anecdote preserved by Richardson, prior to 1804.

5thly. To his own peculiar conduct with respect to his writings; agreeably to which he most generally sent his works into the world, without acknowledging himself as their author.

6thly. To the nature of the composition itself; which, being of the scandalous kind, subjected his friend to a punishment. But who (if even the fear of punishment were removed) could ever derive any pleasure from the reflection, that he had been the author of personality or scandal? The person who could boast of this, might justly be said to glory in his own shame. Do we not see, from the words at the conclusion of this very *Tripes*, that its reputed author was ashamed of his performance? How much hurted then would Swift have felt himself, even at the suspicion of his being the author; and how great must have been his unwillingness that it should be attributed to him! an unwillingness that would have been increased, when by the means of such a composition, he found himself accessory to the punishment of his friend.

The same imputation,—of their being of a scandalous kind,—does not, I acknowledge, attach itself to some other pieces of his, which have fallen into my hands, and have been hitherto unnoticed; and yet we may observe, that the nature of these compositions also did preclude them from being generally known. They are of a desultory kind, written upon the spur of the moment, by an individual at that time obscure,

scure, (for they were written in his earlier days,) and upon individuals almost equally unknown with himself: the occasions of them are merely local, and such as the public felt little concern about; and the most probable supposition we can make is, that their author retained no copies of them, and thus they became lost even to himself.

Having thus brought before the reader's view a short account of Swift's academic conduct and behaviour, it will now be necessary to deliver the piece itself, which so strongly attracted the notice of his superiors in the college. And as the names of many of them, and of other members of the college, occur in this performance, it will be requisite, for the better understanding it, to premise some few particulars concerning the parties mentioned; in doing which I have to lament that the scanty materials which have reached me, have rendered it impossible for me in some cases to do more than to supply names and dates.

The Provost at that time was Dr. Robert Huntington: the Senior Fellows were, Dr. Richard Acton, Vice-provost, George Brown, Dive Downes, John Griffith, John Barton, St. George Ashe, and Benedict Scroggs.

The Junior Fellows were, Patrickson, Reader, Thewks, Smith, Hall, Lloyd, Sayers, Allen, and Hassett.

Of these, Griffith was absent by a King's letter, dated 3 July, 1687, which gave him leave of absence for two years: this leave expiring in 1689, and he not returning, the King issued a mandamus in favour of one Arthur Green, to be made a Senior Fellow in his place. The Vice-provost, Dr. Acton, refused to obey, alleging, as I suppose, that Griffith not
having

having been deprived, no senior fellowship was vacant. The King, with an armed force, seized on the college, and committed several of its members to prison. Not deterred by this, Dr. Acton presented a remonstrance to the King, against his Majesty's own proceedings, and did actually hold an Election of Officers in the college, on 20 November, 1689: so that he appears to have recovered the possession of his freehold, as he termed the college in his petition, although surrounded by James's army.

By another King's letter, dated 15 March, 1686-7, Patrickson, a Junior Fellow, had a like leave of absence granted to him.

The other persons alluded to in the *Tripes*, who were not fellows, are Michael Hewitson, Dudley Loftus, Thomas Weaver, Dean Manby, Archdeacon Baynard, Bernard Doyle, Dr. Gwithers, Sir Michael Creagh, and several others; of whom I shall proceed to give the best account I have been able to collect.

The first person whom his *Satire* attacks is the Rev. Michael Hewitson, the last will of whose sister Mary furnishes the subject of the second act. He was admitted into college, 18 July, 1660, was afterwards elected a scholar, and had a Master of Arts degree, (in which the acts were remitted to him in consequence of his contributing thirty guineas towards the college buildings) on 27 February 1681-2. Shortly afterwards, in 1684, he was tenant to the college for the lands of Coolremur, in the county of Donegal, which, it is believed, are now possessed by some of his descendants.

The next person who is addressed, and represented as Doctor Civilis, sed Polyglottus, is probably Dr. Dudley Loftus, who was eminent for his skill in the Oriental

Oriental languages, and contributed his assistance to Bishop Walton's celebrated Polyglott. See an Account of him and his numerous Works in Ware's Writers of Ireland, p. 254; which confirms the representation given of him here.

Mr. Thomas Weaver, the next person (that I can discover) who incurs Swift's censure, was of a family settled in the King's or Queen's County. I find several persons of the name of Weaver in the reigns of Charles the Second, and William, and Anne, representing the King's and the Queen's Counties, or places in them, in the Irish House of Commons. One of them enjoyed a lease under the college of the tithes of Moyana and Stradbally, in the year 1668; but neglecting to renew it, lost it about the year 1685. The family probably came into Ireland about 1650: for a person of this name was one of the four Commissioners whom the Parliament sent into Ireland at that time, and was by marriage related to Samuel Winter, who came along with them, and was made by Oliver Cromwell, Provost of Dublin College.—The person mentioned in the Tripos appears to have been admitted into the college, 9 November, 1678; and on February 25, 1688, had the grace for A.M., and his exercises were dispensed with.

For Peter Manby, Dean of Derry, see Ware's Account of the Writers of Ireland, p. 257.

John Baynard was Archdeacon of Connor: having (like Manby) apostatized to the Church of Rome, he resigned his archdeaconry in 1691, to which Philip Mathews (nephew of Lemuel Mathews,) was collated.

The antagonist of Manby was William King, Chancellor of St. Patrick's, and afterwards Archbishop of

of Dublin ; censured in the Tripos for the inaccuracy of his Latin style.

We are now come to the infamous Bernard Doyle, who is the next person censured in the Tripos. He was admitted as a sizar on 14 April, 1678, under the tuition of Richard Acton, at the age of nineteen ; and was born at Athlone. On 11 July, 1685, he had the grace of the house for A.M. " per specialem gratiam." He was usher of the school at Drogheda ; and on the merit of conforming to the religion of James the Second, sought to be admitted to the place of a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. To this end he presented a mandamus from the King on February 13, 1687-8, directed to the Provost and Senior Fellows, and dated January 11, 1687-8 ; which required them to admit the said Doyle to a Fellowship, then vacant (by the cession of Dr. George Mercer, who is mentioned also in the Tripos), or the first that should become so, without taking any oath but that of a Fellow. When this oath was tendered to him by them, he refused to take it ; as it was inconsistent with the religion he professed. And it having been represented by the College to the Lord Lieutenant, that Doyle was a person of shameful ignorance and scandalous immorality, he was pleased to order the Mayor of Drogheda to take examinations upon oath relative to Mr. Doyle's conduct, while usher of that school. For this purpose Mr. Downes, one of the Fellows, went down thither ; and it was proved by examinations, taken on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of March, that Doyle was guilty of fornication (having had two bastards), drunkenness, theft, and other crimes ; such as violently assaulting and beating various persons. Notwithstanding this representation, Doyle persevered

vered in his applications to Lord Tynconnell, and spared no kind of scandalous assertions against the college; but in the mean time Mr. Arthur Hassett procured a mandamus in his own favour, which he presented to the Provost and Fellows on 16 April, 1688; and having satisfied them on the points which they proposed to him, he was sworn and admitted a Fellow. He is mentioned in the Tripos: as is also Eleanor Wall, who was one of Doyle's mistresses.

Sir Michael Creagh was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1688; and represented that city in the Parliament of 1689. He was Paymaster General of King James's army.

Ezekiel Burridge, who is mentioned in the beginning of the second act, was elected Scholar in June, 1683, commenced A.B. February, 1683-4, and A.M. July, 1687. He is mentioned by Ware in his Account of the Writers of Ireland; and by King, in his State of the Protestants.

At the Commencement in July 1688, when this Tripos was pronounced, I find that the undernamed persons took the following degrees; to all of whom allusions are made in it.

Mr. William King (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), B.D. and D.D. Mr. Charles Gwithers, M.D.;—and Jeremy Marsh, Alexander Jephson, Thomas Cox, Richard Barry, William Tirrell, Allen Madison, William Warren, Jo. Travers, &c. were admitted to the degree of A.M.

Jephson was afterwards a clergyman, and had the school of Camberwell: he and Gwithers and several others were censured on various occasions by the Board; as was also Nich. Knight, whose name occurs in this Tripos.—At the same time appear on the
books

books of the Buttery, among the resident Doctors and Masters, the names of Dr. Foy (who had been a Senior Fellow, but, like Foley, had resigned), Dr. Gwithers, Mr. Napper, Mr. Jephson, Mr. Cox, Mr. Terrill, and Mr. Delauny. The other names occurring in the Tripos are all names of persons who had been students in the College, but at that time some of them had left it.—We also may find some of the names occurring in King's State of the Protestants, such as that of Dean Glandee, a person of abilities, but whose character has been reproached with the imputation of immorality.—The Butler of the college (or Promus) who is satyrized in the latter part of the first act, was Mr. Andrew Donnell, called there Daniel: from the Senior Lecturer's Book it appears, that his son was admitted a pupil under Mr. Smith, a few days before the Tripos was delivered; in which mention of his familiarity with Mr. Smith is made.

Having thus endeavoured to make the reader acquainted with the several characters mentioned in the Tripos, I proceed to deliver the composition itself; as preserved to us in the MS. of Theophilus, Lord Newtown Butler, a nobleman, who, with his brother Brinsley (afterwards Viscount Lanesborough,) was admitted into Trinity College on the 27th of September, 1686, almost two years before Jones's censure.

A TRIPOS,

Or Speech, delivered at a Commencement in the University of Dublin, (held there, July 11, 1688,) by Mr. John Jones, then A.B. afterwards D.D.

ACT I.

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

Your *probabo, probabo*, is as dull as a Trinity Sunday sermon.

Dii boni, quas novas aves hic video ! Tot habemus barbaros ignoramos et foppos ; tot doctores indoctos, rummos academicos, cives aldermanicos, rusticos personas, and so many pretty, pretty little rogues, that, should I speak Latin, I should banter ten parts of the company. Wherefore, for the sake of the ladies, bullies, the Rums * and Fellow-Commoners, I'll order it, (as I know you all would have it,) that the English be ten to one against the Roman.

Lenite clamorem, till I shew these gentlemen the civilities of the house.

Non temere decet quidem ut salutemus libenter. Salvete igitur quotquot reverenda vel ridicula, docta vel rummosa capita ; sed imprimis salvus sit Doctor Acton, (ut inquit Erasmus) athleticè : superannuati omnes salvi sint pancraticè : et, si qui adsint cornuti, quod verisimile est, valeant tauricè ; deinde si quis adsit medicus immedicabilis, qui skulkat subter id manticæ, quod in tergo est, docto in cujus capite Æsculapius viget, sed in ossibus dominatus astronomiæ et effæto corpore totus inhæret Galenus et Hip-

* Mr. Sheridan, in the Life of Swift, has given us Swift's translation of the line—Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam : whence we may learn that the term, RUM, was familiar to that writer, in the sense here used.

pocrates, si possibile sit, inquam, valeat ille; sed præ cæteris clericum istum clericorum salvere jubeo, who preaches in an oven, and is of the same name and heraldry with an eminent blind cobbler, who, when the kingdom was all out of the stitches, vampt himself a colonel; if his gravity be here, I salute him for seven several reasons.

First, because he drinks and goes to the boghouse for fourteen reasons; (but cannot give one for selling his organs to a mass-house.)

Secondly, Because (according to his own phrase) he preaches by the London standard, which never lessened, as I know of, but thrice; and then Stillingfleet and Tillotson themselves were not one jot better or worse, unless we say with the poet,

Sed malè dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Thirdly, Because when he came from England, he wore as much silk for a doublet as made his sister (joy be with her, as he said) a manteau and petticoat. Quere, whether then Mr. Parson wore the breastplate of righteousness? It is plain he did, and that his intentions were honourable, for the next Sunday following he preached,—Give Cæsar his due. It is ill-nature then in Bunbury's wife's husband to revile him for this; and, to speak in the phrase of a pretty little Senior Fellow, There's no Jew but would be more gentle.

Fourthly, Because he consecrates as much water at once, as makes Christians for a month.

Fifthly, Because he invited to his sister's funeral none but (as he was pleased to call them) the cream of the parish; viz. those that kept coaches. Now himself upon himself: his conclusion in such a case will be thus, That all the curds and cream in the parish

rich tour it in coaches, while the poor skim-milk and bonny-clobber trudge a-foot. I wonder, Mr. Leeson, with his cream of Theology, is not his parishioner. There is a mess for the Freshmen. But,

Sixthly, Because he lives by the Canon, and yet corrects the Rubrick.

Seventhly and lastly, Because he made himself a large and ponderous night-cap, after the exact model of his church; and this he did for two reasons.

First, to shew that no noddle in the diocese could bear such a weight as his. Secondly, to cure a distemper, which, to the grief of his congregation, has troubled his brains these many years. /Sed ad rem.

Salvus sit ille inter socios juniores cum pede brevi et naso rhinocerôtis, who by his own sermon of angles and triangles has thrice shown his smattering in the mathematics. ||Valeat etiam Doctor ille Civilis, sed Polygamista, edentulus sed Polyglottus; qui adeo plenus est literis, ut in ipsa facie omnes linguarum characteres graphicè scribuntur: frustra igitur, reverende doctor, susurrant invidi, te jam senio confectum orientales linguas non callere, cum revera index tui animi sit vultus. Sed etiam atque etiam salvus sit purpuratus noster grandiloquus, cui dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui :

Quem quoad faciem et linguam vocamus Ulyssem :
Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.—

No Tartar is more fair, no Athenian better hung,
Sol varnish'd o'er his face, and Mercury his tongue.—
quoad altitudinem salutemus Ajacem, quoad gracilitatem Tithonum, quoad caput versatile Priamum paralyticum, quoad pedes Achillem, quoad crura denique, Colossus.

Sponte suâ properant, labor est inhibere volentes.

Anglicè,

With aukward gown tuck'd up, he scow'rs along,
And at each stride measures a parasang..

Inter cæteros, peculiari dignus est salutatione bellus quidam homunculus; I do not mean Mr. Brady's pretty little man, but the neat, spruce, dapper, finical, nice, spark, who'd rather sing and dance in his chamber, than bowl without an umbrella: who constantly carries as many patch-boxes in his pocket, as would beautify our beadle; as many several sorts of snuff, as would furnish Major-General Macarty and Colonel Dempsy for a year, and as much essence as would perfume Sir Stampe's chamber; as many comfits as would sweeten Mr. Travers's hacksters; together with as many jewels as would make Sir Jephson a gentleman, or buy Mr. Delauny a coat of arms. Besides; he has such a veneration for the fair sex, that he would not presume to visit a lady in a shirt he had worn a day, but by way of apology sent her this billet-doux:

I'gad, Madam, I beg your pardon ten thousand times for not paying my devoir to your ladyship to-day: of which transcendent happiness nothing under the planets could have deprived me, but the damn'd disappointment of my sempstress, by whose neglect I have at present but seven day-shirts: by which means I am unprovided with linen, and so rendered utterly incapable of attending your ladyship now: but as soon as my dress is agreeable, I fly with the wings of duty and obedience to implore your ladyship's mercy for my unfortunate absence, and will ever snatch at all opportunities of manifesting myself,

Madam, your Ladyship's most humble and devoted

Slave, to the stars or centre,

TOMMY WEAVER.

E

O curas

O curas hominum, O quantum est in rebus inane.

Ipsissimum hunc homuncionem hoc in epigrammate notat Martialis:

Cotile, bellus homo es, &c.

Anglicè,

There's scarce a well-drest coxcomb, but will own
Tommy's the prettiest spark about the town.
This all the tribe of fringe and feather say,
Because he nicely moves by Algebra;
And does with method tie his cravat string,
Takes snuff with art, and shows his sparkling ring:
Can set his foretop, manage well his wig,
Can act a proverb, and can dance a jig;
Does sing French songs; can rhyme, and furnish chat
To inquisitive Miss, from Letter or Gazette;
Knows the affair of cockpit and the race,
And who were conquerors at either place;
If Crop or Trotter took the prize away,
And who a fortune gain'd the other day.
He swings fring'd gloves, sees plays, writes billet-doux,
Fill'd up with beauty, love, oaths, lies, and vows;
Does scent his eyebrows, perfum'd comfits eat,
And smells like phoenix' nest, or civet cat;
Does shave with pumice stone, compose his face,
And rolls his stockings by a looking-glass.
Accomplish'd thus, Tommy, you'll grant, I hope,
A pretty spark at least, if not a fop.

Finitâ salutatione, (more Erasmiâ) paucis vobiscum confabulandum est. Sed uti solet graculus ille Maddison, mihi cordi est totum occupare sermonem; I'll take all the chat to myself.

In familiaritatem me nuper exceperunt virtuosi, (hominum genus in minimis non minimùm laborans)

et

et mihi quædam naturæ non vulgaria nota fecere; quæ humanitatis ergo, et publicæ salutis gratiâ, in lucem jam profero.

First, Mr. Allen's infallible cure for the mawworms.

R. poti fortis ab hatcho quantum unum; rowlorum, sive brownorum sive alborum, ad minimum tres: his addatur butyri culinaris quantum valet duos denarios, cum bunsho radishorum vel watergrassi; deinde stomachi equini quantum sufficit. Hæc omnia horâ octavâ antemeridianâ quotidie devorentur, et certè vix ad prandium usque latrabit stomachus.

Secondly, Dr. Molyneux * his rare discovery of part of the meat's sudden digestion and corruption in the mouth, thus:

R. pinquis caponis leggum unum et wingum, tosti shouldromotontis et carnis bovinæ unâ slizum unum vel alterum; anseris juvenilis cum sauso goosberiano modicum quid; panis domestici lunsheum moderatum; vini rubri et poti minoris pocula binæ vel tria; et, quod instar omnium est, foetidissimi spiritus quantum sufficit: compressu oris fiat bolus, et proculdubio inter hiatus dentium et super gingivas tam statim foetida fiat concoctio; quod primus omnium mortalium, si modo credibile sit, ingenuus notavit ille medicus.

Thirdly, The College Butler's admirable invention of selling a mixture of ale and mum for nine-pence per quart: and his water bewitched, viz. small beer and water, for a penny a bottle: likewise his elixir bonæ famæ, or cure for his first fault. The experi-

* Dr. Thomas Molyneux, the younger brother of William Molyneux, the correspondent of Mr. Locke, commenced M. D. July, 1687. See an account of him in the *BIOGR. BRITAN.* vol. v. p. 3133, note A. edit. 1760.

ment of the liquids is wrought by the help of a trap-door at midnight.

The elixir is made thus :

R. vini rubri flaskum duplex, Canarii, sive vini Hispanici, amphoram unam, vel alteram : academici et grubbinorum tolemanni quantum sufficit : deferantur ad cameram Junioris Decani, quo participante ingurgitentur omnia post nocturnum catalogum.

If this will not work the effect alone, I refer you to his wonderful sympathetick prescription, which is thus :

R. the tongue of Mother Jenkinson, alias Madam University, which will soothe the affections of the head of the society. This being done, let the patient dine thrice a week on a national dish ; and if this fail, 'tis an odd thing, nam probatum est.

Moreover I recommend to you, Dean Manby's and Archdeacon Baynard's ointment for a warping conscience.

Mr. Oliver Talent's * prescription for the worms in the noddle.

Sir Conolly's new Treatise of Armory, entitled, Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

Madam Dicky Barry's ingenious machine for putting on finical bands.

Mr. Scroggs's composition of puns.

Mr. Griffiths's approved-of opium matutinum, for soaking.

Mr. Downes's excellent potio coffiana, for expelling soporiferous humours.

Priscianus vulneratus, aliàs, methodus credendi Articulos, by the Rev. Dr. King.;

* Oliver Tallant, admitted 20 May, 1677.

Doctor Nappier's * Elegy on a broken Bellarmine of Ale, entitled, *Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori*.

An excellent engine for working embroidery, by my very good Lord Charlemont.

Likewise his Lordship's Praxis Arithmetica, shewing that 24 and 24 make 48 : this, as simple as it seems to be, cost the Honourable Lord some pains, and his lady some blushes.

An infallible unguent for the spleen in the toe, by the Rev. Dr. Foy.

And lastly, Mr. Smith's Art of Compliance, proving humility to be the practice of the age, and shewing how the College Butler may be the dear companion of the Junior Dean. For all which I refer you to the respective authors, except the last, which Mr. Smith proves syllogistically thus :

Moris est humilitas, ergo
Junior Decanus et Promus Senior
possint esse magni.

Probo antecedens.

Si generosus marmorizat cum puero,
Anglicè, plays marbles with his boy,
Tunc moris est humilitas.

Sed generosus marmorizat cum puero. Ergo, &c.

Probo minorem instantiam.

Magister Sayers marmorizat cum puero,
Sed magister Sayers est generosus. Ergo, &c.

Probo aliter.

Si doctissimus, altissimus, necnon longè notissimus

* Gerard Nappier, admitted 18 July, 1677.—See a Latin piece in Swift's Works, [vol. xvi. p. 289,] on this very title, "*Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori*."

Doctor in Universitate scrubbat suas tabulas et brushat suas cathedras, tunc moris est humilitas.

Sed talis Doctor scrubbat suas tabulas, &c. Ergo.
Hoc etiam probari potest instantiâ.

But the tall gentleman in the robes would not have it known. Cum itaque, Magister, (te Decanum alloquor) argumentis hisce validis vindicetur tua humilitas, quid obstat quo minus inter te et Danielum mutua foveatur familiaritas,

Ede, bibe, dormi, post mortem nulla voluptas,
Namque inter Tanaim nihil est socerumque Viselli.

Coach it away then, and empty his pitchers;

A lord in Fingall plays tennis with ditchers.

Heu, heu, quanti hic desiderantur socci et handkerchiefi, tantum est inter vos clamoris, sudoris; tantum est hogorum, ut piget usque morari. Pergat igitur (ut inquit Dr. Acton) suo modo Dominus Barry. Sed heus tu, Magister Will-be, sive graduate medioxime, Serenissimæ Elizabethæ dormiant cineres. Not a word of Protestant Bess.

ACT II.

Oppon. Dom. Barry.—In tempore veni, quod omnium rerum est primum.

Nam vereor, Domine, you are brought as low as Witherington in Chevy Chace, or Mr. Lloyd in the chapel. Ridicula capita! inepto risu res ineptior nulla est.

Absint joci, (as Sir Jephson said, when he had none,) res seria jam, imo de funeribus, agitur. Muliercula enim misella humanissima, nobis vicina, et Magistri Hewetson soror unica, non ita pridem moriebatur; nec amicorum immemor ingrata discessit;
sed

sed quicquid vel corpusculi sui vel rei humano foret usui, hoc supremo testamento, amicis suis in formam subsequentem benigna legavit.

The last Will and Testament of Mrs. Mary Hewetson.

She bequeathed her brains to a learned grave gentleman, who has shaken his own out of his noddle; whose name I was forbid to tell you, but I'll do as good as will, I'll find somebody here, that—*Amoveate quæso, amoveate paulisper.* Oh! *salve, Magister Burrige*; I remember Tommy Cox told me, your's were addle, and therefore I present them to you, if her brother lays no claim to them.

Her tongue (which even after death is the cause of controversy) some affirm she left to Mrs. Horncastle*: but the true opinion is, she bequeathed it to Mrs. Jenkinson, whose speaking organ (as I told you before) is employed in Mrs. Donnell's *Elixir bonæ famæ*.

Her teeth she left to Mrs. Horncastle, who has such an unruly member of her own, that it needs at least a double guard.

She bequeathed her hair to Mr. Leeson, to make him a wig.

Her coloured silk petticoat, to furnish Mr. De-launy with a pair of breeches; and her looking-glass and night-rail to my Lady Neddy Hall. Her tooth-pick to Dr. Loftus, and patch-box to Mrs. Lucy Coghill†, which so disguised her at the Confirma-

* A person of this name is mentioned in King's State of the Protestants.

† Daughter of Sir John Coghill, and sister to Dr. Marmaduke Coghill.

tion in St. Werburgh's Church, that the zealous Archdeacon did not know Sir John's daughter; sed zelo verè Fitzgeraldino exclamavit, "My Lord, my Lord, her face is against the Canon: I know not who she is, and I won't present her."

Sed, reverende vir, monstrat tibi poeta, quo pacto agnosceres virginem,

Cui numerosa linunt stellantem splenia frontem,
Ignoras, quæ sit? Splenia tolle, leges.

But to return; she left her courageous heart to pretty Mr. Weaver.

Her beauty (now you all expect I'll say,—to Sir Bayly and Fitzsimons,—no truly, but) to as worthy a gentleman, the Rev. the Provost: and her conscience to the clerk of the kitchen, of whom (by way of digression *) take this character.

A College Steward

is an animal mixture, a medley or hodge-podge of butcher and cook, of scullion and scholar. He lives † negatively by the privation of others, and mortifies more flesh than all the divines in the kingdom. Did he live among the ancients, he would be taken for a wrestling master, with his skin oiled for the palæstra, Hence it comes to pass, that his greasy shirt pays his laundress, and finds her in soap and candles. You may follow him (like the old pyewoman) by his smell.

* These digressions, interspersed, may remind us of the digressions in the Tale of a Tub.

† The office of College Steward was formerly exercised by a Scholar of the House, who was called Clerk of the Kitchen: it is probable that he might derive some advantages from the punishment that consisted in depriving delinquents of commons, These advantages are here alluded to.

Strangers passing by his door take it for the college chandler's: an ignorant woman went there, directed by her nose, to sell her kitchen-stuff. The butchers' dogs fawn upon him, and follow him for his hogoes. Without doubt they fancy he carries a slaughter-house about him. He spends half his salary a-year in wash-balls, fuller's-earth, and socks. The scent of the kitchen has infected his breath, and poisoned his whole mass of blood. What the hyperbolical poet said of the Cappadocian is verified in him, without a trope:

Vipera Cappadocem malesana momordit, at ipsa
Gustato periit sanguine Cappadocis.

Anglicè,

A famish'd rat, progg'ing one night for food,
Bit Mr. Hogoe's toe, and suck'd the blood:
Then dull and drooping, the pensive vermin sat,
Gorg'd with infectious gore, and pois'ning fat.

If he goes to market fasting, he taints all the meat he cheapens; therefore the butchers, in their own defence, treat him to a breakfast. Every Sunday morning he so stuffs himself, that if you come nigh him, you'll know what is for dinner. Every belch* is a bill of fare; his bed-fellow dreams of grubbins all night. One that lay with him by accident, fancied himself at the mouth of an oven, full of tainted mut-ton-pyes. Mr. Butler junior*, who, to stifle his hogoes, lies in his socks, would match him for a bed-fellow, provided that they lay heads and points. The pestilence of the head would be requited by the

* This reminds us of the author of the Tale of a Tub: who enlarges so much upon the *eructations* of the *Æolists*.

† Probably Brinsley Butler, at that time a Student in the college.
plague

plague of the heels. Were he in orders, it would be dangerous for him to baptize; he would make more ghosts than Christians, and with good words send the sucklings packing to the other world. Were he Doctor in the civil law, his brother would rather not commence than kiss him: he would be as terrible as the old gentleman with the rainbow about his eyes. He never says grace before meat, and very good reason; his victuals, like the Scotchman's snuff, will not bide a blessing: the holy words would transubstantiate them into maggots. The greatest sin he has to struggle with is the flesh; and (which is wonderful) the oftener he gains the victory, the wickeder he becomes. He thwarts the Rubrick, and makes more Good Fridays than Sundays in the year. When we keep Lent *, he keeps Carnival: and well he may, when other men fast for his sins. He takes upon him to be Deputy Bursar, and is called Mr. Steward; but by the same figure that the hangman is called the King's officer, In the kitchen he rules the roast, is absolute lord over the cleavemen, half master of the scullions, and partly tutor, partly companion, to the cooks: but always sworn brother in iniquity to the clerks of the buttery, which brings me to consider them together in one word, and so have done. When these two meet, (like malevolent planets in conjunction) 'tis ominous, and denotes a dearth in commons and sizings. Nay, sometimes it foretells a general punishment. The making of either of these is the spoiling of a scholar; as a gentleman, bound 'prentice, forfeits his heraldry, or the

* That is, when we, by way of punishment, are put out of commons, he derives some advantage to himself by it.

knighthood

knighthood of an alderman spoils a cit. They live plentifully with traffick between themselves, and yet every day eat and drink their bargains. To conclude; they cast up their sins once a month, but do not repent, because their iniquities are confirmed by the Senior Fellows.

But to return to the Will.

She bequeathed her breasts to Mrs. Mary C—ll *; of whom hear the poet :

*Mammas atque tatas habet Afra : sed ipsa tatarum
Dici et mammarum maxima mamma potest.*

Her paint she left to one of those ladies ; and her nose she knew not whether to leave to Mr. Loftus or Mr. Lloyd ; but at last ordered it for the former : and out of her great charity gave permission to the latter (I mean Mr. Lloyd) to furnish himself after the Hudibrasian manner with a supplemental snout out of her posteriors.

Lastly, she bequeathed all her money for the founding and endowment of a new college, and therefore ordered that there be a fair tract of ground purchased out of Jack Cusack's estate, on a convenient part whereof there be erected a stately pile of building after the model of Mr. Allen's mansion-house. That Sir Butler's famous library be bought for the college use, together with Stillingfleet's and Tillotson's Sermons for the assistance of the young divines. That Mr. Doyle, for his excellent morals and profound learning, be Provost : and Mr. Boreman †, for the same reasons, be Vice-provost. That Nickumbottom

* Perhaps, Coghill.

† Edward Boreman, admitted 11 June, 1678 : his name was taken off the books on 15 October, 1686.

be University orator; Sir Stampe,* singing-master and magician; and that ingenious bachelor of arts who read out all Gassendus's Astronomy in a week, but the a's and b's, if Sir Moore pleases, be mathematick professor: and Dr. Mercier be bursar. Several officers are yet wanting, as divinity professor, preachers, physicians, lecturers, surgeons, historians, chymists, civilians, register, linguist, and many others, all which are to be supplied by that colossus of learning, Mr. Foley.

Hic vero dubium oritur; num Dr. Mercier, cum sponsa sua (satis eleganti) inhabitare possit academiam: si negatur, tunc actum est de bursario, qui adeo integer vitæ, scelerisque purus: si affirmatur, dii boni, quam clamorū necnon rixosum habituri sumus collegium! nam fama refert esse inter illos conjugium conjurgium, quod Martialis parum credibile videtur, ut ex his versiculis constat:

Cum sitis similes, paresque vita,
Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

It was first ordered that Mr. Lloyd should be the University poet; ferunt autem, Magister, te quondam pessimum egisse poetastrum, ideoque

—— mutato nomine, de te

Fabula narratur.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.—

Nam tu, Cosconi, disticha longa facis.

Hanc igitur provinciam habeat Dean Glandee, vel Mr. Hewetson.

Ordered moreover, that all the Fellows dine and sup constantly in the hall, uti apud nos moris est.

* Timothy Stampe, admitted 16 May, 1682.

*Hortemur etiam, ut Præpositus parcius absit**, and to be strictly observed, that all the students in the hall, especially at meats, speak Latin, as we do.

It was lately ordered, that, for the honour and dignity of the University, there should be introduced a society of Freemasons, consisting of gentlemen, mechanicks, porters, parsons, ragmen, hucksters, bailiffs, divines, tinkers, knights, thatchers, cobblers, poets, justices, drawers, beggars, aldermen, paviours, sculls, freshmen, bachelors, scavengers, masters, sow-gelders, doctors, ditchers, pimps, lords, butchers, and taylors, who shall bind themselves by an oath, never to discover their mighty no-secret; and to relieve whatsoever strolling distressed brethren they meet with, after the example of the fraternity of Freemasons in and about Trinity College; by whom a collection was lately made for, and the purse of charity well stuffed for, a reduced brother, who received their charity as follows in this list of benefactors:

From Sawny Richardson, a bottle of ale and two rolls.

From Mr. Hassett, a pair of old shoes.

From a kind-hearted butcher at Lazy Hill, a calf's countenance.

From the Right Honourable Lord Charlemont, a cast hat.

From long Laurence, an inch of tobacco.

From Mr. Ryder, a groat.

From Dr. Gwithers, an old glister-pipe.

From Mr. Marsh and Sir Tenison, a bundle of godly ballads.

* It appears from the Buttery Books, that Provost Huntington had generally a non co., and therefore was absent from the hall.

From Mr. Smith; an old pair of quilted stockings.

From a tapster at the sign of the Hog in Armour, a comfit.

From Sir Goodlet *, a piece of an old Smiglesius for a natural use, cunningly procured by the means of Sir Goodlet.

From Sir Warren, for being freemasonized the new way, five shillings.

From Mr. Edward Hall †, a pair of cast night-gloves.

Lastly from Mr. Hancock, a slice of Cheshire cheese; which the hungry brother eat up with such a gusto, and liked so well, that he stole away the rest in his breeches.

Tam liberâ potitus contributione, frater scoundrellus sarcinulas suas discessurus colligit, et vultu hilari, ori solito, quadrangulum transit; dumque præ nimio gaudio porrectiore incedit fronte, altioresque tendit gressus, quisnam inter homines obviam dedit illi, nisi frater fraterrimus Cooper ‡; qui ut fidelem novit hominem, festinatus accurrit, humaniter corripit dextram, utque moris est, spississimo conspuat basio: deinde Bibliothecam versus, comiter ambulant, ut inter cætera admirabilia Ridlæum § visitent: quem dum hospes curiosis lynceis oculis perscrutatur, et

* James Goodlatt was admitted in February, 1683-4; elected Scholar in 1687.

† We must not confound this person with one of the same name among the then junior fellows. This last was Dr. John Hall, whom Swift, in his Account of Lord Wharton, mentions with approbation. To him the Tripos no where alludes.

‡ I find a person named Nat. Cooper, who with Edward Hall, commenced A.B. in February, 1682-3.

§ Said to have been an informer against priests.

diligentius rimatur, quantum homuncionis judices, carnifex, et medici, reliquerunt; proh dolor, inter partes an nobiliores, an posteriores nescio, privatum fraternitatis notavit signum (Anglicè, the Freemasons' mark). Quo viso, Dii boni, quanto clamore totam infecit domum. Ter et sæpius pulsavit pectus, exsanguis dilaniavit genas, et cheu nimium dilaceratas dilaceravit vestes. Tandem vero paulo modestius insaniens, hujusmodi versiculis ridiculum effudit dolorem.

Eulogium Ridlæanum. An Elegy upon Ridley.

Unhappy brother, what can be	}
In wretchedness compar'd to thee,	
Thou grief and shame of our society!	
Had we in due time understood	
That thou wert of the brotherhood,	
By fraud or force thou had'st got loose	
From shameful tree and dismal noose;	
And now perhaps with life been blest,	}
As comely a brother as the best,	
Not thus exposed a monumental jest;	
When lady longs for college beer,	
Or little dame or country squire	
Walk out an afternoon, to look	
On thee, and devil-raising book;	
Who kindly rather chose to die,	}
Than blemish our fraternity;	
The first of us e'er hang'd for modesty.	
And now, alack and well-a-day,	
Thy parchment hide is stuff'd with hay:	
Nay, worse; the Æsculapians,	}
Thy mighty misery to enhance,	
Have cruelly cut thee out of countenance;	
And,	

And, to show witty spite, at once
 Preserv'd thy skin and lost thy bones.
 Thus here, in wooden hatch you stand,
 With scornful musket at your hand;
 The mice' and rats' mock centinel,
 A poor ridiculous spectacle
 To gibing Joan, to Kate and Nan,
 Thou worse than skeleton of man.—

So does he measure out his grief,
 For loss of brother and of thief.
 Nor less concern'd does Cooper stand;
 But sobbing with his clout in hand,
 And destitute of consolation,
 Kept time with all his tribulation.
 Their grumbling woe runs thro' and thro' them;
 If all were known, 'twould quite undo them.
 The sighs which up and downward go,
 Their unfeigned sorrow show;
 For the devil's in't, if they pretend,
 Who vent their grief at either end.

Hoc munere elaborato, non diutius lacrymis indulgent, sed dolore policè suppresso, taciti discedunt. Pro-
 tinus lodgum convocant, fratresque omnes certiores faciunt, quantum sibi infamiæ, et quantum miseriæ infelicissimo accedit fraterculo: graviter luget fraterculus et societas; et suspiriis ex imo pectore petitis, statim provisum est in posterum, nominem qui crucem meretur, vel qui suspendendus est, in societatem Freemasonorum admitti: quo autoritate statuto, et albo lodgi prolato, singuli, tam generosi quam scoundrelli, solidissimis basiis promiscuè dicunt valedictionem.

ACT,

ACT III.

Enter a waddling DOCTOR, and his Man, JAMES.

Doctor. James, have you read out the chapter, and can you tell how many days' work was the creation?

James. Marry, here's so many hard words, I can't remember.

Doctor. Well, but this is not the business now: you must get things in readiness against to-morrow.

James. Master, what's the matter with to-morrow, more than another day?

Doctor. (aside.) Oh, the ignorance of those people who are not mathematicians! I tell you, a supernatural thing will happen.

James. (aside.) Oh, oh! this is the eclipse * now, I warrant.—Nay, master, as you say it, it is as sure as a gun. Then what mun I do, say you?

Doctor. Go to the Steward, and provide double commons; and be sure you call at the chandler's, for to-morrow I dine by candle-light.

James. Oh, the wonderful wonderfulness of you schollards!—And what mun I bring drink in?

Doctor. A material question:—in the tankard, and do that in the morning.

James. Marry, but I had better buy a pitcher, so I had; and then I need not go so often as I do. This tankard, I wish it were hang'd, so I do.

Doctor. What ails you at it? Why do you grumble?

* In "the Art of verifying Dates," mention is made of an eclipse of the sun, on 5 November, 1687: and of another eclipse on 30 April, 1688. One of them is probably alluded to here.

James. Grumble, quoth-a? I am sure it wears me more shoe-leather than a little, and I cannot say my prayers in a morning for it, so I can't.

Doctor. If I thought it did you any injury, or contributed to the doing you any harm, or were an irregular vessel, I would part with it; I would entertain it no more than I did my bed: go, then, and bring a pitcher. *[Exeunt severally.]*

*Enter SAINTY ASHE *, and SAMUEL FOLEY, Senior Fellows.*

Sainty. Wheredo you keep your eclipse† to-morrow?

Sam. In my chamber. I do not care for groping my way to my dinner.

Sainty. What, will it be total? No glimmering to be allowed, to eat our meat by?

Sam. So it seems. I have taken a great deal of pains to calculate it, and can now demonstrate it.

Sainty. If you please, I would be very glad to see your calculation.

Sam. Thus then:—*Invenitur ex tabulis plenilunium medium, additâ dimidiâ lunatione; et tunc, ex postaphæresi et motu lunæ horario, inveniantur digiti ecliptici et parallaxis altitudinis.*

Sainty. 'Tis wonderful well; from whence I conclude, we are all like to be in the dark.

Sam. Ay, doubtless; or I'll burn my books. I would not want this little smattering in astronomy for a great deal, I protest.

Sainty. I confess there's some advantage in it.

* The Rev. St. George Ashe, Swift's tutor.

† In the Philosophical Transactions we have an account of an eclipse observed at Dublin in 1684, by Ashe and Molyneux.

Sam. Advantage! I could not live without it. I cut my hair by the stars; and will tell the physiognomy and sex of my child, before my wife's brought to bed.

Sainty. But do the planets never wander? are you not sometimes mistaken?

Sam. Oh, never; at least in things of this kind: it is as easy to calculate an eclipse, as to curl; and if you doubt in any point, I'll——

Sainty. No, no, I'm satisfied: 'twill be as clear as the sun. [Exeunt.]

The Scene, Drogheda.

Enter Mr. DOYLE and his Damsel, NELLY: after them, the Tapster, with a Porringer of burnt Brandy and a Mutton-pye.

Doyle. Come, Nelly, sit down, and give me a kiss.

Nelly. Fough, Sir, stand off. I protest you smell so strong of brandy and tobacco, a body can't endure you.

Doyle. Nay, leave this peevish humour, and sit down: if you knew who I'm to be, you'd be as kind to me, as to the smith's boy.

Nelly. Pr'ythee, let go my apron, and do not pull me so.

Doyle. But you won't hear me!—I tell you, woman, as simple as I stand here, I'm to be a Fellow of Dublin College.

Nelly. You, a Fellow! Never the sooner for an hasty word. Pray, keep your filthy hand away, or I'll cry out, so I will. Come, come, Sir, don't think you are with Peggy What-do-you-call-her.

Doyle. But I'll tell you, Nelly,——

Nelly. Tell me no tellings; keep down your fingers,

gers, and do not you tear my petticoats. I'm afraid 'twas for what you did in the blankets, the Dean * made you stand in the white sheet.

Doyle. Here, drawer, t'other porringer of brandy, and so to pay. That, and this quarter cob, will put you into a little better humour. Come, let us—— now let us——

Nelly. In verity, Mr. Doyle, you have the cunningest way with you of pleasing a woman.—You see how loth I am to refuse a gentleman that's just on the point of preferment:—but hold, there's somebody coming.

Enter the Drawer.

Drawer. This makes two and two-pence now, besides the nineteen and seven-pence before; and my mistress bid me tell you, she can trust no longer.

Doyle. Why so, you scoundrel?

Drawer. Because you put her off with mandrakes from the King.

Doyle. Bid your mistress go hang herself; and look for her money, you whore's kitling. (*Throws the mutton-pye at him*). [*Exit Drawer, mauldering.*

Nelly. Why so sleepy, Mr. Doyle?

Doyle. Oh, this scowering and lying most plagues me. Here, Nelly, here's to you. Aw, aw, I am damn'd sleepy, e'gad, damn'd sleepy. (*Drops asleep*).

Nelly. Lie there for a drunken sot. The Collegians are like to have a sweet tool of thee for a Fellow. But let me see what we have got in his pockets. Out upon the scoundrel! nothing but a pair of beads, two inches of tobacco, and one of pipe.

[*The scene closes.*

* Tobias Pullein, the great patron of Doyle, until the enormities of the latter caused him to withdraw his protection.

And

And here we leave him, and as he sleeps, take a view of his breeches; which I would describe, but they have so many ends, I know not where to begin. He that would presume to mend them would run the risk of a tinker botching a kettle; for, hydra-like, out of one hole would come three or four. You may compare them to Jason's ship; they have not one jot of their primitive stuff left: or to Dr. Mercur's yarn stockings, that were darned into worsted. The lining had served a long apprenticeship for itself: and therefore away it crept to set up for itself at the paper-mill. They were most worn at the codpiece, and least at the pockets. The crow that borrowed feathers from her neighbours is the living emblem of these. Should every taylor's boy take his own cabbage, Mr. Doyle would be an heathen philosopher. Doll Kitchen coming into his kennel before he rose, thought he had purloined her mop. By their shreds of all nations, you would have thought they belonged to one of the Freemasons that built Babel: but by the multiplicity of white fleas, you would swear they had been campaigning with the Vacancy. 'Tis almost incredible so many cattle should thrive on so bare a pasture. Every night he dares venture them off, he's in danger of losing them. Once when he lay without them, they crept from the garret to the street-door; and had bid him adieu for ever, but his landlady seized them by an habeas corpus, and brought them to him with a pair of tongs. I believe, the ladies for once are tired of the breeches; and therefore, as Dean Glandee says, "This one word of comfort, and so have done." One morning, crawling their progress, they were devoured by a monkey, and the next day poor Pug died of Pym's disease.

Quid

Quid obstat, Dii boni, quominus Dr. Bladen fiat Episcopus? Why should not Nick Knight be Dean of St. Patrick's? En hominem, qui sodalitium ambit! (ut inquit Mr. Griffith) qui licet socius sit, nollem tamen ut socius esset meus. Et jam in mentem venit mihi, unde est quod nondum reddit socius ille erraticus; ni fallor, causam assignat Barclæus poeta hunc in modum:

Urbs spatiosa, potens opibus, tectisque superba,
 O et præsidium, deliciæque meæ.
 Quicquid mortalis fingit solertia curæ,
 Vel Natura suo parturit alma sinu;
 Hæc tu sola dabis, &c.

Anglicè *.

Let formal priests look grave and dull at home,
 To whom the worth of a licentious town
 Nor the gay blessings of a Court are known. }

Thither my wiser inclinations tend,
 Where I a chirping bottle with a friend
 May drink without controul, nor stand in fear
 Of every saucy ill-bred censurer:

Where I may strut along the Mall, look big
 In point cravat, and toss a flaxen wig;

Dress in a gaudy waistcoat, and may wear
 A sword, cock'd hat, gold fringe, and whatsoe'er }
 The libertine town affords, to charm the fair. }

Mirror quod his de causis Magister Patrickson non
 huc usque commoratus est Londini: sed

Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arca,
 Tantum habet et gaudii.

* This piece of poetry seems levelled at John Griffith, a Senior Fellow, then absent by a King's letter.

Salve, Magister, gratulor tibi reduci; sunt qui affirmant te pedestri itinere Londinum versus ambulasse, quod mihi equidem vix credibile videtur; perfacetus etenim Miles * se tibi socium præbuit, et jucundus comes est pro vehiculo (a good companion is as good as a coach).

Enter Sir MICHAEL CREAGH, and another Alderman.

Alderman. I have been man and boy in this town, let me see, some six and fifty years, and never knew the little penny so hard to be got as now.

Sir Michael. Never despair, old boy. We have a brave young Prince *, and the world's our own.

Alderman. Nay, I have not remembered salt butter so scarce a commodity, I know not the day when.

Sir Michael. Hang sorrow. Boy, fill me a glass of wine; more, more yet, fill it higher still. So here, Father Greybeard, here is a health to the family of the Creaghs.

Alderman. I pledge you, if it be sack. But, now I think on't, Sir Michael, who was your father?

Sir Michael. My father was a worthy gentleman, inferior to none of his rank, upon my honour.

Alderman. Adsheartlikens, you may be mistaken in that, I assure you.

* I suppose the person here alluded to may have been Miles Sumner; who originally received his education in Trinity College: after leaving it, he had a command in the army of the Parliament during the civil wars. He was made, by the then ruling powers, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1652. He died shortly before the delivering of this piece. See more of him in the Harleian Miscellany.

† The son of James II. born 10 June, 1688.

Sir Michael. Mistaken? No, Sir; he was a travelling merchant; one that saw more towns than you have done chimneys.

Alderman. But, under favour, Sir Michael, I have heard schollards say, he was a losopher?

Sir Michael. Ay, that may be too: he always took delight to carry books about with him.

Alderman. But take me along with you: you reprehend me not; they say he carried books on his back.

Sir Michael. I say, I say he was a North Country Merchant, as I told you before. Come, drink your wine, and let us be gone. [Exeunt.]

Now you'll ask, to what end I brought all these on the stage; to which I answer, I brought them in by head and shoulders, and out by head and shoulders, for nothing at all, as Mr. Bayes did his beasts.

Plurimis denuo salutatis et tot hominum ordinibus comiter exceptis, videor forsan reprehensione dignus, quod Machaonas omnes (Anglicè, the Simplers) negliger prættermisi. Cur autem tristia horum fata et lacrymabilis nova metamorphosis non vos diutius latent, cum certiores facti eritis ingenuos hosce Æsculapii filios in plantas transmigrasse; injuriâ tamen non sum arguendus, quod schernate mortuos non excepi, the sad causes of whose death are at large described in this

HEROICK POEM.

A worthy Sage dwelt at All-Hallows,
 That did defy all gaols and gallows :
 His punctual honesty was such,
 Some authors write, he had too much :
 And lo ! Actonio was his name,
 Actonio loudly sung by Fame :
 A wight inferior to none
 For ponderosity of bum * ;
 And that took more pains to go,
 Than coarse Jephsonio would to plow :
 A mortal enemy to punning,
 Nor mightily inclined to running.
 He still with care did guard his heart
 From all the wounds of Cupid's dart ;
 And yet was plump and soft confest,
 All but his petrified breast ;
 That still, alas, did stubborn prove
 To all the charming powers of love :
 In town or court, no beauteous dame
 E'er fann'd his passion to a flame ;
 For tho' he enjoy'd luxurious peace,
 Melting his hours in holy ease,
 He ne'er was vex'd by that unruly member,
 But liv'd as chaste as cold December :
 Tho' Cupids in his eyes did play,
 Yet in his heart Diana lay.
 Lively and sanguine was his face,
 Tho' phlegmatic the other place ;

* In a Satyr written in 1682, upon the Members of the College, Acton is thus described :

Next him sat Acton's belly, big as tun.

Colour as good as ever struck,
 But other things belied his look.
 When drowsy Aurora rubb'd her eyes,
 And came down stealing from the skies,
 Whilst that Sol's nags at mangers tarry,
 Before the clerks say, Ave-Mary ;
 Actonio, with his learned friends,
 From soaking downy bed descends ;
 And with the charioteer's assistance,
 Heaving himself with all puissance,
 He waddles into coach marine,
 And jogs his way, a simpleing.
 And now they reach the enchanted shore,
 Where Circe, in the days of yore,
 By powerful herbs dispos'd of doom,
 And magick spells did charm the moon :
 Whilst tir'd here with the toils of day,
 Our hero picking scions lay :
 Rolling securely on the grass,
 Too nigh a fatal precipice,
 Adown *, adown, adown he drops,
 "Twixt cruel unrelenting rocks.
 Three times he made effort to rise,
 But thrice and thrice would not suffice :
 His weighty crupper kept him down,
 To seas and rocks to make his moan.

Dumque † hic vicini maris auget murmura, dum
 liquido dolore tristissimum plorat fatum, et philoso-
 phorum adagiis se miserum solari conatur, Æscula-

* In "the Lady's Dressing-room," we have an instance of Swift
 using this uncommon word, *adown*.

† These lines strongly resemble the style of John Barclay : at
 the beginning of the ARGENTIS we find the words, " sermonem
 occupavit," as in this Tripos, in Act I. we find " totum occupare
 sermonem."

pius

pius filii sui querelis mitem præbens aurem, et paternâ commotus misericordia, heroem nostrum in umbilicum Veneris transformavit.

Socii nequicquam plorant amissum:

Non illos Cereris, non illos cura quietis

Abstrahere inde potest.

Sed iteratis clamoribus surdum feriunt littus: ægra terque quaterque pulsant pectora: altâ voce deorum proclamant tyrannidem; nec diutius insano luctui indulgent, sed pedibus telluri affixis, pellibusque in cortices mutatis,

—nulli color qui fuit ante, manet.

Singulis novæ subeunt formæ; et mirâ quadam metamorphosi in plantas proinde, ut hic sequitur, transmutantur:

Magister Downes in cupressum; Magister Smith in pinguidinem (Anglicè) fat-wort; Magister Scroggs in hyacinthum; Mr. Lloyd in quercum; Magister Ashe into a red-headed poppy; Sir Fitzsimons, who always dropt after, (as our town of Berwick upon Tweed) into a thistle, which still retains its primitive roughness; Magister Sayers in Narcissum, de quo olim Buchananus sic:

Nescio an inspekti Narcissi, Posthume, fontem;

Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui.

Ille tamen meritò: nam quod malesanus amavit,

Ante quidem id multis causa furoris erat.

At tua non paulo est major vesania, qui te,

Sed sine rivali, Posthume, solus amas.

Sed dicat mihi quis, quod in totâ hâc coronâ, vel potius crowdo et presso, nondum vidi dominum Terrill: ni fallor, if he be not here, he's at home with his wife,

wife, who, to gain entirely his affections, sent him this stratagemical epistle.

The quondam widow, Sir Terrill's mistress, hearing he had laid siege to the bookbinder's sister, and therefore fearing he should give her the willow, partly to be revenged of her rival, partly to secure him to herself, writes to him this epistle :

Sir,

I am informed you design to *bind* yourself to the stationer's sister : if so, take it from a friend, she's a gentlewoman in *folio*, and consequently will be very tedious to a young student. I was concerned to hear the crafty citizen intended to put into your hands the lumber of his shop : and therefore intreat you, if you have any kindness for yourself, to have nothing to do with that musty piece, whose *worm-eaten cover* may inform you, she has been cheapened above these twenty years ; and the reason she did not go off is, she was found so old and thumbed, that she was not fit to be *perused* : and of so little value, that none thought her worthy the *press*. Besides, Sir, she has lived some time in a learned house, where it may be presumed, for good reasons, that some of the young scholars, for their curiosity, might ruffle her *leaves*. If what I've said cannot dissuade you, do but turn her over carefully ; and 'tis very probable you'll find she has been abused at least in the *sheets*, if not in the setting forth of a *new edition* blotted in the *impression*.

Sir, your humble servant,

JANE BANKS.

And

And now belike I have made a fair afternoon's work on't: I have not left myself one friend of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. If I go to the kitchen, the Steward will be my enemy as long as he breathes; if to the cellar, the Butler will dash my ale with water; and the clerk of the buttery will score up my offences five-fold. If I betake myself to the library, Ridley's ghost will haunt me, for scandalizing him with the name of Freemason. If I fly to the Divines for succour, Dean Manby and Archdeacon Baynard will pervert me; Dr. King will break my head, because I am a Priscian: and Dr. Foy is so full of spleen, he'll worry me. Mrs. Horncastle and Sir Maddison will talk with me. Mother Jenkinson won't furnish me with cale and bacon on Christmas-day, and Dr. Loftus will bite me. The Virtuosi will set their brains a-work, for gimcracks to pull my eyes out. The Freemasons will banish me their lodge, and bar me the happiness of kissing long Laurence. And the Astronomers won't allow me one good star, nor inform me when the sun will be totally eclipsed, that I may provide myself with candles. Mr. Loftus and Mr. Lloyd will nose me; Mr. Allen will eat me without salt; Dr. Acton too, I fear, will *fall* on me. Nay, the very Provost will shake his head at me, and scower away from me: but that which makes my calamity most insupportable, and me weary of your company, is, that in all my tribulation, you do nothing but laugh * at me; and therefore I take my leave.

* From this passage it appears, that the author of this performance had no malicious intentions towards the persons whom he censured; but only wished to indulge a little pleasantry, which, he conceived, the usual practice on such occasions warranted.

The Piece above given being most probably the earliest production of the pen of Swift, may perhaps (on that account principally) be deemed not altogether unworthy of the public notice ; and the more so, when we reflect that it is so interwoven with his academic conduct, that no faithful and accurate account of the latter could be given without the introduction of the former. Besides ; we may suppose the hard treatment (as he would have it thought to be) which his friend had received for a licence allowed on such occasions, and sanctioned by the practice then generally prevailing in learned seminaries, to have had no small influence in producing that ill-behaviour which led to the fatal catastrophe of 30 November, 1688: while, on the other hand, the suspicion (for that such was generally entertained, appears from the anecdote preserved by Richardson) that he was the real but secret author, may have probably disposed the then Heads of the University to have exerted a greater degree of severity, than they would have otherwise proceeded to. And therefore, viewing the subject in this light, we are led to consider the Tripos as connected with the other transactions of Swift, while in college. To this we ought also to add, that although the punishment he underwent on the day he completed his twenty-first year, may afford an ample solution of the question, why he entertained an animosity to that learned body, where he had the honour and the happiness to receive his early instructions ; yet we are still to seek, what could have disposed a person of such high spirit to forgive that indignity to which he was obliged to submit. The injury done to his wounded pride could
never

never have been pardoned, nor would he ever have deigned to visit those walls within which he had been so grievously insulted, had not a sense that his punishment was not unmerited, and that he had justly provoked those whom he was bound to revere, caused his angry passions to subside, and inclined him to seek reconciliation. Nothing, I am persuaded, could have impressed on his mind such sense and such conviction, if he had not been conscious that he was the real author of that piece, which had taken unwarrantable liberties with the characters of different members of the Church and University.

The practice of delivering compositions of this nature has long been abolished in the University of Dublin, a plain proof that on some occasion or other it had been greatly abused: in other Universities it has been attended with circumstances of equal, if not superior, intemperance. The same Miscellany which contains the Tripos of Jones, gives also a similar harangue pronounced in the Theatre of Oxford, 40 July, 1693, by the Terræ-filius, Mr. H. Aleworth, of Christ Church, which is replete with the grossest abuse and most indecent licentiousness.* Not many years before the Tripos of Jones was pronounced, Mr. Shirley, a Terræ-filius, treated the famous Oxford antiquary, Mr. Anthony Wood, with the greatest scurrility, as we learn from the Lives of Leland, Wood, and Hearne*; in which work is given an extract from Shirley's Speech, taken from the original in the Bodleian Library.

The misinformation given to Richardson deserves to be corrected: and therefore it was the more necessary for the attainment of this object, to state the

* Vol. II. p. 253.

With respect to the person from whom Richardson derived this information, I have not been able to discover any thing satisfactory.—The words of Richardson are very ambiguous, and point out two persons; an eminent Divine and his son: but leave us in the dark as to which of them was the prelate, and which was chum to Swift for three years in college. Notwithstanding, however, the ambiguity of the passage, we may safely suppose that what was meant to be asserted was, that the information was *originally* derived from a prelate who had been chum or chamber-fellow with Swift: for if we apply this description to the son, he then must have been nearly of the same age with Swift, and consequently in 1752, (the date of Richardson's letter,) must have been eighty-four years old: a circumstance highly improbable. It may be added too, that if the person who communicated this anecdote to Richardson had been Swift's contemporary, he could not have been so inaccurate in his statement. In Mr. Deane Swift's Essay on the Life of his Relation, p. 31, we learn that Mr. Wassendra Warren was his chamber-fellow; but I can find no such name mentioned in any record, as ever belonging to our college; and suppose the person meant to have been Westenra Waring, who was admitted (according to the Senior Lecturer's book) on 16 June, 1692, and therefore could never have been Swift's chum. From the same book it appears that Mr. William Waring, of the county of Antrim, had two sons, both admitted as pensioners; the one William, on 11 June, 1681, the other Richard, on 9 April, 1684: and that on 3 July, 1684, Thomas Warren was admitted fellow-commoner. This last is the person who was censured with the
Swifts

Swift and their associates, on 16 March, 1686-7. But Swift's chum, it is highly probable, was William Waring (or Waryng) above-mentioned; because he was in Swift's class, (for though he was admitted on the 11th of June, his admission has a reference to the 8th of July, 1681, when the academical year of Swift's class commenced;) and being described "of the county of Antrim," he was doubtless brother to Miss Jane Waryng, the lady to whom Swift paid his addresses, and in his letters distinguished by the name of VARINA. Her family, it is well known, lived near Belfast, in the county of Antrim*.

I find myself, however, totally at a loss to reconcile this supposition with the anecdote of Richardson, so far as it relates to the station afterwards filled by such person in the church.

After the preceding observations were committed to the press, I met with a passage in one of Swift's early poetical compositions, which appears to me favourable to the idea of his being the author of the foregoing satirical piece. Among other Miscellanies of his, published originally at London, in 8vo, in 1789, is an Epistle addressed by him to Congreve, in 1693, in which are the following lines †:

* In confirmation of the learned writer's supposition it should be observed, that a well-informed person, who appears to have had access to several of Swift's papers, in a manuscript note on Hawkesworth's Life of Swift, says, "His intimacy with this gentleman [erroneously here called *Westenra* Waryng] and his sister Miss Jane Waryng, continued several years afterwards [that is, after he left Trinity College,] as appears from his letters to them while he was at Moore Park." See vol. I. pp. 1-10. N.

† See vol. XVI. p. 34. N.

" My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed,
" Shall on a day make Sin and Folly bleed."

Mr. Sheridan, struck with the thought contained in these lines, supposes them to prognosticate his future exertions against Sin and Folly: but I am much inclined to think that they rather point to something past, than prophecy any thing future. For I reason thus: These lines plainly imply a consciousness in Swift, of his own great powers to make Sin and Folly bleed. Now whence did he acquire this consciousness, or how came he to know that he possessed these powers? The natural answer will be, Because he had made trial of them, and succeeded in lashing Vice in the person of Doyle, and Folly in that of Weaver: in short, because he had composed the *TRIPOS*, and was well acquainted with the effects which it produced. In another place in the same poem, he speaks of " the *judgments* of his pen;" words the more remarkable, because in 1693 he had not written any thing satirical, that we know of, unless the *TRIPOS* were his composition.

* * THE WHIMSICAL MEDLEY, from which the foregoing TRIPOS, and the following poems, have been transcribed, is a MS. in three volumes, 4to. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is every where written by one and the same hand, except on one page, which contains an Address in verse "to Emilia, Baroness of Newtown Butler," concluding thus :

" Accept this offering from a friend that's true,

" Since what I've writ, falls short of what's your due.

" From your Ladyship's most humble, most obedient,
" most affectionate brother,

" J. BUTLER."

This poetical epistle has no date ; but, as it mentions the lady's son as then living, who died in 1721, (as she herself died in 1722, and her husband, Theophilus, in 1723,) we cannot assign it a later date than 1720.

In every other part the MS. appears, all throughout, written by one and the same hand, which is a different hand from the last mentioned ; and this hand-writing I suppose to be that of Theophilus, first Lord Newtown Butler, and elder brother to Brinsley, first Viscount Lanesborough : a fact which is clearly established by the following circumstantial evidence :

1. This book is already proved to have existed in the family during the time of Theophilus, as appears from the Address already mentioned, which is in vol. i. p. 275, and is inseparable from the book, so that the date of one is that also of the other : and, as the writer of that address, James Butler, did not write the rest of these volumes, it will be probable that they were written by Theophilus.

2. In the Appendix to vol. i. p. 60, occurs a piece, called—" A Preamble to *my* Patent ;" and this is the very preamble given by Lodge to the patent creating Theophilus Lord Newtown Butler.—Besides ; in vol. ii. p. 210, we have " An Elegy to *my* brother, Robert Stopford, Esq. by an unknown hand : " and this also shews Theophilus to have been the writer of this MS. ; for Robert Stopford was his brother-in-law.

3. This

3. This nobleman was remarkable, as we learn from the Preamble to his Patent, for his attachment to the Protestant Succession; to William the Third, and the illustrious House of Brunswick. Now he has given us a piece, entitled, "the Tory's Advice to a Painter," in which the vilest slander is poured on William the Third. In the margin opposite to this calumny, the same hand that wrote the text, adds—"It is false:—the author a rebel, a villain."

PIECES

ASCRIBED TO SWIFT,

FOR THE REASONS ANNEXED AT THE END OF EACH.

[COMMUNICATED BY DR. BARRETT.]

No. I.

*An excellent new Song, being the intended Speech of
a famous Orator against Peace*.*

An Orator *Dismal*, of Nottinghamshire,
Who has forty years let out his conscience to
hire, &c.

(as in vol. XVI. p. 98.) †

* We have retained in this place the title of the song, to preserve the chain of the learned Communicator's notes; who was not aware that the Ballad itself is already incorporated in the Dean's Works; where it was first placed by the present Editor in 1779, from a printed copy preserved in the Lambeth Library by the attention of Archbishop Tenison, with several other of *Swift's Grubs*, in the original *half-sheet* form. Among these are, "Peace and Dunkirk;" "A Paraphrase on Horace, addressed to Richard Steele, Esq." "John Dennis's Invitation to Steele;" "Toland's Invitation to Dismal;" &c. &c. See vol. xvi. pp. 109, 111, 164, 168. N.

† This Piece is taken from "the Whimsical Medley," a Collection of Poetry, in 3 vols 4to. MS. of which an account is given in page cxlvii. By referring to Swift's Correspondence with Stella, No. 36, December 1st, 1711, and No. 97, December 15, 1711; (see also his Letter to Dr. Sterne, December 29, 1711;) it plainly appears that this is the Ballad which the Ministry employed him to compose on the subject of a motion made in the House of Lords against Peace. Mr. Deane Swift has, by error, given

No. II.

The Recorder's Speech to his Grace the Duke of Ormond, 4th July, 1711.

With a Parody upon it; which is, perhaps, by Swift.

This City can omit no opportunity of expressing their hearty affection for her Majesty's person and government; and their regard for your Grace, who has the honour of representing her in this kingdom.

We retain, my Lord, a grateful remembrance of the mild and just administration of the Government of this Kingdom by your noble ancestors: and when we consider the share your Grace had in the happy Revolution in 1688, and the many good laws you have procured us since, particularly that for preventing the farther growth of Popery, we are assured

given in its place "the Invitation of Toland to Dismal." But this Invitation to Dismal is dated 29 January: which date evidently proves that it could not be the Ballad in question; since it appears from Swift's own account, that the ballad was written on 6 December, 1711, and read the same evening to his friends. Besides, the Invitation contained nothing that could hurt the feelings of the noble Earl, or excite such resentment as we know the Ballad did; the matter of which was calculated to give very great offence, and was highly censurable.

I am ignorant who the person was, who is here stiled *Hoppy*. In the same Collection may be found a piece, called "Advice to a young Lady, or a young Lady's New-year's Gift," being an Epithalamium on the Marriage of Old Hooper with Nanny Dismal. I suppose the person called Old Hooper may be the same with Hoppy.

In Lady Acheson's Panegyric on Swift, and in Swift's Verses on his own Death, we find lines occurring, that are nearly the same with verses 41, 42, and 51, 52, of the above poem.

that

that that liberty and property, that happy Constitution in Church and State, to which we were restored by King William of glorious memory, will be inviolably preserved under your Grace's Administration. And we are persuaded that we cannot more effectually recommend ourselves to your Grace's favour and protection, than by assuring you that we will, to the utmost of our power, contribute to the honour and safety of her Majesty's Government, the maintenance of the succession in the illustrious House of Hanover, and that we shall at all times oppose the secret and open attempts of the Pretender, and all his abettors.

The Recorder's Speech explained by the Tories.

An ancient Metropolis, famous of late
For opposing the Church, and for nosing the State,
For protecting sedition and rejecting order,
Made the following speech by their mouth, the Recorder :

First, to tell you the name of this place of renown,
Some still call it Dublin, but most Forster's town,

The Speech.

May it please your Grace,
We cannot omit this occasion to tell,
That we love the Queen's person and Government
well ;
Then next, to your Grace we this compliment make,
That our Worships regard you, but 'tis for her sake:
Tho' our mouth be a Whig, and our head a Dissenter,
Yet salute you we must, 'cause you represent her :
Nor

Nor can we forget, Sir, that some of your line
Did with mildness and peace in this Government
shine.

But of all your exploits, we'll allow but one fact,
That your Grace has procur'd us a Popery Act.
By this you may see that the least of your actions
Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions.
And lastly, because in the year eighty-eight
You did early appear in defence of our right,
We give no other proof of your zeal to your Prince ;
So we freely forget all your services since.
It's then only we hope, that whilst you rule o'er us,
You'll tread in the steps of King William the glorious;
Whom we're always adoring, tho' hand over head,
For we owe him allegiance, altho' he be dead ;
Which shews that good zeal may be founded in spleen,
Since a dead Prince we worship, to lessen the Queen.
And as for her Majesty, we will defend her
Against our hobgoblin, the Popish Pretender.
Our valiant militia will stoutly stand by her,
Against the sly Jack, and the sturdy High-flyer.
She is safe when thus guarded, if Providence bless her,
And Hanover's sure to be next her successor.

Thus ended the speech, but what heart would not
pity

His Grace, almost chok'd with the breath of the
City!

No. III.

Mr. William Crowe, Recorder of Blessington's Address to her Majesty, as copied from the London Gazette *.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.

The humble Address of the Sovereign, Recorder, Burgesses, and Freemen, of the Borough of Blessington.

May it please your Majesty,

Though we stand almost last on the roll of Boroughs of this your Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland, and therefore, in good manners to our elder brothers, press but late among the joyful crowd about your royal throne: yet we beg leave to assure your Majesty, that we come behind none in our good affection to your sacred Person and Government; inasmuch that the late surprizing accounts from Germany have filled us with a joy not inferior to any of our fellow subjects.

We heard with transport that the English warmed the field to that degree, that thirty squadrons, part of the vanquished enemy, were forced to fly to water, not able to stand their fire, and drank their last draught in the Danube, for the waste they had before

* This is given, merely to shew that Crowe belonged to the High Church or Tory Party (which appears from that part of his speech which puts upon a footing of equality the exploits of Marlborough, and the safe deliverance of Sir George Rooke from the French fleet); and consequently exposed himself to the censure of Swift, who at that time was connected with the Whigs.

committed on its injured banks, thereby putting an end to their Master's long-boasted victories: a glorious push indeed, and worthy a General of the Queen of England. And we are not a little pleased, to find several gentlemen in considerable posts of your Majesty's army, who drew their first breath in this country, sharing in the good fortune of those who so effectually put in execution the command of your gallant enterprizing General, whose twin-battles have, with his own title of Marlborough, given immortality to the otherwise perishing names of Schellenberg and Hogstete: actions that speak him born under stars as propitious to England as that he now wears, on both which he has so often reflected lustre, as to have now abundantly repaid the glory they once lent him. Nor can we but congratulate with a joy proportioned to the success of your Majesty's fleet, our last campaign at sea, since by it we observe the French obliged to steer their wonted course for security, to their ports; and Gibraltar, the Spaniards' ancient defence, bravely stormed, possessed, and maintained by your Majesty's subjects.

May the supplies for reducing the exorbitant power of France be such, as may soon turn your wreaths of laurel into branches of olive; that, after the toils of a just and honourable war, carried on by a Confederacy of which your Majesty is most truly, as of the Faith, styled Defender, we may live to enjoy under your Majesty's auspicious Government, the blessings of a profound and lasting peace; a peace beyond the power of him to violate, who, but for his own unreasonable conveniency, destructive always of his neighbours, never yet kept any. And, to complete our happiness, may your Majesty again prove
to

to *your own family*, what you have been so eminently to the true Church, a nursing mother. So wish, and so pray, may it please your Majesty, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, and devoted humble servants.

This Address was presented 17 January, 1704-5.

Mr. William Crowe's *Address to her Majesty, turned into Metre.*

From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
With three or four houses, and as many people,
There went an Address in great form and good order,
Composed, as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their Recorder.

And thus it began to an excellent tune :

Forgive us, good Madam, that we did not as soon
As the rest of the cities and towns of this Nation
Wish your Majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
But having a great many sisters and brothers,
Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
We let them speak first, to show our good breeding.

We have heard with much transport and great satisfaction

Of the vict'ry obtained in the late famous action,
When the field was so warm'd, that it soon grew too hot

For the French and Bavarians, who had all gone to pot,

But that they thought best in great haste to retire,
And leap into the water, for fear of the fire.

But

But says the good river, Ye fools, plague confound ye,
Do ye think to swim thro' me, and that I'll not
drown ye?

Who have ravish'd, and murder'd, and play'd such
damn'd pranks,

And trod down the grass on my much-injur'd banks?
Then, swelling with anger and rage to the brink,
He gave the poor Monsieur his last draught of drink.
So it plainly appears they were very well bang'd,
And that some may be drown'd, who deserv'd to be
hang'd.

Great Marlbro' well push'd: 'twas well push'd indeed:
Oh, how we adore you, because you succeed!

And now I may say it, I hope without blushing,
That you have got twins, by your violent pushing;
Twin battles I mean, that will ne'er be forgotten,
But live and be talk'd of, when we're dead and rotten.
Let other nice Lords sculk at home from the wars,
Prank'd up and adorned with garters and stars,
Which but twinkle like those in a cold frosty night;
While to yours you are adding such lustre and light,
That if you proceed, I'm sure very soon
'Twill be brighter and larger than the sun or the
moon:

A blazing star, I foretell, 'twill prove to the Gaul,
That portends of his empire the ruin and fall.

Now God bless your Majesty, and our Lord,
Murrrough,*

And send him in safety and health to his burrough.

* Murrrough (or Morrrough) Boyle, the first Viscount Blessington who died in April, 1718.

No. IV.

*The Reverse (to Swift's Verses on Biddy Floyd);
or Mrs. Cludd.*

Venus one day, as story goes,
But for what reason no man knows,
In sullen mood and grave deport,
Trudg'd it away to Jove's high Court;
And there his Godship did entreat
To look out for his best receipt:
And make a monster strange and odd,
Abhorr'd by man and every god.
Jove ever kind to all the fair,
Nor e'er refus'd a lady's prayer,
Straight ope'd 'scrutore, and forth he took
A neatly bound and well-gilt book;
Sure sign that nothing enter'd there,
But what was very choice and rare.
Scarce had he turn'd a page or two,—
It might be more for aught I know;
But, be the matter more or less,
'Mong friends 'twill break no squares, I guess.
Then, smiling, to the dame quoth he,
Here's one will fit you to a T.
But, as the writing doth prescribe,
'Tis fit the ingredients we provide.
Away he went, and search'd the stews,
And every street about the Mews:
Diseases, impudence, and lies,
Are found and brought him in a trice.
From Hackney then he did provide,
A clumsy air and aukward pride:

From

From lady's toilet next he brought
 Noise, scandal, and malicious thought.
 These Jove put in an old close-stool,
 And with them mix'd the vain, the fool.
 But now came on his greatest care,
 Of what he should his paste prepare ;
 For common clay or finer mould
 Was much too good, such stuff to hold.
 At last he wisely thought on mud ;
 So rais'd it up, and call'd it—*Cludd*.
 With this, the lady well content,
 Low courtsey'd, and away she went.*

* These last three Pieces are all taken from the Whimsical Medley; which contains many others that are unquestionably Swift's productions, and as such printed, although their Author's name is not there mentioned, no more than in the four numbers above given.—I consider the last three as having Swift for their author;

1st. From their similitude to his style and sentiments.

2dly. Because they are merely of a local nature, and relate to transactions that would scarcely have interested any other person, and to individuals connected with himself only. Thus, he had the living of Dunlavin, which is in the vicinity of Blessington; this would have led him to compose the Piece, No. III.; and that he knew William Crowe, appears from his Account of Lord Wharton.—He was a relation of the Duke of Ormond; which, if every other ground were wanting, would have led Swift to compose the Parody, No. II.

3dly. From allusions in his Works. Thus, one of his poems on Vanbrugh, begins,

When Mother Cludd rose up from play—

Here he plainly alludes to No. IV.

No. V.

*A Conference between Sir H. P—ce's Chariot, and
Mrs. D. St—d's Chair.*

CHARIOT.

My pretty dear Cuz, tho' I've rov'd the town o'er;
 To dispatch in an hour some visits a score;
 Tho', since first on the wheels, I've been every day
 At the 'Change, at a raffling, at church, or a play;
 And the fops of the town are pleas'd with the notion
 Of calling your slave the perpetual motion;—
 Tho' oft at your door I have whin'd [out] my love,
 As my Knight does grin his at your Lady above;
 Yet ne'er before this, tho' I used all my care,
 I e'er was so happy to meet my dear Chair;
 And since we're so near, like birds of a feather,
 Let's e'en, as they say, set our horses together.

CHAIR.

By your awkward address, you're that thing which
 Should carry,
 With one footman behind, our lover Sir Harry.
 By your language, I judge, you think me a wench;
 He that makes love to me, must make it in French.
 Thou that's drawn by two beasts, and carry'st a brute,
 Canst thou vainly e'er hope, I'll answer thy suit?
 Tho' sometimes you pretend to appear with your six,
 No regard to their colour, their sexes you mind:
 Then on the grand-paw you'd look very great,
 With your new-fashion'd glassees, and nasty old seat.
 Thus a beau I have seen strutt with a cock'd hat,
 And newly rigg'd out, with a dirty cravat.

H.

You

You may think that you make a figure most shining,
 But its plain that you have an old cloak for a lining.
 Are those double-gilt nails? Where's the lustre of
 Kerry,

To set off the Knight, and to finish the Jerry?
 If you hope I'll be kind, you must tell me what's due
 In George's-lane for you, ere I'll buckle to.

CHARLOT.

Why, how now, Doll Diamond, you're very alert;
 Is it your French breeding has made you so pert?
 Because I was civil, here's a stir with a pox:
 Who is it that values your — or your fox?
 Sure 'tis to her honour, he ever should bed
 His bloody red hand, to her bloody red head.
 You're proud of your gilding; but, I tell you, each nail
 Is only [just] ting'd with a rub at her tail:
 And altho' it may pass for gold on each ninny,
 Sure we know a Bath shilling soon from a guinea.
 Nay, her foretop's a cheat; each morn she does
 black it,

Yet, ere it be night, it's the same with her plæcket.
 I'll ne'er be run down any more with your cant;
 Your velvet was wore before in a mant,
 On the back of her mother; but now 'tis much dul-
 ler,

The fire she carries hath changed its colour.*
 Those creatures that draw me you never would mind,
 If you'd but look on your own Pharaoh's lean kine:
 They're taken for spectres, they're so meagre and
 spare,
 Drawn damnably low by your sorrel mare.

* Fire is here used as a dissyllable.

We know how your lady was in you befriended;
 You're not to be paid for, 'till the lawsuit is ended:
 But her bond it is good, he need not to doubt;
 She is two or three years above being out.
 Could my Knight be advis'd, he should ne'er spend
 his vigour
 On one he can't hope of e'er making bigger.

•• From the same Whimsical Medley is taken the above Dialogue; and the Lady mentioned in it is Dorothy Stopford; who, about 1704, married Edward the fourth Earl of Meath, and, after his death, became the wife of L. General Richard Gorges. This Piece is therefore prior to 1704, and probably is by Swift. Under the names of Dicky and Dolly, Swift exerted his malice against this lady and her second husband. She was sister to Emilia, who married Theophilus, the first Lord Newtown. See Lodge, vol. III. p. 339; and vol. I. p. 190.—That Swift introduced dialogues between inanimate beings, we know, from his Dialogue between Richmond Lodge and Marble Hill; with which this last may be compared.—In it we find the rhyme between the words *winning* and *guinea*, which we may also observe in some of his undoubted works.

No. VII

*A Dialogue between Sir William Handcock and
 Thady Fitzpatrick, in the Devil's ante-chamber.*

THADY.

You're welcome, Sir William; by my shoul and sal-
 vation,
 I rejoice for to see one from my own nation:
 We have long wanted news: was it growing wealthy,
 Has made all my brothers so damnable healthy?

When I think of their number, I look for them faster ;
 Sure they are not grown honest, and quitted their
 Master.

Come, never look squeamish, nor be out of order,
 We're here on a level, good Master Recorder.
 Let me know what has pass'd, and you'll find I'll be civil,
 And speak a good word for you here to the Devil.

SIR WILLIAM.

Oh, thank you, dear Thady, and must own for my part,
 It's much more your goodness, than it is my desert ;
 But, to speak for his fee, you know 'twas our calling ;
 Which because I could not, I then fell a bawling.
 I never stuck out to quote a false case ;
 And to back it, I e'er had an impudent face ;
 Or on my right hand I had always my brother,
 To vouch, which we still did, the one for the other.
 To be sure, to be rich, was always my guide ;
 To take, when I could, a fee on each side.
 All this you well know. But pr'ythee now tell,
 If I have any more acquaintance in hell.
 Is not that Tullamòre ? *

THADY.

You see how he trudges
 At the head of a shoal of unrighteous judges.
 By oppression and cheating, by rapine and lust,
 We shall in good time have the rest of the Trust.
 But our Master, the Devil, has solemnly sworn,
 Till they're out of commission, not to admit more.

* John Moore, of Croghan, in the King's County; created in 1715, Baron Moore of Tullamore; in 1716, and again in Feb. 1722-3, appointed one of the Lords Commissioners for holding the Great Seal during the absence of Lord Chancellor Middleton.

If you speak me but fair, you shall not go far
To meet with your friends of the Bench or the Bar:
Look at Reynolds, and Lyndon, and Whitshed, and
Keating,

The four rogues are all got together a prating.

SIR WILLIAM.

Pr'ythee, where is fat Hely? I durst lay my life,
That he's got to heaven, by help of his wife.

THADY.

You'll ever be urging a reason that's faint;
If that would have done, we might each be a saint.
But what is become of Sir Toby and Stephen? *
There's neither of them, I am sure, gone to heaven;
Does your brother as yet speak law in a cause;
And has Pauca left off making use of his claws?
Does the Bar from the Bench with patience still
pocket
The calling them rogue, and rascal, and blockhead?

SIR WILLIAM.

Faith, Thady, our Judges are grown very humble;
And one is suspicious, he'll soon have a tumble.
The new ones they keep the old ones in awe,
And have taught them civility, prudence, and law.

THADY.

Pox take me, Sir William, why was not I asking,
All this time you've been here, for poor Clara Glas-
coyne?

The woman that lay so long by my side;—
But I show'd I forgot her before that I died.

* Probably Sir Theobald Butler, and Sir Stephen Rice. The latter was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

I believ

I believe she's unmarried, for I think I took care
To leave her but little, and much to my heir.

SIR WILLIAM.

She still is thy widow, thou barbarous teigue;
Both living and dead, thou'st to her been a plague:
It's not for that sin, that I am come here,
Having left all the wealth I had to my dear.

THADY,

That thou e'er wert a blockhead, you need not now
own,

But this thy last action all others does crown:
Thou scarce wert got hither, thou pitiful cully,
Before she had gotten a lusty young bully:
I have of our Master a proverb to tell you;
What's got o'er his back, is spent under his belly.

* This Dialogue is taken from the same MS.; and ascribed to Swift on conjecture. It must have been written about 1703; about which time Sir William Handcock, Recorder of Dublin, died, and was succeeded in that office by Mr. John Foster. Thady Fitzpatrick represented the town of Maryborough in King James's Parliament. In the 7th of William the Third, a warrant was granted for a pardon to Thady Fitzpatrick; it being reported, "that he never was in any military office, nor in arms against the King; but, upon his Declaration, submitted, and took protection, and behaved himself obedient and inoffensive, serving his Protestant neighbours in their necessities, as much as in his power; and yet that he was indicted and outlawed, and his blood corrupted, though he had no lands or real estate to forfeit." Dated 26th March, 1692.

10 March 1688-9, Mr. John Price, of Ballinderry, in the county of Wicklow, was tried before Lord Chief Justice Keating, a Protestant, and Baron Lynch, a Papist, on a charge of Treason; for that he, with 104 Protestants more, had refused to give up their arms. Fitzpatrick was Counsel for the Crown, and Handcock for the prisoners. Fitzpatrick having asserted, that a certain thatched cabin was a garrison; Handcock, in reply, told him, that he wished

would I

to make all the Protestants rebels. *U. Justice Reading* having said, that he did not choose to take any steps, in consequence of which he might be hanged; Fitzpatrick asked, Was ever a Judge hanged? to which Hancock replied, Yes, twenty.—One Kavenagh, a Papist, was at the same time indicted for robbery and murder: it was proved against him, that he had a skein; and he confessed that he had procured it and pikes, as had also many others, by desire of the priests.

No. VII.

The Garden-plot. 1709.

When Naboth's vineyard took'd so fine,
The King cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reason could prevail
To bring the owner to a sale.
Jezebel saw with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied;
And thus accosted him with scorn:
Shall Naboth make a Monarch mourn?
A King, and weep! The ground's your own;
I'll vest the garden in the Crown.
With that she hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth answer with his head;
And when his harmless blood was spilt,
The ground became his forfeit guilt.

Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near;
Hall, of small Scripture conversation,
Yet, how'er Hungerford's quotation,

By

By some strange accident had got
 The story of this garden-plot;—
 Wisely foresaw he might have reason
 To dread a modern bill of treason,
 If Jezebel should please to want
 His small addition to her grant:
 Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
 To begin first, and make his court;
 And, seeing nothing else would do,
 Gave a third part, to save the other two.

* * This Piece, taken from the same MS. as all the preceding, is believed to be the production of Swift. The reasons are;

1st. That Swift mentions, in his Character of Lord Wharton, a story somewhat similar to this, in the case of Mr. Proby, Surgeon General of Ireland:

2dly. Swift had a piece of ground, which he used to designate—Naboth's Garden or Vineyard.

No. VIII.

On the Church's Danger.

Good Halifax and pious Wharton cry,
 "The Church has vapours; there's no danger nigh."
 In those we love not, we no danger see,
 And were they hang'd, there would no danger be.
 But we must silent be, amidst our fears,
 And not believe our senses, but the Peers.
 So ravishers, that know no sense of shame,
 First stop her mouth, and then debauch the dame.

No. IX.

A Poem on High Church.

High Church is undone,
 As sure as a gun;
 For old Peter Patch is departed;
 And Eyres and Delaune,
 And the rest of that spawn,
 Are tacking about broken-hearted.
 For strong Gill of Sartum,
 That *decoctum amarum*,
 Has prescribed a dose of cant-fail;
 Which will make them resign
 Their flasks of French wine,
 And spice up their Nottingham ale.
 It purges the spleen
 Of dislike to the Queen,
 And has one effect that is odder;
 When easement they see,
 They always will choose
 The Conformity Bill for bumfodder.

* Both these are copied from the same MS. The first of them I believe to have Swift for its author; from considering what Sheridan has mentioned in Swift's Life concerning Lord Halifax;—and also from what Swift himself mentions in his Correspondence. The idea of ascribing vapours to the Church, may probably have suggested to the author of the History of John Bull, the notion of representing John Bull's mother in a sick state.

In the next piece, No. IX., the prescribing Doctor is Bishop Burnet, who is satirized by Swift in his acknowledged Works. Whether this last was written by him, I am uncertain. Its date I suppose 1711.

There was a time, when fair Hibernia lay
 Dissolv'd in ease, and with a gentle sway
 Enjoy'd the blessings of a halcyon day.
 Pleas'd with the bliss their friendly union made,
 Beneath her bending fig-tree's peaceful shade
 Careless and free her happy sons were laid.
 No feuds, no groundless jealousies, appear,
 To rouse their rage, or wake them into fear;
 With pity they beheld Britannia's state,
 Tost by the tempest of a stormy fate;
 Wild Frenzy through her blasted borders pass'd,
 Whilst noisy Faction drove the furious blast:
 Calm and serene we heard the tempest roar,
 And fearless view'd the danger from the shore.
 Thus blest, we slumber'd in a downy trance,
 Happy, like Eden, in mild ignorance;
 Till Dissord, like the wily serpent, found
 The unguarded path to the forbidden ground;
 Shew'd us the tree, the tempting tree, which stood
 The fairest, but most fatal, of the wood;
 And where (as hanging on the golden bough)
 The glittering fruit, look'd smiling to the view.
 "Taste, and be wise," the sly Provoker said,
 And see the platform of your ruin laid:
 Rouze from the dulness ye too long have shown,
 And view your Church's danger, and your own.
 Thus at superior wit we catch'd in haste,
 Which mock'd the approach of our deluded taste.
 And now——

ing the *Sacramental Test*, vol. II. p. 257, will best explain Dr. Swift's real opinion of the terms Whig and Tory, as used in several of his writings. He there delineates satisfactorily his own political principles; from which, we are assured, he never swerved throughout his whole life. See Mr. Deane Swift's Essay, p. 136: N.

Imaginary

Imaginary schemes we seem to spy,
 And search for dangers with a curious eye;
 From thought to thought we roll, and rack our sense,
 To obviate mischiefs in the future tense:
 Strange plots in embryo from the Lord we fear;
 And dream of mighty ills, the Lord knows where!
 Wretchedly wise, we curse our present store,
 But bless the witless age we knew before.

Near that fam'd place * where slender wights resort,
 And gay Pulvilio keeps his scented court;
 Where exil'd wit ne'er shews its hated face,
 But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place;
 Where sucking beaux, our future hopes, are bred,
 The sharpening gamester, and the bully red,
 O'er-stock'd with fame, but indigent of bread;
 There stands a modern dome † of vast renown,
 For a plump cook and plumper reck'nings known:
 Rais'd high, the fair inviting bird you see,
 In all his milky plumes, and feather'd lechery;
 In whose soft down immortal Jove was drest,
 When the fair Nymph the wily god possest;
 Still in which shape he stands to mortal view,
 Patron of whoring, and of toying too.
 Here gravely meet the worthy sons of zeal,
 To wet their pious clay, and decently to rail:
 Immortal courage from the claret springs,
 To censure heroes, and the acts of kings:
 Young doctors of the gown here shrewdly show,
 How grace divine can ebb, and spleen can flow;
 The pious red-coat most devoutly swears,
 Drinks to the Church, but ticks on his arrears:

* Lucas's Coffee-house.

† The Swan Tavern.

The gentle beau too joins in wise debate,
 Adjusts his cravat, and reforms the state.
 As when the sun, on a returning flood,
 Warms into life the animated mud;
 Strange wondrous insects on the shore remain,
 And a new race of vermin fills the plain:
 So from the excrement of zeal we find,
 A slimy race, but of the modish kind,
 Crawl from the filth, and, kindled into man,
 Make up the members of the sage Divan.

Of these the fam'd Borachio is the chief,
 A son of pudding and eternal beef:
 The jovial god, with all-inspiring grace,
 Sits on the scarlet honours of his face;
 His happy face, from rigid wisdom free,
 Securely smiles in thoughtless majesty;
 His own tithe-geese not half so plump as he.
 Wild notions flow from his immoderate head,
 And statutes quoted,—moderately read;
 Whole floods of words his moderate wit reveal,
 Yet the good man's immoderate in zeal.
 How can his fluent tongue and thought keep touch,
 Who thinks too little, but who talks too much?
 When peaceful tars with Gallic navies meet,
 And lose their honour, to preserve the fleet;
 This wondrous man alone shall conquest boast,
 And win the battles which the heroes lost.
 When just esteem he would of William raise,
 He damns the glories which he means to praise;
 The poor encomium, so thinly spread,
 Lampoons the injur'd ashes of the dead;
 Tho', for the orator, 'tis said withal,
 He meant to praise him, if he meant at all.

Egregious

Egregious Magpie charms the listening throng,
 Whilst inoffensive satire tips his tongue;
 Grey politicks adorn the beardless chit,
 Of foreign manners, but of native wit;
 Scarce wean'd from diddy of his Alma Mater,
 The cocking thing steps forth the Church's Erra
 Pater:

High-flying thoughts his moderate size supply,
 And wing the towering puppet to the sky;
 On brazen wings beat out from native stock,
 He mounts, and rides upon the weather-cock;
 From whence the dull Hibernian Isle he views;
 The dull Hibernian Isle he sees, and spews;
 He mourns the talent of his wisdom, lost
 On such a dry inhospitable coast:
 Thus daws, when perch'd upon a steeple's top,
 With Oxford strut, and pride superior, hop;
 And, whilst on earth their haughty glances throw,
 Take humble curates but for daws below.

Firedrake, a senator of awkward grace,
 But fam'd for matchless modesty and face;
 With Christian clamour fills the deafen'd room,
 And prophecies of wondrous ills to come.
 Heaven in a hurry seems to have form'd his paste,
 Fill'd up his spleen, but left his head-piece waste:
 He thinks, he argues, nay, he prays in haste.
 When in soil'd sheets the dirty wight is spread,
 And high-flown schemes for curtains grace the bed,
 Wild freakish Fancy, with her airy train,
 Whirls thro' the empty region of his brain;
 Shews him the Church, just tott'ring on his head,
 And all her mangled sons around her spread;
 Paints out himself, of all his hopes beguil'd,
 And his domestic Scurax defil'd:

Then,

Then, kindling at the sight, he flies about,
 And puts dissenting squadrons to the rout;
 Brim-full of wrath, he plunges into strife,
 And thumps the passive carcass of his wife;
 He routs the flying foe, he scours the plain,
 And boldly fights the visionary scene.

Th' Apollo of the cause old Grimbeard stands,
 And all th' inferior fry of wit commands;
 Nurs'd up in faction, and a foe to peace,
 He robs his bones of necessary ease;
 Drunk with inveterate spleen, he scorns his age,
 And Nature's lowest ebb supplies with sprightly rage.
 Cold driveling Time has all his nerves unstrung,
 But left untouch'd his lechery of tongue;
 His lechery of tongue, which still remains,
 And adds a friendly aid to want of brains:
 He blames the dulness of his party's sloth,
 And chides the fears of their unactive youth;
 Tells them, the time, the happy time is come,
 When moderation shall behold its doom;
 When sniveling merey shall no more beguile,
 But Christian force and pious rage shall smile;
 Warns them against those dangers to provide,
 Those dangers which his spectacles have spied,
 Dark and unknown to all the world beside!
 Hail, venerable man, design'd by fate
 The saving genius of a sinking state!
 Lo, prostrate at thy feet we trembling fall,
 Thou great twin-idol of the thund'ring Baal!
 How shall thy votaries thy wrath assuage,
 Unbend thy frowns, and deprecate thy rage?
 Millions of victims shall thy altars soil;
 Heroes shall bleed, and Treasurers shall boil;

Thy

Thy peerless worth shall in our lays be sung :
O, bend thy stubborn rage, and sheath thy dreadful
tongue!

Nutbrain, a dagglegown of large renown,
For weak support to needy client known ;
With painted dangers keeps his mob in awe,
And shrewdly construes faction into law.
When Albion's Senate wav'd its fatal wand,
And with their hungry locusts curst the land,
Our fruitful Egypt, with the load opprest,
Beheld with grief its happy fields laid waste ;
With watery eyes, and with a mother's pain,
She heard the nation groan, but heard in vain ;
Till, gorg'd with prey, they took the favourite wind,
And left this straggling vermin here behind :
Too well he lik'd our fruitful Egypt's plain,
To trot to hungry Westminster again.
Say, blind Hibernia, for what charms unknown
Ye adopt a man, whom ye should blush to own :
Beggar'd and spoil'd of all your wealthy store,
Yet hug the viper, whom ye curs'd before.
Is this the pious champion of your cause,
Who robs your offspring, to protect your laws ;
Slily distills his venom to the root,
And blasts the tree from whence he plucks the
fruit ?

Who sees your ruin, which he smiles to see ;
Whose gain's his heaven, and whose god's a fee ?

In the first rank fam'd Sooterkin is seen,
Of happy visage, and enchanting mien,
A lazy modish son of melancholy spleen :
Whose every feature flourishes in print,
And early pride first taught the youth to squint.

What niggard father would begrudge his brass,
 When travell'd son doth homebred boy surpass;
 Went out a fopling, and return'd an ass?
 Of thought so dark, that no erroneous hit
 E'er shew'd the lucid beauties of his wit.
 When scanty fee expects a healing pill,
 With careless yawn he nods upon the bill,
 Secure to hit—who never fails to kill.
 When costive punk, in penitential case,
 Sits squeezing out her soul in vile grimace,
 To ease his patient, he prescribes—his face!
 Well may the wretch a Providence disown,
 Who thinks no wisdom brighter than his own:
 Long since he left Religion in the lurch,
 Who yet would raise the glories of the Church,
 And stickles for its rights, who ne'er comes near
 the porch.

Immortal Crab stands firmly to the truth,
 And with sage nod commands the list'ning youth;
 In whom rank spleen has all its vigour shewn,
 And blended all its curses into one;
 O'er-flowing gall has chang'd the crimson flood,
 And turn'd to vinegar the wretch's blood.
 Nightly on bended knees the musty put
 Still saints the spigot, and adores the butt;
 With fervent zeal the flowing liquor plies,
 But damns the moderate bottle for its size.
 His liquid vows cut swiftly thro' the air,
 When glorious red has whetted him to prayer;
 Thrifty of time, and frugal of his ways,
 Tippling he rails, and as he rails he prays.

In the sage list, great Mooncalf is enroll'd,
 Fam'd as the Delphic Oracle of old.

Propitius

Propitious Dulness, and a senseless joy,
 Shone at his birth, and blest the hopeful boy ;
 Who utters wonders without sense of pain,
 And scorns the crabbed labour of his brain.
 Fleeting as air, his words outstrip the wind,
 Whilst the sage tardy meaning lags behind.
 No saucy foresight dares his will controul,
 Or stop th' impetuous motion of his soul ;
 His soul, which struggles in her dark abode,
 Crush'd and o'erlay'd with the unwieldy load :
 Prevailing dullness did his sense betray,
 And cramp'd his reason, to extend his clay ;
 His wit contracted to a narrow span,
 A yard of idiot to an inch of man.
 Hail, mighty Dunce, thou largest of thy kind,
 How well thy mien is suited to thy mind !
 What if the Lords and Commons can't agree,
 Thou dear, dull, happy thing, what is't to thee ?
 Sit down contented with thy present store,
 Heaven ne'er design'd thee to be wise and poor :
 Trust to thy fate ; whatever parties join,
 Thy want of wit obstructs thy want of coin.
 As when imperial Rome beheld her state
 Grown faint, and struggling with impending fate ;
 When barb'rous nations on her ruins trod,
 And no kind Jove appear'd her guardian god ;
 A sacred goose could all her fears disperse,
 And save the Mistress of the Universe :
 Of equal fame the great example be,
 Our Church's safety we expect from thee :
 In thee, great man, the saving brood remains,
 Of equal piety, and equal brains ;
 In this we differ but in point of name :
 Unlike the Romans we ; but thou, our goose, the same.

And now with solemn grace the Council sat,
 And the third flask had rais'd a warm debate ;
 When Faction, entering, walk'd the giddy maze,
 Sworn foe and noted enemy to Peace ;
 And, taking Grimbeard's shape, she silence broke,
 And in shrill voice the eager Fury spoke :

“ Be witness, Heaven, how much I'm pleas'd to
 find

Such gallant friends, and of so brave a mind ;
 Souls fit to rule the world, and proudly sit
 The noblest sons of piety and wit.
 Uncommon vigour in your looks I spy,
 Resolv'd the utmost of your force to try ;
 Bravely to stickle for your Church's laws,
 And shed a generous influence on her cause.
 See, how with grief she hangs her pensive head,
 Whilst trickling tears upon her garments shed,
 Mourn all her lustre and her beauty fled :
 In hair dishevel'd, and with bosom bare,
 With melancholy sounds she fills the air.
 Would ye, my friends, the weighty business know,
 And learn the cruel reason of her woe ?
 The cause she has to grieve, the world believes,
 Is this—hem—hem—why, 'tis enough, she grieves :
 What sons from tears their flinty souls can keep,
 And with dry eyes behold their mother weep ?
 Ah ! stop the deluge of her watery store,
 And let her taste those joys she felt before !

“ When William (curse upon that hated name,
 For ever blotted and unknown to fame !)
 When William in imperial glory shone,
 And, to our grief, possess'd Britannia's throne :
 Mark with what malice he our Church debas'd,
 Her sons neglected, and her rites defac'd :

To

To canting zeal design'd her form a slave,
 And meant to ruin what he came to save.
 What tho' the world be fill'd with his alarms,
 And fainting Gallia trembled at his arms;
 Yet still the doughty hero did no more
 Than Julius once, and Ammon did before.
 Is this the idol of the people's love,
 The poor mock-puppet of a ruling Jove?
 Sorrel, we owe his hasty fate * to thee,
 Thou lucky horse; oh! may thy memory be
 Fragrant to all, as it is sweet to me!
 Too far; I fear, the vile infection's spread,
 Since Anna courts the party which he led,
 And treads the hated footsteps of the dead.
 If so, what now can we expect to hear,
 But black effects of those damn'd ills we fear?
 Your fat endowments shall be torn away,
 And to Geneva zeal become an easy prey;
 Cold element shall give your guts the gripes,
 And, ah! no more you shall indulge in tripes.
 No Sunday pudding shall adorn the board,
 Or burn the chaps of its too eager lord:
 No gentle Abigail shall caudles make,
 Nor cook the jellies for the chaplain's back;
 Long-winded schismatics shall rule the roast,
 And Father Christmas mourn his revels lost.
 Rouze then, my friends, and all your forces join,
 And act with vigour in our great design.
 What though our danger is not really great,
 'Tis brave to oppose a government we hate:

* King William, who was a foxhunter, fell from his horse, Sorrel, in riding from Kensington to Hampton Court, and broke his collar-bone, Feb. 21, 1700-1; he died on the 8th of March. N.

Poison the nation with your jealous fears;
 And set the fools together by the ears :
 Whilst with malicious joy we calmly sit,
 And smile to see the triumphs of our wit :
 Sound well the College ; and with nicest skill
 Inflame the beardless boys, and bend them to your
 will.

What though unmov'd her learned sons have stood,
 Nor sacrific'd to spleen their country's good ;
 Yet search the tree, and sure there may be found
 Some branches tainted, though the trunk be sound :
 Shew them the lure which never fails to hit ;
 Approve their briskness, and admire their wit.
 Youth against flattery has no defence,
 Fools still are cheated with the bait of sense ;
 Glean e'en the schools from lechery and birch,
 And teach the youngsters to defend the Church.
 'Tis fools we want, and of the largest size ;
 'Twould spoil our cause to practise on the wise :
 The wise are eagles of the sharpest ken,
 And calmly weigh the merits and the men ;
 Pierce thro' the cobweb veil of erring sense,
 And know the truth of zeal from the pretence :
 Whilst fools, like game-cocks, are the slaves of
 show,

And never ask a cause, but fly upon the foe :
 Chance only guides them wandering in the night,
 When in an age they stumble on the right :
 God never gave a fool the gift of sight." }

He said :—with joy the pleas'd assembly rose ;
 " Well mov'd," they cried ; and murmur'd their ap-
 plause ;

When, lo, before the Board, confess'd in sight,
 Slept forth a heavenly guest, serenely bright ;

No mortal beauty could with her's compare,
 Or poet's fancy form a maid so fair;
 Around her head immortal glories shine,
 And her mild air confess'd the nymph divine;
 Whilst thus she spake:

"Ask not, my frightened sons, from whence I came,
 But mark me well; Religion is my name;
 An angel once, but now a fury grown,
 Too often talk'd of, but too little known:
 Is it for me, my sons, that ye engage,
 And spend the fury of your idle rage?
 'Tis false; unmanly spleen your bosoms warms,
 And a pretended zeal your fancy charms.
 Where have I taught you, in the sacred page,
 To construe moderation into rage;
 To affront the power from whence your safety springs,
 And poorly blast the memory of kings?
 Branded with infamy, ye shun the light,
 But court, like birds obscene, the covert of the
 night.

Is then unlawful riot fit to be
 The great supporter of my Church and me?
 Think ye, weak men, she's of her foes afraid,
 Or wants the assistance of your feeble aid?
 When round her throne seraphic warriors stand,
 And form upon her side a heavenly band:
 When, fixt as fate, her deep foundation lies,
 And spreads where-e'er my ANNA's glory flies.
 Think on th' intended ruins of the day,
 When to proud Rome ye were design'd a prey:
 With wonder read those fatal times again,
 And call to mind the melancholy scene;
 When down its rapid stream the torrent bore
 Your country's laws, and safety was no more;

Torn

Torn from your altars, ye were forc'd to roam
In needy exile from your native home.
'Twas then, my sons, your mighty William rose,
And bravely fell like light'ning on your foes :
With royal pity he deplor'd your fate,
And stood the Atlas of your sinking state.
When sacrifice on idol altars slain
Polluted all the isle, and dy'd the plain ;
Rome's mob of saints did all your temples fill,
And consecrated groves crown'd every hill :
'Twas then, Josiah-like, that he defac'd
Their Pagan rites, and laid their altars waste ;
Drove out their idols from their lov'd abodes,
And pounded into dust their molten gods :
Israel's true Lord was to his rule restor'd,
Again his name was heard, and was again ador'd.

“ Wond'ring, ye saw your great Deliverer come,
But, while he warr'd abroad, ye rail'd at home ;
Dreadfully gay in arms, but scorn'd in peace,
The useless buckler of inglorious ease :
O poor and short-liv'd glory and renown !
O false unenvied pleasures of a crown !
So soon are all thy shining honours fled,
Traduc'd while living, and defam'd when dead,
Strange fate of heroes, who like comets blaze,
And with a sudden light the world amaze :
But when with fading beams they quit the skies,
No more to shine the wonder of our eyes ;
Their glories spent, and all their fiery store,
We scorn the omens which we fear'd before !

“ My Royal Anne, whom every virtue crowns,
Feels your ill-govern'd rage, nor 'scapes your frowns ;
Your want of duty ye supply with spight,
Traduce her councils, and her heroes slight ;

Lampoon

Lampoon the mildness of her easy sway,
 And sicken at the light of her superior day;
 Poison her sweets of life with groundless fears,
 And fill her royal breast with anxious cares.
 What! such a Queen, where Art and Nature join
 To hit the copy of a form divine:
 Unerring Wisdom purg'd the dross away,
 And form'd your Anna of a nobler clay;
 Breathing a soul, in which in glory shone
 Goodness innate, and virtue like its own:
 She knows how far engaging sweetness charms,
 And conquers more by mildness than by arms;
 Like Sampson's riddle in the sacred song,
 A springing sweet still flowing from the strong;
 Like hasty sparks her slow resentment dies,
 Her rigour lagging, but her mercy flies.
 Hail, pious Princess! mightiest of thy name,
 Though last begotten, yet the first in fame:
 Those glorious heroines we in story see,
 Were but the fainter types of greater thee
 Let others take a lustre from the throne;
 You shine with brighter glories of your own,
 Add worth to worth, and dignify a Crown.
 Oft have I mark'd, with what a studious care
 My words you ponder, and my laws revere:
 To thee, great Queen, what elogies are due,
 Who both protect the flock, and feed the shepherds
 too! *

For which I still preside o'er thy alarms,
 And add a shining lustre to thy arms:
 I form'd the battle, and I gave the word,
 And rode with conquest on thy Ormond's sword;

* Alluding to her grants to the Clergy. N.

When Anjou's fleet yielded its Indian store,
 And at thy sacred feet depos'd the silver ore;
 I sent the goddess, when Victoria came,
 And rais'd thy Churchill to immortal fame,
 And Hochstet's bloody field advanc'd the hero's
 name.

Nor shall thy glories or thy triumphs cease,
 But thy rough wars shall soften into peace.
 Charles * shall from thee his diadem receive,
 And shining pomp which you alone can give;
 The Gallic Lion, list'ning at his shore,
 Shall fear to tempt the British dangers more,
 But sculk in desarts where he used to roar:
 Admiring worlds before thy throne shall stand,
 And willing nations bend to thy command.

“ For you, ye inveterate enemies to peace,
 Whom Kings can ne'er oblige, nor Heaven can
 please;

Who blindly zealous into faction run,
 And make those dangers you'd be thought to shun;
 For shame, the transports of your rage give o'er,
 And let your civil feuds be heard no more:
 To the wise conduct of my Anna trust;
 Know your own good, and to yourselves be just:
 And, when with grief you see your brother stray,
 Or in a night of error lose his way,
 Direct his wandering, and restore the day.
 To guide his steps, afford your kindest aid,
 And gently pity whom ye can't persuade;
 Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
 For, O, remember, he's your brother still:

* The Archduke Charles. N.

Let healing mercy through your actions shine,
And let your lives confess your cause divine."

Frowning, the Goddess spoke, and strait withdrew,
Scattering ambrosial odours as she flew ;
Her trembling sons, immoderately scar'd,
Fled from th' uneasy truths which suddenly they heard.

No. II.

*The famous Speech-maker of England, or Baron
(alias Barren) Lovel's Charge* at the Assizes at
Exon, April 5, 1710.*

——— Risum teneatis ? ———

From London to Exon,
By special direction,
Came down the world's wonder,
Sir Salathiel Blunder,
With a quoif on his head
As heavy as lead;
And thus open'd and said:

Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest,
Her Majesty, mark it,
Appointed this circuit
For me and my brother,
Before any other ;
To execute laws,
As you may suppose,

* See the original charge in the *Examiner*, 1745, No. I. p. 55.

— Sir Salathiel Lovel died May 3, 1717. N,

Upon such as offenders have been :
 So then, not to scatter
 More words on the matter,
 We're beginning just now to begin.
 But hold—first and foremost I must enter a clause,
 As touching and concerning our excellent laws ;
 Which, here I aver,
 Are better by far
 Than them all put together abroad and beyond
 sea :
 For I ne'er read the like, nor e'er shall, I fancy.
 The laws of our land
 Don't abet, but withstand,
 Inquisition and thrall,
 And whate'er may gall,
 And fire withal ;
 And sword that devours
 Wherever it scowers :
 They preserve liberty and property, for which men
 pull and hale so,
 And they are made for the support of good govern-
 ment also.
 Her Majesty, knowing
 The best way of going
 To work for the weal of the nation,
 Builds on that rock,
 Which all storms will mock,
 Since Religion is made the foundation,
 And, I tell you to boot, she
 Resolves resolutely,
 No promotion to give
 To the best man alive,
 In Church or in State,
 (I'm an instance of that,)

But

But only to such of a good reputation
For temper, morality, and moderation.

Fire! fire! a wild-fire,

* * * * *

Which greatly disturbs the Queen's peace,
Lies running about;

And if you don't put it out,
(That's positive) will increase:

And any may spy,
With half of an eye,

That it comes from our Priests and Papistical fry.

Ye have one of these fellows,

With fiery bellows,

Come hither to blow and to puff here;

Who having been toss'd

From pillar to post,

At last vents his rascally stuff here:

Which to such as are honest must sound very oddly,

When they ought to preach nothing but what's very
godly;

As here from this place we charge you to do,

As ye'll answer to man, besides ye know who.

Ye have a Diocesan, *—

But I don't know the man;—

They tell me, however,

The man's a good liver,

And fiery never!

Now, ye under-pullers,

That wear such black colours,

}

† A line seems to be wanting here. N.

* Dr. Offspring Blackall. He was made Bishop of Exeter in 1707, and died in 1716. He published a volume of Sermons in 8vo, 1707; re-printed with his other works, in 2 vols. folio, 1723.

N.

How

How well would it look,
 If his measures ye took,
 Thus for head and for rump
 Together to jump;
 For there's none deserve places,
 I speak't to their faces,
 But men of such graces,
 And I hope he will never prefer any asses:
 Especially when I'm so confident on't,
 For reasons of state, that her Majesty won't.
 Know, I myself I
 Was present and by,
 At the great trial, where there was a great company,
 Of a turbulent Preacher, who, cursedly hot,
 Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder
 plot,
 Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what:
 Exclaiming like fury—it was at Paul's, London—
 How Church was in danger, and like to be undone,
 And so gave the lie to gracious Queen Anne;
 And, which is far worse, to our Parliament-men:
 And then printed a book,
 Into which men did look:
 True, he made a good text;
 But what follow'd next
 Was nought but a dunghill of sordid abuses,
 Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses.
 It was high time of day
 That such inflamma-
 tion should be extinguish'd without more delay:
 But there was no engine could possibly do't,
 Till the Commons play'd theirs, and so quite put it out.
 So the man was tried for't,
 Before highest court:

Now

Now it's plain to be seen,
 It's his principles I mean,
 Where they suffer'd this noisy and his lawyers to
 bellow :

Which over, the blade
 A poor punishment had
 For that racket he made.

}

By which ye may know
 They thought as I do,
 That he is but at best an inconsiderable fellow.

Upon this I find here,
 And every where,
 That the country rides rusty, and is all out of geer :
 And for what ?

}

May I not
 In opinion vary,
 And think the contrary,
 But it must create
 Unfriendly debate,
 And disunion straight ;
 When no reason in nature
 Can be given of the matter,
 Any more than for shapes or for different
 stature ?

}

If you love your dear selves, your Religion, or
 Queen,

Ye ought in good manners to be peaceable men :

For nothing disgusts her
 Like making a bluster ;

And your making this riot,
 Is what she could cry at,

}

Since all her concern's for our welfare and quiet.

I would ask any man
 Of them all that maintain

Their

Their Passive Obedience
 With such mighty vehemence,
 That damn'd doctrine, I trow!
 What he means by it, ho',
 To trump it up now?
 Or to tell me, in short,
 What need there is for't?
 Ye may say, I am hot;
 I say I am not;
 Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
 There are those alive yet,
 If they do not forget,
 May remember what mischiefs it did Church and
 State;
 Or at least must have heard
 The deplorable calamities
 It drew upon families,
 About sixty years ago, and upward:
 And now, do ye see,
 Whoever they be,
 That make such an oration
 In our Protestant nation,
 As though Church was all on a fire,—
 With whatever cloak
 They may cover their talk,
 And wheedle the folk,
 That the oaths they have took,
 As our Governors, strictly require;—
 I say they are men—(and I'm a Judge, ye all know,) }
 That would our most excellent laws overthrow: }
 For the greater part of them to church never go; }
 Or, what's much the same, it by very great chance
 is,
 If e'er they partake of her wise ordinances.

Their

Their aim is, no doubt,
 Were they made to speak out,
 To pluck down the Queen, that they make all this }
 rout ;

And to set up, moreover,
 A bastardy brother ; }
 Or at least to prevent the House of Hanover.

Ye Gentlemen of the Jury,
 What means all this fury,
 Of which I'm inform'd by good hands, I as- }
 sure ye ;

This insulting of persons by blows and rude speeches,
 And breaking of windows, which, you know, maketh
 breaches ?

Ye ought to resent it,
 And in duty present it,
 For the law is against it : }

Not only the actors engag'd in this job,
 But those that encourage and set on the mob :
 The mob, a paw word, and which I ne'er mention,
 But must in this place, for the sake of distinction.
 I hear that some bailiffs and some justices
 Have strove what they could, all this rage to suppress ;

And I hope many more
 Will exert the like power,
 Since none will, depend on't,
 Get a jot of preferment,

But men of this kidney, as I told you before.—

I'll tell you a story : Once upon a time
 Some hot-headed fellows must needs take a whim,
 And so were so weak

(Twas a mighty mistake)

To pull down and abuse

Bawdy-houses and stews ;

K

Who,

Who, tried by the laws of the realm for high-treason,
Were hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, for that very reason.

When the time came about

For us all to set out,

We went to take leave of the Queen;

Where were great men of worth,

Great heads, and so forth,

The greatest that ever were seen:

And she gave us a large

And particular charge;—

Good part on't indeed

Is quite out of my head;—

But I remember she said,

We should recommend peace and good neighbour-
bourhood, where-

soever * we came; and so I do here;

For that every one, not only men and their wives,

Should do all that they can to lead peaceable lives;

And told us withal, that she fully expected

A special account how ye all stood affected;

When we've been at St. James's, you'll hear of the
matter.

Again then I charge ye,

Ye men of the Clergy,

That ye follow the track all

Of your own Bishop Blackall,

And preach, as ye should,

What's savoury and good;

And together all cling,

As it were in a string;

* This is perfectly Swiftian; and indeed the whole of this parody is strongly marked with the spirit of the Dean; and tends to confirm the authenticity of the preceding parodies. N.

Not falling out, quarrelling one with another,
Now we're treating with Monsieur,—that son of his
mother.

*Then proceeded on the common matters of the Law ;
and concluded,*

Once more, and no more, since few words are best,
I charge you all present, by way of request,

If ye honour, as I do,
Our dear Royal Widow,
Or have any compassion
For Church or the Nation ;
And would live a long while
In continual smile,
And eat roast and boil,
And not be forgotten,
When ye are dead and rotten ;

That ye would be quiet and peaceably dwell,
And never fall out, but p—s all in a quill.

* * * This Parody was inserted, by the present Editor, in the
Supplement to Swift's Works, 1779. N.

OVIDIANA,

COMMUNICATED BY DR. BARRETT.

No. I.

A Poem, occasioned by the Hangings in the Castle of Dublin, in which the Story of Phaeton is expressed.

NOT asking or expecting ought,
 One day I went to view the Court,
 Unbent and free from care or thought,
 Tho' thither fears and hopes resort.

A piece of tapestry took my eye,
 The faded colours spoke it old ;
 But wrought with curious imagery,
 The figures lively seem'd and bold.

Here you might see the youth prevail,
 (In vain are eloquence and wit,)
 The boy persists, Apollo's frail ;
 Wisdom to Nature does submit.

There mounts the eager charioteer,
 Soon from his seat he's downward hurl'd ;
 Here Jove in anger doth appear,
 There all, beneath, the flaming world.

What

What does this idle fiction mean ?

Is Truth at Court in such disgrace,

It may not on the walls be seen,

Nor e'en in picture show its face ?

No, no, 'tis not a senseless tale,

By sweet-tongu'd Ovid dress'd so fine ;

It does important truths conceal,

And here was plac'd by wise design.

A lesson deep with learning fraught,

Worthy the cabinet of Kings ;

Fit subject of their constant thought,

In matchless verse the Poet sings.

Well should he weigh, who does aspire

To empire, whether truly great,

His head, his heart, his hand conspire,

To make him equal to that seat.

If only fond desire of sway,

By avarice or ambition fed,

Make him affect to guide the day,

Alas, what strange confusion's bred

If, either void of princely care,

Remiss he holds the slacken'd rein :

If rising heats or mad career,

Unskill'd, he knows not to restrain

Or if, perhaps, he gives a loose,

In wanton pride to show his skill,

How easily he can reduce

And curb the people's rage at will ;

In wild uproar they hurry on ;—
 The great, the good, the just, the wise,
 (Law and Religion overthrown,)
 Are first mark'd out for sacrifice.

When, to a height their fury grown,
 Finding too late he can't retire,
 He proves the real Phaeton,
 And truly sets the world on fire.

No. II.

The Story of ORPHEUS, burlesqued.

Orpheus, a one-ey'd blearing Thracian,
 The Crowder of that barb'rous nation,
 Was ballad-singer by vocation ;
 Who up and down the country strolling,
 And with his strains the mob cajoling,
 Charm'd 'em as much as each man knows
 Our modern farces do our beaux :
 To hear whose voice they left their houses,
 Their food, their handicrafts, and spouses ;
 Whilst, by the mercury of his song,
 He threw the staring, gaping throng
 (A thing deserving admiration,)
 Into a copious salivation.
 From hence came all those monstrous stories,
 That to his lays wild beasts danc'd borees ;
 That after him, where'er he rambled,
 The lion ramp'd, and the bear gambol'd,
 And rocks and caves (their houses) ambled :
 For sufe, the monster Mob includes
 All beasts, stones, stocks, in solitudes.

He

He had a spouse, yclep'd Eurydice,
 As tight a lass as e'er your eye did see;
 Who being caress'd one day by Morpheus,
 In absence of her husband, Orpheus,
 As in the god's embrace she lay,
 Died, not by metaphor they say,
 But the ungrateful literal way:
 For a Modern's * pleas'd to say by't,
 From sleep to death there's but a way-bit. †
 Orpheus at first, to appearance grieving,
 For one he had oft wish'd damn'd, while living,
 That he may play her, her farewell,
 Resolv'd to take a turn to hell:
 (Eor spouse he guess'd was gone to the devil)
 There was a husband damnably civil.
 Playing a merry strain that day,
 Upon th' Infernal King's highway,
 He caper'd on, as who should say,
 Since spouse has pass'd the Stygian ferry,
 Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry:
 And wights who travel that way daily,
 Jog on by his example gaily.
 Thus scraping, he to hell advanc'd;
 When he came there, the Devil danc'd;
 All hell was with the frolic taken:
 And with a huge huzza was shaken.
 All hell broke loose, and they who were
 One moment past plung'd in despair,
 Sung, Hang sorrow, cast away care.
 But Pluto, with a spiteful prank,
 Ungrateful devil, did Orpheus thank.

* Tasso.

† The author has written "way-bit," instead of "wee-bit," the northern phrase, signifying a small space, for the sake of the rhyme. N.

Orpheus,

Orpheus, said he, I like thy strain
So well, that here's thy wife again :
But on those terms receive the blessing,
'Till thou'rt on earth, forbear possessing.
He who has play'd like thee in hell,
Might e'en do t'other thing as well ;
And shades of our eternal night
Were not design'd for such delight :
Therefore, if such in hell thou usest,
Thy spouse immediately thou lovest.
Quoth Orpheus, I am manacled, I see :
You and your gift be damn'd, thought he ;
And shall be, if my skill don't fail me,
And if the devil does not ail me.
Now Orpheus saw importance free,
By which once more a slave was he.
The damn'd chang'd presently their notes,
And stretch'd with hideous howl their throats ;
And two and two together link'd,
Their chains with horrid music clink'd ;
And in the concert, yell and fetlock
Express'd the harmony of wedlock.
He, by command, then lugg'd his dowdy
To Acheron, with many a how-d'ye ;
But, as the boat was tow'rd them steering,
The rogue with wicked ogle leering,
Darted at her fiery glances,
Which kindled in her furious fancies.
Her heart did thick as any drum beat,
Alarming Amazon to combat.
He soon perceives it, and too wise is
Not to lay hold on such a crisis :
His moiety on the bank he threw,
Whilst thousand devils look'd askew,

Thus

Thus spouse, who knew what long repentance
Was to ensue by Pluto's sentence,
Could not forbear her recreation
One poor half day, to avoid damnation.
Her from his arms the Furies wrung,
And into hell again they flung.
He singing thus, repass'd the ferry,—
“ Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry.”

No. III.

ACTÆON; *or the Original of Horn Fair.*

Some time about the month of July,
Or else our antient authors do lye,
Diana, whom poetic noddies
Would have us think to be some goddess,
(Tho', in plain truth, a witch she was,
Who sold grey pease at Ratchiff-cross)
Went to the upsetting of a neighbour,
Having before been at her labour.
The gossips had of punch a bowl full,
Which made them all sing, O be joyful!
A folly took them in the noddle,
Their over-heated bums to coddle:
So they at Limehouse took a sculler,
And cramm'd it so, no egg was fuller.
With tide of ebb, they got to Eriff,
Where Punchinello once was sheriff.
Our jovial crew then made a halt,
To drink some Nantz, at what d'ye call't.

And

And thence, if any car'd a fart for't,
 Went to a stream that comes from Dartford;
 Where all unrigg'd, in good decorum,
 As naked as their mothers bore them;
 And soon their tattling did outdo
 An Irish howl or hubbubboo.
 "O la," cries one, to joke the aptest,
 "Methinks I'm grown an Anabaptist.
 "If to be dipp'd, to Grace prefers,
 "I'm grac'd and sous'd o'er head and ears."
 Whilst thus she talk'd, all on a sudden,
 They grew as mute as hasty-pudding:
 Daunted at th' unexpected sounds
 Of hollaing men and yelping hounds,
 Who soon came up, and stood at bay
 At those who wish'd themselves away.
 But, to increase their sad disaster,
 After the curs appear'd their master;
 Actæon nam'd, a country gent,
 Who hard by somewhere liv'd in Kent;
 And hunting lov'd more than his victuals,
 And cry of hounds, 'bove sound of fiddles.
 He saw his dogs neglect their sport,
 Having sprung game of better sort;
 Which put him in a fit of laughter,
 Not dreaming what was coming after.
 Bless me! how the young lecher star'd!
 How pleasingly the spark was scar'd!
 With hidden charms his eyes he sed,
 And to our females thus he said:
 "Hey, jingo! what the de'el's the matter;
 Do mermaids swim in Dartford water?
 The poets tell us, they have skill in
 That sweet melodious art of singing:

If

If to that tribe you do belong,
 Faith, ladies, come,—let's have a song.
 What, silent! ne'er a word to spare me?
 Nay, frown not, for you cannot scare me.
 Ha, now I see you are mere females,
 Made to delight and pleasure us males.
 Faith, ladies, do not think me lavish,
 If five or six of you I ravish.
 'I gad, I must." This did so frighten
 The gossips, they seem'd thunder-smitten.
 At last Diana takes upon her
 To vindicate their injur'd honour;
 And by some necromantic spells,
 Strong charms, witchcraft, or something else,
 In twinkling of the shell of oyster,
 Transmogrified the rampant royster
 Into a thing some call a no-man,
 Unfit to love or please a woman.
 The poets, who love to deceive you,
 (For, once believe them, who'd believe you?)
 Say that, to quench his lecherous fire,
 Into a stag she chang'd the squire;
 Which made him fly o'er hedges skipping,
 Till his own hounds had spoil'd his tripping.
 But I, who am less given to lying,
 Than jolly rakes to think of dying,
 Do truly tell you here between us,
 She only spoil'd the spark for Venus;
 Which soon his blood did so much alter,
 He car'd for love less than for halter:
 No more the sight of naked beauty
 Could prompt his vigour to its duty:
 And in this case, you may believe,
 He hardly stay'd to take his leave.

He had a wife, and she, poor woman,
Soon found in him something uncommon.
In vain she striv'd, young, fair, and plump,
To rouse to joy the senseless lump.
She from a drone, alas ! sought honey,
And from an empty pocket money.
Thus us'd, she for her ease contrives
That sweet revenge of slighted wives ;
And soon of horns a pair most florid
Were by her grafted on his forehead ;
At sight of which his shame and anger
Made him first curse, then soundly bang her.
And then his rage, which over-power'd him,
Made poets say, his dogs devour'd him.
At Cuckold's Point he died with sadness ;
(Few in his case now shew such madness ;)
Whilst gossips, pleas'd at his sad case,
Straight fix'd his horns just on the place,
Lest the memory on't should be forgotten,
When they, poor souls, were dead and rotten ;
And then from Queen Dick got a patent,
On Charlton Green to set up a tent ;
Where once a year, with friends from Wapping,
They tell how they were taken napping.

The following age improv'd the matter,
And made two dishes of a platter.
The tent where they used to repair,
Is now become a jolly fair ;
Where ev'ry eighteenth of October,
Comes citizen demure and sober,
With basket, shovel, pickaxe, stalking,
To make a way for's wife to walk in :
Where having laid out single money,
In buying horns for dearest honey,

O'er

O'er furmity, pork, pig, and ale,
They cheer their souls, and tell this tale.

* * Of these three Pieces I know not the author or authors. But from Swift's having a place which obliged him to an attendance at Dublin Castle, about 1701, and from his having written his first political pamphlet, on the Contests in Athens and Rome, about that time,—which pamphlet seems to convey opinions not unlike those expressed in the first of these poems, I have been led to suppose, that he perhaps was the author.—To me, the writer appears to have designed the four impeached Lords, Orford, Halifax, Portland, and Somers, under the names of

“ The great, the good, the just, the wise,”
in one of the lines of this poem.

Towards the conclusion of No. III. we find a line not unlike one in the Parody on Mr. William Crow's Speech : and in No. II. the rhymes, of “ Eurydice” and “ as you e'er did see,” seem not unlike Swift's rhymes in some of his undoubted pieces.

No. IV.

I have extracted from the Lanesborough MS. the following Notes for the poem, entitled "The Swan Tripe Club," which is printed in p. 107 :

Famed Place. Lucas's Coffee-house.
 Modern Dome. Swan Tavern.
 Borachio Dr. Higgins.
 Magpye Archdeacon Perceval.
 Nutbrain Mr. Nutley.
 Sooterkin Dr. Worth.
 Moon-calf Archdeacon Neile.

From pamphlets in the College Library, marked P. 16. 2. and 15. 24. I learn, that the persons are these :

Borachio Parson Higgins.
 Magpye Parson Perceval.
 Firedrake Lawyer Echlin.
 Grimbeard Mr. (or Captain) Locke.
 Nutbrain Lawyer Nutley.
 Sooterkin Dr. Worth, a physician.
 Moon-calf Reverend Mr. Radcliffe.
 Crab Mr. Hedg Young, or Mr.
 Hogg Young, the late
 Lord Chancellor Porter's
 [purse] bearer.

The Lanesborough MS. assigns the following dates to these compositions of Swift:

1. Ballad to Lady B. B—— [Betty Berkeley.] Once on a time as old stories ———. Aug. 1702.
2. Sid Hamet's Rod.
3. Vanbrugh's House. In times of old, &c. } 1703
4. Salamander 1705
5. History of Vanbrugh's House. When }
Mother Cludd } 1708
6. Elegy on Partridge }
7. Description of the Morning. April 1709.

In a pamphlet in my possession, printed at London, in 1710, is given Swift's Poem on Baucis and Philemon*, which is entitled, "A Poem on the ever-lamented loss of the two Yew Trees, in the Parish of Chilthorne, near the County Town of Somerset." Agreeably to this, it has some variations from the copy printed in Swift's Works; which I shall briefly state.—

It reads,

Disguis'd in habits poor and rent,
To a small village in Somerset went.

Instead of, "Old Goodman Dobson," &c. it reads,

Honest old Goodman Haine of hill,
Says, methinks I should see them still.

And the last line of the poem is this:

So the same parson stubb'd and burnt it.

* See Swift's Works, ed. 1808, vol. xvi. p. 74. N.

No. V.

From the Lanesborough MS.

A SATYR.

No wonder storms more dreadful are by far,
Than all the losses of a twelve years' war.
No wonder Prelates do the Church betray;
Old Statesmen vote and act a different way.
No wonder magic arts surround the throne:
Old Mother Jennings in her Grace is known.
Old England's Genius, rouse; her charms dispell;
Burn but the witch, and all things will do well.*

* The name of the author of the above is not mentioned in the MS.

POEMS,

That passed between DEAN SWIFT, SHERIDAN, &c.

TAKEN FROM

THE WHIMSICAL MEDLEY*;

And never before printed.

[COMMUNICATED BY DR. BARRETT.]

A Couplet, by Thomas Sheridan †; in continuation
of a Poem, printed in Vol. XVI. p. 267.

IF you say this was made for friend Dan, you belie it:
I'll swear he's so like it, that he was made by it.

THOMAS SHERIDAN sculpsit.

THE PARDON ‡.

THE spite which humbly you have made,
Is fully and maturely weigh'd;

And as 'tis your petition,

I do forgive, for well I know,

Since you're so bruise'd, another blow

Would break the head of Priscian.

'Tis not my purpose or intent

That you should suffer banishment;

I pardon, now you've courted;

And yet I fear this clemency

Will come too late to profit thee,

For you're with grief transported.

* See p. 85, n.

† Whimsical Medley, p. 331.

‡ Ibid. p. 342.

However, this I do command,
 That you your birch do take in hand,
 Read concord and syntax on ;
 The bays, you own, are only mine,
 Do you then still your nouns decline,
 Since you've declin'd Dan Jackson.

The last Speech and dying Words of Daniel Jackson.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

—— Mediocribus esse poetis

Non funes, non gryps, non concessere columnæ.

To give you a short translation of these two lines from Horace's Art of Poetry, which I have chosen for my neck-verse, before I proceed to my speech, you will find they fall naturally into this sense :

For poets who can't tell [high] rocks from stones,
 The rope, the hangman, and the gallows groans.

I was born in a fen near the foot of Mount Parnassus, commonly called the Logwood Bog. My mother, whose name was Stanza, conceived me in a dream, and was delivered of me in her sleep. Her dream was, that Apollo, in the shape of a gander with a prodigious long bill, had embraced her; upon which she consulted the Oracle of Delphos, and the following answer was made :

You'll have a gosling, call it Dan,
 And do not make your goose, a swan.
 Tis true, because the God of Wit
 To get him in that shape thought fit,
 He'll have some glowworm sparks of it.
 Venture you may to turn him loose,
 But let it be to another goose.

The

The time will come, the fatal time,
 When he shall dare a swan to rhyme;
 The tow'ring swan comes sousing down,
 And breaks his pinions, cracks his crown.
 From that sad time and sad disaster,
 He'll be a lame, crack'd, poetaster.
 At length, for stealing rhymes and triplets,
 He'll be condemn'd to hang in giblets.

You see now, gentlemen, this is fatally and literally come to pass; for it was my misfortune to engage with that Pindar of the times, Tom Sheridan, who did so confound me by sousing on my crown, and did so batter my pinions, that I was forced to make use of borrowed wings, though my false accusers have deposed that I stole my feathers from Hopkins, Sternhold, Silvester, Ogilby, Duffey, &c. for which I now forgive them and all the world. I die a poet, and this ladder shall be my *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and I hope the critics will have mercy on my works.

Then lo, I mount as slowly as I sung,
 And then I'll make a line for every rung;*
 There's nine I see,—the Muses too are nine.
 Who would refuse to die a death like mine?

1. Thou first rung, Clio, celebrate my name;
2. Euterpe, in tragick numbers do the same.
3. This rung I see Terpsichore's thy flute;
4. Erato, sing me to the Gods; ah do't:
5. Thalia, don't make me a comedy;
6. Urania, raise me tow'rd's the starry sky;
7. Calliope, to ballad-strains descend,
8. And, Polyhymnia, tune them for your friend;
9. So shall Melpomene mourn my fatal end.

POOR DAN JACKSON.

* The Yorkshire term for the rounds or steps of a ladder; still used in every part of Ireland.

The Dean of St. Patrick's to Thomas Sheridan.*

SIR,

I CANNOT but think that we live in a bad Age,
O tempora, O mores! as 'tis in the adage: . . .
 My foot was but just set out from my cathedral,
 When into my hands comes a letter from the droll.
 I can't pray in quiet for you and your verses;
 But now let us hear what the Muse from your ear says.
 Hum—excellent good—your anger was stirr'd;
 Well, punners and rhymers must have the last word.
 But let me advise you when next I hear from you,
 To leave off this passion which does not become you;
 For we who debate on a subject important,
 Must argue with calmness, or else will come short on't.
 For myself, I protest, I care not a fiddle,
 For a riddle and sieve, or a sieve and a riddle;
 And think of the set as you please, I'd as lieve
 You call them a riddle as call them a sieve.
 Yet still you are out, (tho' to vex you I'm loth,)
 For I'll prove it impossible they can be both;
 A schoolboy knows this, for it plainly appears
 That a sieve dissolves riddles by help of the shears;
 For you can't but have heard of a trick among wizards,
 To break open riddles with shears or with scissars.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 346. This makes part of a series of verses which passed between Swift and Dr. Sheridan. The first of this series was written by Sheridan:—"Dear Dean, since in cruxes," &c. Swift's answer begins with this line,—“In reading your letter alone in my hackney.” To this Sheridan replied:—"Don't think these few lines which I send, a reproach," &c. All these have been printed. [See vol. xvi. pp. 190, 191.] The poem before us, and the two following, are a continuation of the same subject. They all appear to have been written in 1718: though some of them have been improperly ascribed to the subsequent year.

Think

Think again of the sieve, and I'll hold you a wager,
 You'll dare not to question my minor or major.*
 A sieve keeps half in, and therefore, no doubt,
 Like a woman, keeps in less than it lets out.
 Why sure, Mr. Poet, your head got a jar,
 By riding this morning too long on your car:
 And I wish your few friends, when they next see your
 car go,

For the sake of your senses would lay an embargo.
 You threaten the stocks; I say you are scurrilous,
 And you durst not talk thus, if I saw you at our ale-
 house.

But as for your threats, you may do what you can,
 despise any poet that truckled to Dan.

But keep a good tongue, or you'll find to your smart,
 From rhyming in cars, you may swing in a cart.

You found out my rebus with very much modesty;
 But thanks to the lady; I'm sure she's too good to ye:
 Till she lent you her help, you were in a fine twitter;
 You hit it, you say;—you're a delicate hitter.

How could you forget so ungratefully a lass,
 And if you be my Phœbus, pray who was your Pallas?

As for your new rebus, or riddle, or crux,
 I will either explain, or repay it by trucks:
 Tho' your lords, and your dogs, and your catches,
 methinks,

Are harder than ever were put by the Sphinx.
 And thus I am fully reveng'd for your late tricks,
 Which is all at present from the

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

From my closet, Sept. 12, 1716;
 just 12 at noon.

* Ut tu perperam argumentaris.

To the Dean of St. Patrick's.

SIR,

YOUR Billingsgate Muse methinks does begin
 With much greater noise than a conjugal din.
 A pox of her bawling, her *tempora et mores*!
 What are times now to me? a'n't I one of the Tories?
 You tell me my verses disturb you at prayers;
 Oh, oh, Mr. Dean, are you there with your bears?
 You pray, I suppose, like a Heathen, to Phœbus,
 To give his assistance to make out my rebus:
 Which I don't think so fair; leave it off for the fu-
 ture;

When the combat is equal, this God should be neuter.
 I'm now at the tavern, where I drink all I can,
 To write with more spirit; I'll drink no more Helicon;
 For Helicon is water, and water is weak;
 Tis wine on the gross lee, that makes your Muse
 speak.

This I know by her spirit and life; but I think
 She's much in the wrong to scold in her drink.
 Her damn'd pointed tongue pierc'd almost to my
 heart;

Tell me of a cart,—tell me of a ———,
 I'd have you to tell her on both sides her ears,
 If she comes to my house, that I'll kick her down
 stairs:

Then home she shall limping go, squalling out, O
 my knee!

You shall soon have a crutch to buy for your Mel-
 pomene.

You may come as her bully, to bluster and swagger;
 But my ink is my poison, my pen is my dagger.

Stand

Stand off, I desire, and mark what I say to you,
 If you come I will make your Apollo shine thro' you.
 Don't think, Sir, I fear a Dean, as I would fear a
 dun ;

Which is all at present from yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

*The Dean to Thomas Sheridan.**

SIR,

WHEN I saw you to-day, as I went with Lord
 Anglesey,
 Lord, said I, who's that parson, how awkwardly dan-
 gles he ?

When whip you trot up, without minding your betters,
 To the very coach-side, and threaten your letters.

Is the poison [and dagger] you boast in your jaws,
 trow ?

Are you still in your cart with *convitia ex plauastro* ?
 But to scold is your trade, which I soon should be
 foil'd in,

For scolding is just *quasi diceres*—school-din :

And I think I may say, you could many good shil-
 lings get,

Were you drest like a bawd, and sold oysters at Bil-
 lingsgate :

But coach it or cart it, I'd have you know, sirrah,
 I'll write, tho' I'm forc'd to write in a wheelbarrow :
 Nay, hector and swagger, you'll still find me stanch,
 And you and your cart shall give me *carte blanche*,

* Ibid, p. 350.

Since you write in a cart, keep it *lecta et parata*;
 'Tis all you have for it; 'tis your best *Magna Carta*;
 And I love you so well, as I told you long ago,
 That I'll ne'er give my vote for *Delenda Cart-ago*.

- Now you write from your cellar, I find out your art;
 You rhyme as folks fence, in *tierce* and in *cart*;
 Your ink is your poison *, your pen is what not;
 Your ink is your drink †, your pen is your pot.
 To my goddess *Melpomene*, pride of her sex,
 I gave, as you beg, your most humble respects:
 The rest of your compliment I dare not tell her,
 For she never descends so low as the cellar;
 But before you can put yourself under her banners,
 She declares from her throne, you must learn better
 manners.

If once in your cellar my *Phœbus* should shine,
 I tell you I'd not give a fig for your wine;
 So I'll leave him behind, for I certainly know it,
 What he ripens above ground, he sowers below it.
 But why should we fight thus, my partner so dear,
 With three hundred and sixty-five poems a year?
 Let's quarrel no longer, since Dan and George Roch-
 fort

Will laugh in their sleeves; I can tell you they watch
 for't.

Then George will rejoice, and Dan will sing high-day:
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magni mercentur Atridæ.

JON. SWIFT.

Written, signed and sealed, five minutes and
 eleven seconds after the receipt of yours,
 allowing seven seconds for sealing and su-
 perscribing, from my bedside, just eleven
 minutes after eleven, Sept. 15, 1718.

* Viz. ut tu prædicas.

† Viz. ut ego assero verius.

Erratum in your last, l. antepenult. pro "fear a Dun," lege "fear a Den;" ita omnes MSS. quos ego legi, et ita magis congruum tam sensui quam veritati.

In page 351, we find "*Sir, Delany reports, and he has a shrewd tongue,*" &c.

This poem [which has been printed in Vol. XVI.] p. 187, is dated Sept. 20, 1718.

To the Dean of St. Patrick's.*

SINCE your poetick prancer is turn'd into Cancer,
 I'll tell you at once, Sir, I'm now not your man, Sir;
 For pray, Sir, what pleasure in fighting is found
 With a coward, who studies to traverse his ground?
 When I drew forth my pen, with your pen you ran
 back;
 But I found out the way to your den by its track:
 From thence the black monster I drew, o' my conscience,
 And so brought to light what before was stark nonsense,
 When I with my right hand did stoutly pursue,
 You turn'd to your left, and you writ like a Jew;
 Which, good Mister Dean, I can't think so fair,
 Therefore turn about to the right, as you were;
 Then if with true courage your ground you maintain,
 My fame is immortal, when Jonathan's slain:
 Who's greater by far than great Alexander,
 As much as a teal surpasses a gander;

* Whimsical Medley, p. 352.

As

As much as a game-cock 's excell'd by a sparrow ;
 As much as a coach is below a wheelbarrow :
 As much and much more as the most handsome man
 Of all the whole world is exceeded by Dan.

T. SHERIDAN.

This was written with that hand which in others
 is commonly called the left-hand.

OFT have I been by poets told,
 That, poor Jonathan, thou grow'st old.
 Alas, thy numbers falling all,
 Poor Jonathan, how they do fall !
 Thy rhymes, which whilom made thy pride swell,
 Now jingle like a rusty bridle :
 Thy verse, which ran both smooth and sweet,
 Now limp upon their gouty feet ;
 Thy thoughts, which were the true sublime,
 Are humbled by the tyrant, Time :
 Alas ! what cannot Time subdue ?
 Time has reduc'd my wine and you ;
 Emptied my casks, and clipp'd your wings,
 Disabled both in our main springs ;
 So that of late we two are grown
 The jest and scorn of all the town.
 But yet, if my advice be ta'en,
 We two may be as great again :
 I'll send you wings, and send me wine ;
 Then you will fly, and I shall shine.

This was written with my right-hand, at the
 same time with the other.

How does Melpy like this ? I think I have vex't her :
 Little did she know, I was *ambidexter*.

T. SHERIDAN.

To

To Mr. Thomas Sheridan.

Reverend and learned Sir,

I am teacher of English, for want of a better, to a poor charity-school, in the lower end of St. Thomas's-street; but in my time I have been a Virgiliân, tho' I am now forced to teach English, which I understood less than my own native language, or even than Latin itself; therefore I made bold to send you the inclosed, the fruit of my Muse, in hopes it may qualify me for the honour of being one of your most inferior Ushers: if you will vouchsafe to send me an answer, direct to me next door but one to the Harrow, on the left-hand in Crocker's-lane.

I am your's,

Reverend Sir, to command,

PAT. REYLY.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.—Horat.

Deliciæ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis amice, &c.*

Ends with, — noctemque profundam.

Sic cecini.

AD te, doctissime Delany,

Pulsus à foribus Decani,

Confugiens edo querelam,

Pauper petens clientelam.

Petebam Swift doctum patronum,

Sed ille dedit nullum donum,

Neque cibum neque bonum.

Quæris quàm malè sit, stomacho num?

* Printed in vol. xvi. p. 180.

Iratus valdè, valdè latrat,
 Crumenicidam ~~fermè~~ patrat :
 Quin ergo relevés ægrotum,
 Dato cibum, dato potum.
 Ita in utrumvis oculum,
 Dormiam bibens vestrũ poculum.

Quæso, Reverende Vir, digneris hanc epistolam
 inclusam cum versiculis perlegere, quam cum fastidio
 objecit et respuebat Decanus ille (inquam) lepidissi-
 mus et Musarum et Apollinis comes.

Reverende Vir,

De vestrà benignitate et clementiâ in frigore et
 fame exanimatos, nisi persuasum esset nobis, hanc
 epistolam reverentiæ vestræ non scripsissem ; quam
 profectò, quoniam eo es ingenio, in optimam accipere
 partem nullus dubito. Sævitur Boreas, mugiunt pro-
 cellæ, dentibus invitis maxillæ bellum gerunt. Nec
 minus intestino depræliantibus tumultu visceribus,
 classicum sonat venter. Ea nostra est conditio, hæc
 nostra querela. Proh Deum atque hominum fidem !
 quare illi, cui ne libella nummi est, dentes, stomachum,
 viscera concessit natura ? mehercule nostro ludibrium
 debens corpori, frustra laboravit a patre voluntario
 exilio, qui macrum ligone macriorem reddit agellum.
 Huc usque evasi ad te, quasi ad asylum, confugiens,
 quem nisi bene nossem succurrere potuisse, mehercule
 neque fores vestras pultassem, neque limina tetigissem.
 Quàm longum iter famelicus perëgi ! nudus, egenus,
 esuriens, perhorrescens, despectus, mendicans ; sunt
 lacrymæ rerum et mentem carnaria tangunt. In viâ
 nullum fuit solatium præterquam quod Horatium, ubi
 macròs in igne turdos versat, perlegi. Catii dapes,
 Mæcenatis convivium, ita me picturâ pascens inani,
 sæpius

sæpiusolvebam. Quid non mortalium pectora cogit
Musarum sacræ fames? Hæc omnia, quæ nostra fuit
necessitas, curavi ut scires; nunc re experiar quid
dabis, quid negabis. Vale.

Vivitur parvo malè, sed canebat
Flaccus ut parvo benè; quod negamus:
Pinguis et laute saturatus ille
Ridet inanes.

Pace sic dicam liceat poetæ
Nobilis læti salibus faceti
Usque jocundi, lepidè jocantis
Non sine curâ.

Quis potest versus, (meditans merendam
Prandium, cœnam) numerare? quis non
Quot panes pistor locat in fenestrâ
Dicere mallet?

Ecce jejunos tibi venit unus;
Latrat ingenti stomachus furore;
Quæso digneris renovare fauces,
Docte Patrone.

Vestiant lanæ tenues libellos,
Vestiant panni dominum trementem,
Ædibus vestris trepidante pennâ
Musa propinquat.

Nuda ne fiat, renovare vestes
Urget, et nunquam tibi sic molestam
Esse promittit, nisi sit coacta
Frigore iniquo.

Si modo possem? Vetat heu pudor me
Plura, sed præstat rogare plura,
An dabis binos digitos crumenæ im-
ponere vestræ.

*To the Dean of St. Patrick's.**

DEAR SIR, Since you in humble wise

Have made a recantation †,

From your low bended knees arise;

I hate such poor prostration.

'Tis bravery that moves the brave,

As one nail drives another;

If you from me would mercy have,

Pray, Sir, be such another.

You that so long maintain'd the field

With true poetic vigour;

Now you lay down your pen and yield,

You make a wretched figure ‡:

Submit, but do't with sword in hand,

And write a panegyrick

Upon the man you cannot stand;

I'll have it done in lyrick:

That all the boys I teach may sing

The atchievements of their Chiron §;

What conquests my stern looks can bring,

Without the help of iron.

A small goose-quill, yclep'd a pen,

From magazine of standish,

Drawn forth, 's more dreadful to the Dean,

Than any sword we brandish.

My ink 's my flash, my pen 's my bolt;

Whene'er I please to thunder,

I'll make you tremble like a colt,

And thus I'll keep you under.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 359.

† See vol. xvi. p. 418.

‡ A leg awry.

§ A fair open for you.

*To the Dean of St. Patrick's.**

DEAR DEAN, I'm in a sad condition,
I cannot see to read or write ;
Pity the darkness of thy Priscian,
Whose days are all transform'd to night.

My head, tho' light, 's a dungeon grown,
The windows of my soul are clos'd ;
Therefore to sleep I lay me down,
My verse and I are both compos'd.

Sleep, did I say ? that cannot be ;
For who can sleep, that wants his eyes ?
My bed is useless then to me,
Therefore I lay me down, to rise.

Unnumber'd thoughts pass to and fro
Upon the surface of my brain ;
In various maze they come and go,
And come and go again.

So have you seen in sheet burnt black,
The fiery sparks at random run ;
Now here, now there, some turning back,
Some ending where they just begun.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 359.

To Thomas Sheridan*.

DEAR SHERRY, I'm sorry for your bloodshedded
 sore eye,
 And the more I consider your case, still the more I
 Regret it, for see how the pain on't has wore ye.
 Besides; the good Whigs, who strangely adore ye,
 In pity cry out, "he's a poor blinded Tory."
 But listen to me, and I'll soon lay before ye
 A sovereign cure well attested in Gory,
 First wash it with *ros*, that makes dative *rori*,
 Then send for three leeches, and let them all gore
 ye;
 Then take a cordial dram to restore ye,
 Then take Lady Judith, and walk a fine boree,
 Then take a glass of good claret *ex more*,
 Then stay as long as you can, *ab uxore*;
 And then if friend Dick † will but ope your back-
 door, he
 Will quickly dispell the black clouds that hang o'er ye,
 And make you so bright, that you'll sing tory rory,
 And make a new ballad worth ten of John Dory:
 (Tho' I work your cure, yet he'll get the glory.)
 I'm now in the back school-house, high up one story,
 Quite weary with teaching, and ready to *mori*.
 My candle's just out too, no longer I'll pore ye,
 But away to Clem Barry's,—there's an end of my
 story.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 362.

† Dr. Richard Helsham. See p. 163.

FROM THE SAME MISCELLANY *.

I LIKE your collyrium,
 Take my eyes, Sir, and clear ye 'um,
 'Twill gain you a great reputation;
 By this you may rise,
 Like the Doctor so wise †,
 Who open'd the eyes of the Nation.

And these, I must tell ye,
 Are bigger than its belly;—
 You know, there's in Livy a story
 Of the hands and the feet
 Denying of meat,—
 Don't I write in the dark like a Tory?

Your water so far goes,
 'Twould serve for an Argus,
 Were all his whole hundred sore;
 So many we read
 He had in his head,
 Or Ovid's a son of a whore.

For your recipe, Sir,
 May my lids never stir,
 If ever I think once to see you;
 For I'd have you to know,
 When abroad I can go,
 That it's honour enough, if I see you.

* P. 363.

† Probably Dr. Davenant.

FROM THE SAME MISCELLANY *.

MY pedagogue dear, I read with surprise
 Your long sorry rhymes, which you made on my eyes;
 As the Dean of St. Patrick's says, earth, seas, and
 skies!

I cannot lie down, but immediately rise,
 To answer your stuff and the Doctor's likewise.
 Like a horse with a gall, I'm pester'd with flies,
 But his head and his tail new succour supplies,
 To beat off the vermin from back, rump, and thighs.
 The wing of a goose before me now lies,
 Which is both shield and sword for such weak ene-
 mies.

Whoever opposes me, certainly dies,
 Tho' he were as valiant as Condé or Guise.
 The women disturb me, a crying of pies,
 With voice twice as loud as a horse when he neighs.
 By this, Sir, you find, should we rhyme for a prize,
 That I'd gain cloth of gold, when you'd scarce merit
 frize.

To Thomas Sheridan †.

DEAR Tom, I'm surpris'd that your verse did not
 jingle;
 But your rhyme was not double, 'cause your sight was
 but single.
 For as Helsham observes, there's nothing can chime,
 Or fit more exact, than one eye and one rhyme.

* P. 363.

† Ibid, p. 364.

If you had not took physick, I'd pay off your bacon,
But now I'll write short, for fear you're short-taken.
Besides, Dick * forbid me, and call'd me a fool;
For he says, short as 'tis, it will give you a stool.

In libris bellis, tu parum parcis ocellis;
Dum nimium scribis, vel talpâ cæcior ibis,
Aut ad vina redis, nam sic tua lumina lædis:
Sed tibi cœnanti sunt collyria tanti?
Nunquid eges visu, dum complex omnia risu?
Heu Sheridan cœcus, heu eris nunc cercopithecus.
Nunc bene nasutus mittet tibi carmina tutus:
Nunc ope Burgundi, malus Helsham ridet abunde,
Nec Phœbi fili versum quis † mittere Ryly.
Quid tibi cum libris? relavet tua lumina Tybris ‡
Mixtus Saturno §; penso sed parcè diurno
Observes hoc tu, nec scriptis utere noctu.
Nonnulli mingunt et palpebras sibi tingunt.
Quidam purgantes, libros in stercore nantes
Lingunt; sic vinces videndo, mi bone, lynces.
Culum oculum tergis, dum scripta hoc flumine
mergis;
Tunc oculi et nates, ni fallor, agent tibi grates.
Vim fuge Decani, nec sit tibi cura Delani:
Heu tibi si scribant, aut si tibi fercula libant,
Pone loco mortis, rapis fera pocula fortis.
Hæc tibi pauca dedi, sed consule Betty my Lady,
Huic te des solæ, nec egebis pharmacopolæ.
Hæc somnians cecini,

Oct. 23, 1718.

JON. SWIFT.

* Dr. Richard Helsham.

† Pro potis. Horat.

‡ Pro quovis fluvio. Virg.

§ Saccharo Saturni.

FROM THE SAME MISCELLANY.*

PERLEGI versus versos, Jonathian bone, tersps ;
 Perlepidos quidē ; scribingo semper es idem.
 Laudibus extollo te, tu mihi magnus Apollo ;
 Tu frater Phoebus, oculis collyria præbes,
 Ne minus insanæ reparas quoque damna Dianæ,
 Quæ me percussit radiis (nec dixeris ussit)
 Frigore collecto ; medicus moderamine tecto
 Lodicum binum premit, et negatis mihi vinum.
 O terra et cœlum ! quàm reddit pectus anhelum.
 Os mihi jam siccum, liceat mihi bibere die cum ?
 Ex vestro grato poculo, tam sæpe prolato,
 Vina crepant : sales ostendet quis mihi tales ?
 Lumina, vos sperno, dum cuppæ gaudia cerno :
 Perdere etenim pellem nostram, quoque crura ma-
 vellem.

Amphora, quàm dulces risus queis pectora mulces,
 Pangitur a Flacco, cum pectus turget Iaccho :
 Clarius evohē ingeminans geminatur et ohe ;
 Nempe jocosa propago, hesit sic vocis imago.

*To the Rev. Mr. Dan. Jackson, to be humbly presented
 by Mr. Sheridan in person, with respect, care, and
 speed, to be delivered by and with Mr. Sheridan †.*

DEAR DAN,

Here I return my trust, nor ask, &c.

Ends at,—we'll send him to Delany. ‡

* P. 365.

† Ibid, p. 366.

‡ Printed in vol. xvi. p. 280.

P. S. Leap Tom, when I saw him last week on his horse awry, &c.

*Ends at,—glad then of it.**

After which follows (*not printed*), †

A HIGHLANDER once fought a Frenchman at Margate,

The weapons a rapier, a backsword, and target;
Brisk Monsieur advanc'd as fast as he could;
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood;
While Sawney with backsword did slash him and nick him,
While t'other, enraged that he could not once prick him,

Cry'd, "Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,
Me'll fight you, begar, if you'll come from your door!"

Our case is the same; if you'll fight like a man,
Don't fly from my weapon, and sculk behind Dan;
For he's not to be pierc'd; his leather's so tough,
The devil himself can't get through his buff.
Besides, I cannot but say that it is hard,

Not only to make him your shield, but your vizard;
And, like a tragedian, you rant and you roar,
Thro' the horrible grin of your larva's wide bore.
Nay further, which makes me complain much, and
frump it;

You make his long nose your loud speaking trumpet;
With the din of which t'other's my head you so bother,
That I scarce can distinguish my right ear from
t'other.

* Printed in vol. xvi. p. 283.

† Whimsical Medley, p. 367.

You made me in your last a goose ;
 I lay my life on't you are wrong,
 To raise me by such foul abuse ;
 My quill you'll find's a woman's tongue ;

And slit, just like a bird, will chatter,
 And like a bird do something more ;
 When I let fly, 'twill so bespatter,
 I'll change you to a black-a-moor.

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head ;
 I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're dead.
 Tho' you call me a goose, you pitiful slave,
 I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.

TOM, for a goose you keep but base quills,
 They're fit for nothing else but pasquills.
 I've often heard it from the wise,
 That inflammations in the eyes
 Will quickly fall upon the tongue,
 And thence, as fam'd John Bunyan sung,
 From out the pen will presently
 On paper dribble daintily.
 Suppose I call'd you goose, it is hard
 One word should stick thus in your gizzard,
 You're my goose, and no other man's ;
 And you know, all my geese are swans :
 Only one scurvy thing I find,
 Swans sing when dying, geese when blind.
 But now I smoke where lies the slander,—
 I call'd you goose, instead of gander ;
 For that, dear Tom, ne'er fret and vex,
 I'm sure you cackle like the sex.

I know

I know the gander always goes
 With a quill stuck across his nose ;
 So your eternal pen is still
 Or in your claw, or in your bill.
 But whether you can tread or hatch,
 I've something else to do than watch.
 As for you're writing I am dead,
 I leave it for the second head.

Deanry House, Oct. 27, 1718.

I CAN'T but wonder, Mr. Dean,
 To see you live, so often slain.
 My arrows fly and fly in vain,
 But still I try and try again.
 I'm now, Sir, in a writing vein ;
 Don't think, like you, I squeeze and strain.
 Perhaps you'll ask me what I mean ;
 I will not tell, because it's plain.
 Your Muse, I am told, is in the wane ;
 If so, from pen and ink refrain.
 Indeed, believe me, I'm in pain
 For her and you ; your life's a scene
 Of verse, and rhymes, and hurricane,
 Enough to crack the strongest brain.
 Now to conclude, I do remain ;
 Your honest friend,

TOM SHERIDAN.

POOR Tom, wilt thou never accept a defiance,
 Tho' I dare you to more than quadruple alliance.
 You're so retrograde, sure you were born under
 Cancer;

Must I make myself hoarse with demanding an answer?

If this be your practice, mean scrub, I assure ye,
 And swear by each Fate, and your new friends, each
 Fury,

I'll drive you to Cavan, from Cavan to Dundalk;
 I'll tear all your rules, and demolish your pun-talk:
 Nay, further, the moment you're free from your
 scalding,
 I'll chew you to bullets, and puff you at Baldwin.

A PROLOGUE to a Play, performed at Mr. Sheridan's School, spoke by one of the Scholars.

AS in a silent night a lonely swain,
 Tending his flocks on the Pharsalian plain,
 To heaven around directs his wandering eyes,
 And every look finds out a new surprise;
 So great's our wonder, ladies, when we view
 Our lower sphere made more serene by you.
 O could such light in my dark bosom shine,
 What life, what vigour, should adorn each line!
 Beauty and Virtue should be all my theme,
 And Venus brighten my poetic flame.
 The advent'rous painter's fate and mine are one,
 Who fain would draw the bright meridian sun;

Majestic light his feeble art defies,
 And for presuming, robs him of his eyes:
 Then blame your power, that my inferior lays
 Sink far below your too exalted praise:
 Don't think we flatter, your applause to gain;
 No, we're sincere,—to flatter you were vain.
 You spurn at fine encomiums misapply'd,
 And all perfections but your beauties hide.
 Then as you're fair, we hope you will be kind,
 Nor frown on those you see so well inclin'd
 To please you most. Grant us your smiles, and
 then
 Those sweet rewards will make us not like men.

THE EPILOGUE.*

NOW all is done, ye learn'd spectators, tell:
 Have we not play'd our parts extremely well?
 We think we did, but if you do complain,
 We're all content to act the play again:
 'Tis but three hours or thereabouts, at most,
 And time well spent in school cannot be lost.
 But what makes you frown, you gentlemen above?
 We guess'd long since you all desired to move.
 But that's in vain, for we'll not let a man stir,
 Who does not take up *Plautus* first, and construe†.
 Him we'll dismiss, that understands the play;
 He who does not, I faith he's like to stay.
 Tho' this new method may provoke your laughter,
 To act plays first, and understand them after.

* P. 371.

† The author appears to have intended that the vulgar pronunciation, *conster*, should be here adopted.

We do not care, for we will have our humour,
And will try you, and you, and you, Sir, and one or
two more.

Why don't you stir? there's not a man will budge;
How much they've read, I'll leave you all to judge.

THE SONG.*

MY time, O ye Grattans, was happily spent,
When Bacchus went with me, wherever I went;
For then I did nothing but sing, laugh, and jest;
Was ever a toper so merrily blest?
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown,
Because I must go to my wife back to town;
To the fondling and toying of "honey" and "dear,"
And the conjugal comforts of horrid small beer.

My daughter I ever was pleased to see
Come fawning and begging to ride on my knee:
My wife too was pleas'd, and to the child said,
Come, hold in your belly, and hold up your head:
But now out of humour, I with a sour look,
Cry, hussy, and give her a souse with my book;
And I'll give her another; for why should she play,
Since my Bacchus, and glasses, and friends are away.

Wine, what of thy delicate hue is become,
That tinged our glasses with blue, like a plumb?
Those bottles, those bumpers, why do they not smile,
While we sit carousing and drinking the while?
Ah, bumpers, I see that our wine is all done,
Our mirth falls of course, when our Bacchus is gone.
Then since it is so, bring me here a supply;
Begone, froward wife, for I'll drink till I die.

* Whimsical Medley, p. 333.

TO THE REV. DR. HENRY JENNY,

AT HIS HOUSE IN ARMAGH*.

SIR,

DUBLIN, JUNE 8, 1732.

IT is true, that some weeks ago a manuscript paper of verses was handed about this town, and afterwards printed. The subject was, my great ingratitude and breach of hospitality in publishing a copy of verses, † called HAMILTON'S BAWN. The writer hath likewise taken severe notice of some other verses published many years ago by the indiscretion of a friend, to whom they were sent in a letter. It was called a Journal, and writ at Mr. Rochfort's ‡; and the consequences drawn from both by this late writer is, that the better I am used in any family, the more I abuse them; with other reflections that must follow from such a principle. I was originally as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be, but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened; and while the friends I have left will con-

* Where Dr. Jenny, it is believed, was rector. He resided in the neighbourhood of Sir Arthur Acheson, and is introduced into Swift's Poem on Hamilton's Bawn. See Swift's Works, 1808, vol. XVII. p. 90. This perfectly characteristic Letter, which has been among the *desiderata* of all former editions, is now first printed by the favour of Lord Viscount Cremorne, in whose family it has been preserved. The letter had been many years ago noticed by Dr. Thomas Campbell, an Irish clergyman, in "his Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland." N.

† These verses were written in 1729. See them in vol. XVII. p. 85.—See also in vol. XVI. p. 414, the Dean's Poem in 1728, "On cutting down the old Thorn at Market-hill." N.

‡ At Gaulstown, in the county of Westmeath, in the year 1721. See vol. XVI. pp. 251—2, 183. N.

tinue

to use me with any kindness, I shall need but a small degree of philosophy to bear me up against those who are pleased to be my enemies on the score of party zeal, and the hopes of turning that zeal to account. One thing, I confess, would still touch me to the quick; I mean, if any person of true genius would employ his pen against me; but if I am not very partial to myself, I cannot remember that among at least two thousand papers full of groundless reflections against me, hundreds of which I have seen, and heard of more, I ever saw any one production that the meanest writer could have cause to be proud of; for which I can assign a very natural reason; that during the whole busy time of my life, the men of wit (in England) were all my particular friends, although many of them differed from me in opinions of public persons and proceedings. As to Ireland, where I lived very little before the Queen's death, and ever since in perfect retirement, I remember to have published nothing but what is called the Drapier's Letters, and some few other trifles relating to the affairs of this miserable and ruined kingdom. What other things fell from me (chiefly in verse) were only amusements in hours of sickness or leisure, or in private families, to divert ourselves and some neighbours, but were never intended for publick view; which is plain from the subjects and the careless way of handling them: neither, indeed, can it answer the true ends of vanity or desire of praise, to let the world see such little sallies of fancy or humour, because if they be ill or indifferently performed (which must often be the case), the loss of reputation is certain; and however well executed, after a week's

vogue,

vogue, they are utterly forgot. I know not how I come to be led so far from the subject of your letter. I confess there were some few persons who made random conjectures that you might possibly be concerned in the paper you hint at, but they were such who knew very little of you or me; for others, who were better acquainted with us both, have always cleared you, because they did not look upon that paper any way equal to your known good sense and candour, or talent of writing. And as to myself, I had further conviction, because I knew how well you were acquainted with the whole history and occasion of writing those verses on the Barrack; how well pleased the master and lady of the family were with it; that you had read it more than once; that it was no secret to any neighbour, nor any reserve but that against giving a copy. You know well by what incidents that reserve was broken, by granting a copy to a great person, and from thence how it fell into other hands, and so came (as it is the constant case) to be published, and is now forgot. I confess my own conjectures about this late libel against me lay towards another gentleman, who, I am informed, hath since cleared himself, I mean Dr. Tisdall*; but that suspicion was first taught me by others: and yet I know very well that for at least fifteen years past, he hath been often engaged in a kind of flirting war of satirick burlesque verse with

* To this gentleman Dr. Swift addressed a letter, April 20, 1704, on the subject of his addresses to Mrs. Johnson; assuring him very candidly that he had himself never seen any other lady whose conversation he entirely valued; and freely giving consent to her marrying Dr. Tisdall. See vol. X. pp. 39, 41. N.

certain

certain wags both in town and country, who, it seems, were provoked with his faculty of jibing, and used to answer him in his own way. Yet I have been assured that in these combats, he was generally mistaken in his adversaries, falling foul upon many persons who never dipt a pen either for or against him; and I think you, among others, had some marks of his favour. But, as to me, who, I solemnly profess, was always entirely innocent, during the whole time that his pen and tongue took this unhappy turn, as well as before and since, I could never be one month at peace for his wit; whatever was writ to ridicule him, was laid at my door, and only by himself; with a further declaration, much to my honour, that he knew my style, would trouble himself to inquire no further; and, using my surname, said, I was his man. Some of his performances I have seen, and have heard of more, besides the great number he kept in petto; so that five or six gentlemen have often and very lately assured me, that in one evening-sitting, he has produced a dozen of his libels wholly against me; desiring I might be told of it, and assuring those gentlemen that the whole dozen should be published, if I would not let him alone. This was a little hard upon me, who had never one single moment in my life the least inclination to enter the lists with him, at those or any other weapons whatsoever, any more than I would venture to sit four hours disputing with him any point of controversy. I confess, this keenness of the Doctor in determining, whenever he was attacked, to fix on me for his adversary, inclined me to conceive that he might have probably writ this last paper, and other people had

had the same thought; but I hear he hath utterly denied it; and I believe him; for I am confident he is an honest man, but unhappily misled through the whole course of his life, by mistaking his talent, which he hath against nature applied to wit and raillery, and rhyming: besides which, his incurable absence of mind on all occasions, and in all companies, hath led him into ten thousand errors, especially of that kind, which are mortal to all agreeable or improving conversation, and which hath put him upon such a foot with every friend, that I heartily lament the situation he is in.

I intreat your pardon for the length and insignificancy of this letter, but my solitary way of life is apt to make me talkative upon paper. I desire you would believe, first, that I have so frequently been libelled, that my curiosity to know the authors is quite extinct, though that of some friends is not; secondly, that I am not hasty in judging of men's style, or matter, or malice. I can venture to say, that a thing is not written by such a person, because it is much below his good sense; and to look among the herd of dunces is endless. As to yourself, I hope you will be my witness that I have always treated you with particular distinction; and if we differ in opinions relating to publick proceedings, it is for very good reasons: you are an expectant from the world and from power; I have long done with both; having been an original offender against all principles set up since the death of the Queen, I could not think it worth my while to quit my old ones*, and must have

* When he quitted the *Whigs*, he thought it worth while to quit still older principles: see his letter to Stella, Sept. 9, 1720, where he mentions Lord Godolphin's receiving him coldly, and says, he will make him sorry for it, vol. XIV. p. 220. N.

done it with an ill grace, though honour and conscience had been out of the question. Whoever really believes that things are well, is many ways happy; he is pleased with the world (as I was formerly), and the world with him; his merit is allowed, and favour will certainly follow; which I heartily wish you; only desiring, that in what appears to my eyes a very dirty road, you would pick out the cleanest stages you can; and believe me to be, with much esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. S.

TO

TO THE REV. JOHN BRANDRETH,

DEAN OF EMLY *.

SIR,

IF you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you; for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide, that had not in

* This gentleman was also rector of Kilmore, in the diocese of Armagh. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his first degree in 1717, and that of Master of Arts in 1721. He was therefore probably born in 1698. He died in 1764. Mr. Brandreth had been tutor to Charles Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of Lionel Duke of Dorset; and very soon after that nobleman was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, (June 1730,) he appears to have obtained from his Grace the preferments in the church, which he held till he died. See a letter from Archbishop Boulter to the Duke of Dorset, dated Dublin, February 20, 1730-31: "On the 8th instant Mr. Brandreth brought me the honour of your Grace's of the 18th past. We have since dispatched his instruments, agreeably to your Grace's directions. I found he did not want a faculty to hold the TWO PREFERMENTS; else I was ready to have granted one, as I shall be to give him my favour and protection on all occasions. He seems to be a sensible gentleman, and very well behaved; and I doubt not will give general satisfaction here." Letters of his Excellency Hugh Boulter, D.D. Lord Primate of Ireland, 8vo. 1770. Lady Elizabeth Germaine, who, we find, had recommended Dean Brandreth to Swift, doubtless became acquainted with him in the family of the Duke of Dorset, with whom she was very intimate.

After the death of the Dean of Emly, this letter was found among his papers by the Rev. Mr. Field, his curate at Kilmore, whom he appointed his executor; and by his permission a copy of it was taken by a gentleman of that parish, in the hands of whose

in it something to displease. I think I once was in your county, Tipperary *, which is like the rest of the whole kingdom,—a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations :—filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures; scarce in human shape ;—one insolent, ignorant, oppressive 'squire to be found in twenty miles riding ;—a parish church to be found only in a summer-day's journey, in comparison of which an English farmer's barn is a cathedral ;—a bog of fifteen miles round ;—every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh ;—and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London Bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage ; yet it is better improved than the people : and all these evils are effects of English tyranny ;—so your sons and grandchildren will find to their sorrow. Cork indeed was a place of trade ; but for some years past is gone to decay ; and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled into pedlars and cheats. I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar ?

widow it has remained for near thirty years. It was obligingly communicated to us by the Reverend and learned Dr. Richardson, (formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and now beneficed in the North of Ireland) through the hands of Mr. Malone.

* Emly, of which Mr. Brandreth was Dean, is in the diocese of Cashel, and in the county of Tipperary. N.

unless

unless once a year at a fair or on a holiday, when some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after.—You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you can't walk five yards from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbours for six miles round must club to kill a mutton.—Pray, take care of damp, and when you leave your bedchamber, let a fire be made, to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning.—*I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canoros.*

I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit; because it is better to know you are miserable, than to betray an ill taste: I consult your honour, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature, within thirty miles of Knocther, during your residence in those parts; and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding.

My lameness is very slowly recovering; and if it be well when that the year is out, I shall gladly compound; yet I make a shift to ride about ten miles a day by virtue of certain implements called gambadoes, where my feet stand firm as on a floor; and I generally dine alone, like a king or an hermit, and continue alone until I go to bed; for even my wine will not purchase company, and I begin to think the lame are forsaken as much as the poor and the blind.

Mr. Jebb * never calls at the Deanry of late : perhaps he hath found out that I like him as a modest man, and of very good understanding.—This town is neither large nor full enough to furnish events for entertaining a country correspondent. Murder now and then is all we have to trust to. Our fruit is all destroyed with the long spring and eastern winds ; and I shall not have the tenth part of my last year's fruit. Miss Hoadley hath been nine days in the small-pox, which I never heard of till this minute ; but they say, she is past danger. She would have been a terrible loss to the Archbishop †. Dr. Felton, of Oxford, hath writ an octavo about Revelation ‡ ; I know not his character. He sent over four copies to me, one of which was for Mr. Tickell §, two for the Bishops of Cork and Waterford ||, and one to

* Dr. John Jebb, afterwards Dean of Cashell. He was the brother of Dr. Samuel Jebb, an eminent physician. N.

† Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh. He died September 27, 1742. The lady here mentioned was perhaps a daughter or near relation of his successor in the primacy, Dr. John Hoadly, who in 1727 was constituted Bishop of Ferns. N.

‡ “ The Christian faith asserted against Deists, Arians, and Socinians, in eight sermons, preached at the Lady Moyer's Lectures.” By Henry Felton, D.D. 8vo. 1732, (probably the author of the *Essay on the Classicks*.) N.

§ Thomas Tickell, Esq. the friend of Addison, and then Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. N.

|| Dr. Peter Browne, famous for having written against drinking *memories*, was at that time Bishop of Cork. The Bishop of Waterford was Dr. Thomas Mills, who sat in that see from 1707 to 1742. He had been Professor of Greek in Oxford, and went to Ireland as Chaplain to Thomas Earl of Pembroke, by whom he was promoted. He published the *Works of St. Cyrill*, in folio, in 1703 ; and the “ *Natural Immortality of the Soul asserted and proved from the Scriptures and first Fathers*, in Answer to Mr. Rodwell,” 8vo. Oxon, 1707. N.

myself,

myself, by way of payment for sending the rest, I suppose, for he sent me no letter. I know him not. —Whenever you are in this town, I hope you will mend your usage of me, by coming often to a philosophical dinner at the Deanry: this I pretend to expect for the sake of our common princess, Lady E. Germaine, to whom I've [q. I owe] the happiness of your acquaintance; and on her account I expect your justice to believe me to be, with truest esteem,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

J. S.

[Dublin], 30th June, 1732.

1. *Pharmaceutical industry*—United States—History. I. Title. II. Series.

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EXTRACTS

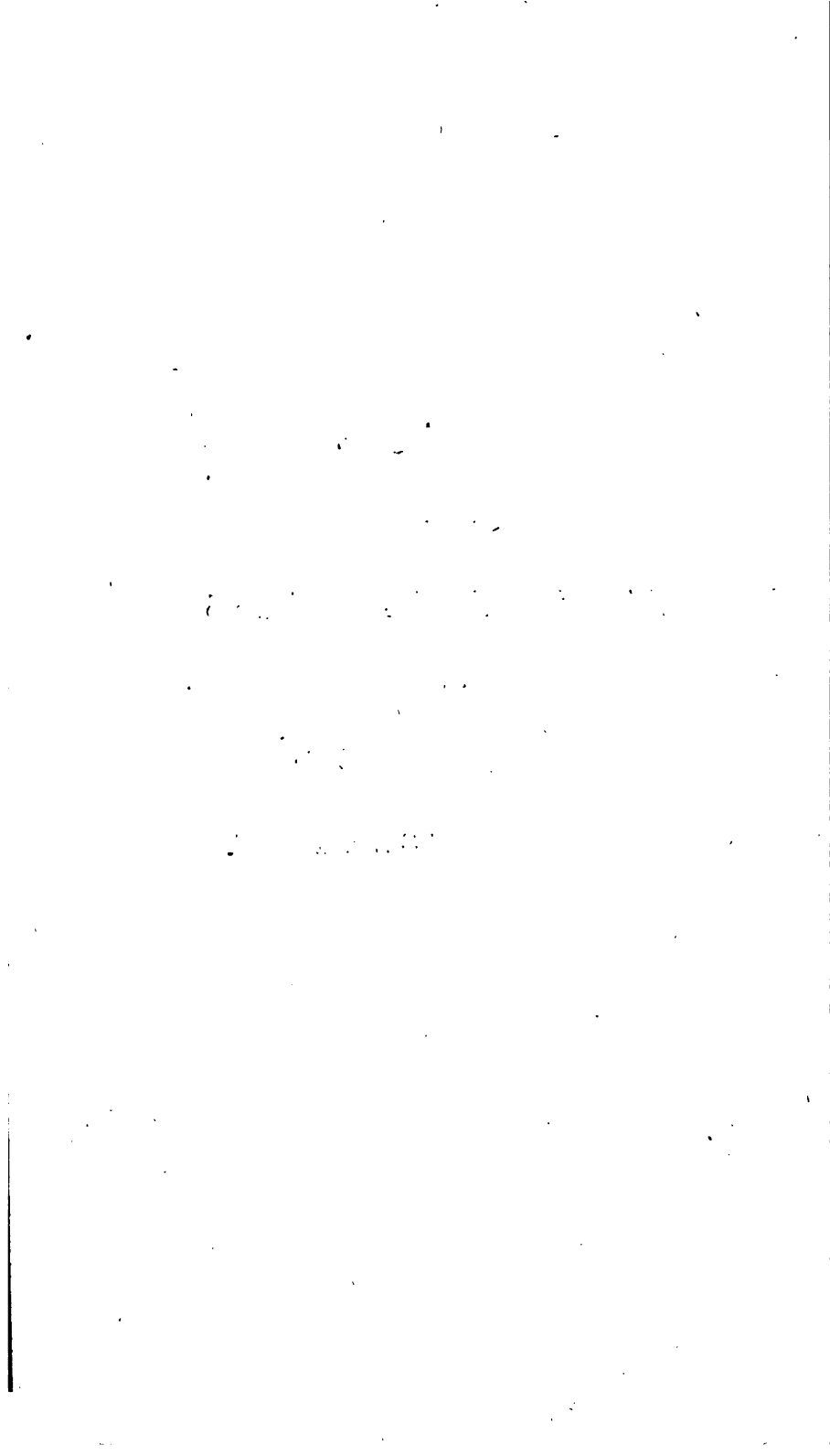
FROM

DEAN SWIFT'S REMARKS

ON

BISHOP BURNET'S

HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES.



EXTRACTS

FROM

SWIFT'S REMARKS

ON

“BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES*,”

FOLIO EDITION, 1724.

From the Original, in the Library of the late

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN.

PREFACE, p. 3. *Burnet*. “Indeed the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many Clergymen, has sharpened my spirits, perhaps, too much against them—so I *warn* my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance.”—*Swift*. “I will take his *warning*.”

P. 11. *Burnet*. “Colonel Titus assured me that he had it from king Charles the First's own mouth, that he was well assured his brother, prince Henry, was poisoned by the earl of Somerset's means.”—*Swift*. “Titus was the greatest rogue in England.”

P. 18. *Burnet*. “Gowry's conspiracy against king James was confirmed to me by my father.”—*Swift*. “And yet Melville makes nothing of it.”

P. 20. *Burnet*. “Charles I. had such an ungracious way of bestowing favours, that the manner of bestowing was almost as mortifying as the favour was obliging.”—*Swift*. “Not worth knowing.”

* See before, in vol. V. pp. 99, 101.

P. 23. *Burnet*. "This person [Mr. Stewart], who was only a private gentleman, became so considerable, that he was raised by several degrees to be made earl of Traquair, and lord treasurer of Scotland; and was in great favour: but suffered afterwards such a reverse of fortune, that I saw him so low that he wanted bread; and it was generally believed that he died of hunger."—*Swift*. "A strange death! Perhaps it was want of meat!"

P. 26. *Burnet*. "How careful lord Balmerinoch's father was to preserve the petition and the papers relating to that trial, of which, says he, I never saw any copy beside, and which I have now by me, and which indeed is a very noble piece, full of curious matter."—*Swift*. "Puppy!"

P. 28. *Burnet*. "The earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—*Swift*. "As a man is free of a corporation, he means."

P. 29. *Burnet*. "The lord Wharton and the lord Howard of Escrick undertook to deliver some of these; which they did, and were clapt up upon it."—*Swift*. "What dignity of expression!"

P. 30. *Burnet*. "King Charles I. was now in great straits—his treasure was exhausted—his subjects highly irritated—his ministry frightened, being exposed to the anger and justice of parliament. He loved high and rough methods; but had neither the skill to conduct them, nor the height of genius to manage them."—*Swift*. "Not one good quality named."

P. 31. *Burnet*. "The queen of Charles I. was a woman of great vivacity in conversation, and loved all her life long to be in intrigues of all sorts."—*Swift*. "Not of love, I hope."

P. 34. *Burnet*. "Dickison, Blair, Rutherford, Baily, Cant, and other popular preachers in Scotland, affected great sublimities in devotion. They poured themselves out in their prayers with a loud voice, and often with many tears. They had but an ordinary proportion of learning among them; somewhat of Hebrew, and very little Greek. Books of controversy with the Papists, but above all with the Arminians, was the height of their study."—*Swift*. "Great nonsense! Rutherford was half-fool, half mad."

P. 40. *Burnet*, speaking of the bad effects of the marquis of Montrose's expedition and defeat, says, "It alienated the Scots much from the king; it exalted all that were enemies to peace; and there seemed to be some colour for all those aspersions that they had cast on the king, as if he had been in a correspondence with the Irish rebels, when the worst tribe had been thus employed by him."—*Swift*. "Lord Clarendon differs from all this."

P. 41. *Burnet*. "The earl of Essex told me, that he had taken all the pains he could to inquire into the origin of the Irish Massacre; but could never see any reason to believe that the king had any accession to it."—*Swift*. "And who but a beast ever believed it?"

P. 42. *Burnet*. Arguing with the Scots concerning the propriety of the king's death, he observes, that Drummond said, "That Cromwell had plainly the better of them at their own weapons."—*Swift*. "And Burnet thought as Cromwell did."

P. 46. *Burnet*. "Fairfax was much distracted in his mind, and changed purposes often every day."—*Swift*. "Fairfax had hardly common sense."

P. 49. *Burnet*. "I will not enter further into the military part; for I remember an advice of marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in the relation of military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them'."—*Swift*. "Very foolish advice—for soldiers cannot write."

P. 50. *Burnet*. "Laud's defence of himself, when in the Tower, is a very mean performance. In most particulars, he excuses himself by this—That he was but one of many, who either in council, star-chamber, or high commission, voted illegal things. Now, though this was true, yet a chief minister, and one in high favour, determines the rest so much, that they are little better than machines acted by him.—On other occasions, he says, 'the thing was proved but by one witness.' Now, how strong soever this defence may be in law, it is of no force in appeal to the world; for, if a thing is true, it is no matter how full or defective the proof is."—*Swift*. "All this is full of malice and ill judgment."

P. 50. *Burnet*, speaking of the Basilicon, "supposed to be written by Charles the First."—*Swift*. "I think it is a poor treatise, and that the king did not write it."

P. 51. *Burnet*. "Upon the king's death, the Scots proclaimed his son king, and sent over sir George Wincan, that married my great aunt, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey." —*Swift*.

—*Swift*. "Was that the reason why he was sent?"

P. 53. *Burnet*. "King Charles the Second, when in Scotland, wrought himself into as grave a deportment as he could. He heard many prayers and sermons, some of great length. I remember, in one fast-day, there were six sermons preached, without intermission. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service."—*Swift*. "Burnet was not then eight years old."

P. 61. *Burnet*, speaking of the period of usurpation in Scotland—"Cromwell built three citadels, Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, beside many little forts. There was good justice done, and vice was suppressed and punished; so that we always reckon those eight years of usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity."—*Swift*. "No doubt, you do."

P. 63. *Burnet*, speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars, says, "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches, or the reach of their voices."—*Swift*. "And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd—I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister."

P. 64. *Burnet*. "The resolutions sent up by one Sharp, who had been long in England, and was an active and an eager man."—*Swift*. "Afterwards a Bishop, and murdered."

P. 66. *Burnet*. "Thus Cromwell had all the king's party in a net: he let them dance in at pleasure, and upon occasions *clapt* them up for a short time."—*Swift*. "A pox of his *claps*."

P. 87. *Burnet*, speaking of the Restoration—"Of all this, Monk had both the praise and the reward;

reward ; for I have been told a very small share of it belonged to him."—*Swift*. "Malice."

P. 126. *Burnet* speaking of the execution of the marquis of Argyle ;—*Swift*. "He was the greatest villain of his age."

P. 127. *Burnet*. "The proceeding against Warriston was soon dispatched."—*Swift*. "Warriston was an abominable dog."

P. 134. *Burnet*, of bishop Leightoun's character, "The grace and gravity of his pronounciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion—his style, however, was rather too fine."—*Swift*. "A fault that Burnet is not guilty of."

P. 140. *Burnet*. "Leightoun did not stand much upon it. He did not *think* orders given without bishops were null and void. He *thought* the forms of government were not settled by such positive laws as were unalterable, but only by apostolical practices, which, as he *thought*, authorized Episcopacy, as the best form : yet he did not *think* it necessary to the being of a church, but he *thought* that every church might make such rules of ordinations as they pleased."—*Swift*. "Here's a specimen of style!—*think*!—*thought*!—*thought*!—*think*!—*thought*!"

P. 154. *Burnet*, speaking of a proclamation for shutting up 200 churches in one day! "Sharpe said to myself, he knew nothing of it; yet he was glad it was done without his having any share in it, for by it he was furnished with somewhat in which he was no way concerned, upon which he might cast all the blame of all that followed; yet this was suitable enough to a maxim that he and all that sort of people set up—that the execution of the laws was
that

that by which all governments maintained their strength as well as their honour."—*Swift*. "Dunce! Can there be a better maxim?"

P. 163. *Burnet*. "John Goodwin and Milton did also escape all censure, to the surprize of all people."—*Swift*. "He censures even mercy."

P. 163. *Burnet*. "Milton was not excepted out of the Act of Indemnity; and afterwards he came out of his concealment, and lived many years, much visited by all strangers, and much admired by all at home for the poems he writ, though he was then blind; chiefly that of "*Paradise Lost*," in which there is a nobleness both of contrivance and execution, that though he affected to write in blank verse without rhyme, and made many new and rough words, yet it was esteemed the beautifullest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in our language."—*Swift*. "A mistake!—for it is in *English*."

P. 164. *Burnet*. "The great share that sir Henry Vane had in the attainder of the earl of Strafford, and in the whole turn of affairs to the total change of government, but above all, the great opinion that was had of his parts and capacity to embroil matters again, made the court think it necessary to put him out of the way."—*Swift*. "A malicious turn!—Vane was a dangerous enthusiastic beast."

P. 164. *Burnet*. "When sir Henry Vane saw his death was designed, he composed himself to it with a resolution that surpriseth all who know how little of that was natural to him. Some instances of this were very extraordinary, though they cannot be mentioned with decency."—*Swift*. "His lady conceived by him the night before his execution."

P. 180. *Burnet*, speaking of the Dissenters in Charles the Second's time looking for a new liturgy, continues, "But all this was overthrown by Baxter, who was a man of great piety, and if he had not meddled in too many things, would have been esteemed one of the learned men of the age. He writ near *two hundred books*."—*Swift*. "Very sad ones indeed!"

P. 186. *Burnet*, speaking of the great fines raised on the church ill applied, he proceeds, "If the half had been applied to the buying of tithes or glebes for small vicarages, here a foundation had been laid for a great and effectual reformation."—*Swift*. "He judges here right, in my opinion."

P. 186. *Burnet*, continuing the same subject, "The men of merit and services were loaded with many livings and many dignities. With this accession of wealth there broke in upon the church a great deal of luxury and high living, on the pretence of hospitality, whilst others made purchases, and left great estates, most of which we have seen melt away."—*Swift*. "An uncharitable aggravation, a base innuendo."

P. 189. *Burnet*. "Patrick was a great preacher, and wrote well on the scriptures. He was a laborious man in his function, of great strictness of life, but a little too severe against those who differed from him; but that was where he thought their doctrines struck at the fundamentals of religion. He became afterwards more moderate."—*Swift*. "Yes; for he turned a rank whig."

P. 190. *Burnet*. "Archbishop Tenison was a very learned man, endowed schools, set up a public
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lic library," &c. &c.—*Swift*. "The dullest good-for-nothing man I ever knew."

P. 191. *Burnet*, condemning the bad style of preaching before Tillotson, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, says, "Their discourses were long and heavy; all was *pye-bald*, full of many sayings of different languages."—*Swift*. "A noble epithet! How came Burnet not to learn this style? He surely neglected his own talents."

P. 193. *Burnet*, speaking of the first formation of the Royal Society, "Many physicians and other ingenious men went into a society for natural philosophy; but he who laboured most, was Robert Boyle, the earl of Cork's youngest son, who was looked upon by all who knew him as a very perfect pattern. He was a very devout Christian, humble, and modest almost to a fault; of a most spotless and exemplary life in all respects. He was highly charitable, and was a mortified and self-denied man, that delighted in nothing so much as in doing good. He neglected his person, despised the world, and lived abstracted from all pleasures, designs, and interest."—*Swift*. "And yet Boyle was a very silly writer."

P. 195. *Burnet*. "Peter Walsh, who was the honestest and learnedest man I ever knew amongst the Popish clergy, often told me, there was nothing which the whole Popish party feared more than an union of those of the church of England with the Presbyterians. The Papists had but two maxims, from which they never departed. The one was to divide us, and the other, to keep themselves united."—*Swift*. "Rogue!!!"

P. 202. *Burnet*. "The queen-mother had brought
over

over from France one Mrs. Stewart, a great beauty." —*Swift*. "A pretty phrase this!"

P. 203. *Burnet*. "One of the first things that was done this session of parliament (1663) was the execution of my unfortunate uncle Warriston. He was so disordered both in body and mind, that it was a reproach to government to proceed against him. He was brought before the parliament to hear what he had to say why his execution should not be awarded. He spoke long, but in a disordered and broken strain, which his enemies fancied was put on to create pity. He was sentenced to die. His deportment was unequal, as might be expected from a man in his condition, yet when the day of execution came he was very serene.—He was cheerful, and seemed fully satisfied with his death. He read a speech twice over on the scaffold, that, to my knowledge, he composed himself, in which he justified all the proceedings in the Covenant, and asserted his own sincerity; but condemned his joining with Cromwell and the sectaries, though even in that his intentions had been sincere for the good of his country and the security of religion. Lord Lauderdale had lived in great friendship with him; but he saw the king was so set against him, that he, who at all times took more care of himself than of his friends, would not, in so critical a time, seem to favour a man whom the Presbyterians had set up as a sort of an idol amongst them, and on whom they did depend more than on any other man alive."—*Swift*. "Pray, was this Warriston hanged, or beheaded? A very fit uncle for such a Bishop!"

P. 220. *Burnet*. "Pensionary De Witt had the notion of a Commonwealth from the Greeks and Romans,

Romans, and from thence he came to fancy that an army commanded by officers of their own country was both more in their own power, and would serve them with the more zeal, since they themselves had such an interest in their success."—*Swift*. "He ought to have judged the contrary."

P. 225. *Burnet*, speaking of the slight rebellion in the West, 1666, says, "The rest of the rebels were favoured by the darkness of the night, and the king's troops were not in case to pursue them, for they were a poor harmless company of men, become mad with oppression."—*Swift*. "A fair Historian!"

P. 238. *Burnet*. "Sir John Cunningham was not only an eminent lawyer; but was above all a man of eminent probity, and of a sweet temper, and indeed one of the *piousest* men of the nation."—*Swift*. "Pray, is that Scotch?"

P. 242. *Burnet*. "When the Peace of Breda was concluded; the king writ to the Scottish council, and communicated *that* to them, and with *that* signified *that* it was his pleasure *that* the army should be disbanded."—*Swift*, "Here are four *thats* in one line."

P. 243. *Burnet*. "Sir Robert Murray, apprehensive that Episcopacy was to be pulled down, wrote a long and sorrowful letter to Sheldon, and upon that Sheldon wrote a very long one to sir Robert, which I read, and found more temperate than I could have expected from him."—*Swift*. "Sheldon was a very great and excellent man."

P. 245. *Burnet*. "The countess of Dysart was a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts; she had studied, not only Divinity and History, but Mathematics and Philosophy. She was violent in every thing

thing she set about—a violent friend, but much more violent enemy. When Lauderdale was prisoner after Worcester fight, she made him believe he was in great danger of his life, and that she saved it by her intrigues with Cromwell.”—*Swift*. “Cromwell had gallantries with her.”

P. 253. *Burnet*, speaking of Sheldon's remonstrating with the king about his mistresses, adds, “From that day Sheldon could never recover the king's confidence.”—*Swift*. “Sheldon refused the sacrament to the king, for living in adultery.”

P. 257. *Burnet*. “Thus lord Clarendon fell under the common fate of great ministers, whose employment exposes them to envy, and draws upon them the indignation of all who are disappointed in their pretensions.”—*Swift*. “Stupid moralist!”

P. 258. *Burnet*, speaking of the earl of Rochester, second son of the lord Clarendon: “He was thought the smoothest man in the court, and during all the disputes concerning his father, he made his court so dextrously, that no resentments ever appeared on that head. He is a man of far greater parts than his brother (who, in resentment of his father's ill treatment, always opposed the court), has a *very good pen*, but speaks not gracefully.”—*Swift*. “Pray, was this pen of gold or silver?”

P. 258. *Burnet*. “In a conversation I had with the king in his closet, I was struck to hear a prince of his course of life so much disgusted at the ambition and covetousness of the clergy.—He said, if the clergy had done their part, it would have been an easy matter to run down the Nonconformists. He told me, he had a chaplain, that was a very honest man, but a very great blockhead, to whom he had

had given a living in Suffolk, that was full of that sort of people. He had gone about among them from house to house, though he could not imagine what he could say to them, for he said he was a very silly fellow, but that he 'believed his nonsense suited theirs,' for he had brought them all to church, and in reward for his diligence he had given him a bishopric in Ireland."—*Swift*. "Bishop Wolley, of Clonfert."

P. 259. *Burnet*. "If the sectaries were humble and modest, and would tell what would satisfy them, there might be some colour for granting them some concessions."—*Swift*. "I think so too."

P. 263. *Burnet*, Speaking of the king's attachment to Nell Gwyn, says, "And yet, after all, he never treated her with the *decencies* of a mistress."—*Swift*. "Pray, what *decencies* are these?"

P. 263. *Burnet*. "The king had another mistress, who was managed by lord Shaftesbury, who was the daughter of a clergyman (one Roberts), in whom her first education had so deep a root, that though she fell into many scandalous disorders, with very dismal adventures in them all, yet a principle of religion was so deeply laid in her, that though it did not restrain her, yet it kept alive in her such a constant horror of sin, that she was never easy in an ill course of life, and died with great sense of her former conduct. I was often with her the last three months of her life."—*Swift*. "Was she handsome then?"

P. 265. *Burnet*. "Sedley had a more copious wit, and sudden, than that which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct

as lord Dorset, not so sparkling as lord Rochester."—*Swift*. "No better a critic in wit than in style."

P. 266. *Burnet*. "Lord Robarts, afterwards earl of Radnor, who succeeded the duke of Ormond in his government of Ireland, was a morose man, believed to be sincerely just, and as wise as a *cynical* humour could allow him to be."—*Swift*. "How does that hinder wisdom?"

P. 273. *Burnet*. "Charles II. confessed himself a Papist to the prince of Orange; and the prince told me, he never spoke of this to any other person till *after his death*."—*Swift*. "What! *after his own death*?"

P. 288. *Burnet*. "The Episcopal party thought I intended to make myself popular at their cost; so they began that strain of fury and calumny that has pursued me ever since from *that sort of people*."—*Swift*. "A civil term for all who are Episcopal!"

P. 298. *Burnet*. "In compiling the Memoirs of the duke of Hamilton, I found there materials for a very large history. I writ it with great sincerity, and concealed none of their errors. I did, indeed, conceal several things that related to the king—I left out some passages that were in his letters, in some of which was too much weakness."—*Swift*. "These letters, if they had been published, could not have given a worse character of him."

P. 300. *Burnet*, speaking of the Scotch clergy refusing to be made bishops, says, "They had an ill opinion of the court, and could not be brought to leave their retirement."—*Swift*. "For that reason they should have accepted bishoprics."

P. 303.

P. 303. *Burnet*. "Madame (Charles the Second's sister) had an intrigue with another person, whom I knew well, the count of Treville. When she was in her last agonies, she said, "Adieu, Treville!" He was so struck with this accident, that it had a good effect on him, for he went and lived many years amongst the Fathers of the Oratory, and became both a very learned and devout man. He came afterwards out into the world. I saw him often. He was a man of a very sweet temper, only a little too formal for a Frenchman; but he was very sincere. He was a Jansenist. He hated the Jesuits, and had a very mean opinion of the king, which appeared in all the instances in which it was safe for him to shew it."—*Swift*. "Pretty jumping periods!"

P. 304. *Burnet*. "When a foreign minister asked the king's leave to treat with Lockhart in his master's name, the king consented, but with this severe reflection, That he believed he would be true to any body but himself."—*Swift*. "Does he mean, Lockhart would not be true to Lockhart?"

P. 306. *Burnet*. "The earl of Shaftsbury was the chief man who advised the king to shut up the Exchequer."—*Swift*. "Clifford had the merit of it."

P. 321. *Burnet*. "As soon as king William was brought into the command of the armies, he told me he spoke to De Witt, and desired to live in an entire confidence with him—His answer was cold, so he saw he could not depend upon him; when he told me this, he added, He certainly was one of the greatest men of the age, and he believed he served his country faithfully."—*Swift*.

"And

"And yet, for all this, the prince contrived that he should be murdered."

P. 322. *Burnet*. "In this famous campaign of Louis XIV. against the Dutch (1672) there was so little heart or judgment shewn in the management of that run of success, that when that year is properly set out, it will appear to be one of the least glorious of his life."—*Swift*. "A metaphor, only fit for a gamester."

P. 328. *Burnet*. "Prince Waldeck was their chief general, a man of great compass, and a true judgment, equally able in the cabinet and in the camp. But he was always unsuccessful, because he was never furnished according to the schemes he had laid down. The opinion that armies had of him, as an unfortunate general, made him really so, for soldiers cannot have much heart, when they have not an entire confidence in him that has the chief command."—*Swift*. "When he speaks of his great compass, I suppose he means he was very fat."

P. 327. *Burnet*.—"It seems, the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns."—*Swift*. "What! ten shillings apiece! By much too dear for a Dutchman."

P. 337. *Burnet*. "This year (1672) the king declared a new mistress, and made her duchess of Portsmouth. She had been maid of honour to Madame, the king's sister; and had come over with her to Dover, where the king had expressed such a regard for her, that the duke of Buckingham, who hated the duchess of Cleveland, intended to put her on the king."—*Swift*. "Surely, he means the contrary."

P. 341. *Burnet*. "Duke of Lauderdale called on me all of a sudden, and put me in mind of the project I had laid before him of putting all the ~~exacted~~ ministers by *couples* into parishes, that, instead of wandering about the country to hold Conventicles, they might be stationary, and may have half a benefice."—*Swift*. "A pretty Scotch project! instead of feeding *fifty*, you starve one *hundred*."

P. 370. *Burnet*. "I was ever of Nazanzien's opinion, who never wished to see any more synods of the clergy."—*Swift*. "Dog!"

P. 372. *Burnet*, speaking of an insurrection in Scotland, says, "The king said, he was afraid I was too busy, and wished me to be more quiet."—*Swift*. "The king knew him right."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "I preached in many of the churches in London, and was so well received, that it was probable I might be accepted of in any way that depended on a popular election."—*Swift*. "Very much to his honour!"

P. 373. *Burnet*. "This violent and groundless prosecution lasted some months; and during this time I said to some, that duke Lauderdale had gone so far in opening some wicked designs to me, that I perceived he could not be satisfied unless I was undone—so I told what was mentioned before of the discourses that passed between him and me."—*Swift*. "A Scotch dog!"

P. 378. *Burnet*. "I will henceforth leave the account of our affairs beyond sea wholly to Temple's Letters, in which they are very truly and fully set forth."—*Swift*. "Sir William Temple was a man of sense and virtue, to which Burnet was a stranger."

P. 380. *Burnet*, speaking of his being pressed before parliament to reveal what passed between him and the duke of Lauderdale *in private*; and the parliament, in case of refusal, threatening him; he says, "Upon this I yielded, and gave an account of what I formerly mentioned."—*Swift*. "Treacherous villain!"

P. 382. *Burnet*. "Sir Harbottle Grimston had always a great tenderness for Dissenters, though still in the communion of the Church."—*Swift*. "Burnet's test of all virtues."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "Lady Grimston was the humblest, the devoutest, and best-tempered person I ever knew of that sort" (Church of England).—*Swift*. "Ah! Rogue!"

P. 392. *Burnet*. "Sancroft, dean of St. Paul's, was raised to the see of Canterbury. He was a man of solemn deportment, had a sullen gravity in his looks, and was considerably learned. He had put on a monastic strictness, and lived abstracted from company. These things, together with his living unmarried, and his being fixed in the old maxims of high loyalty, and a superstitious valuing of little things, made the Court conclude that he was a man who might be entirely gained to serve all their ends, or at least that he would be an unactive speculative man, and give them little opposition in any thing they might attempt, when they had more promising opportunities."—*Swift*. "False and detracting."

P. 406. *Burnet*. "In this battle between the prince of Orange (afterwards king William) and the duke of Orleans, some regiments of marines, on whom the prince depended, did basely run away; yet the other bodies fought so well that he lost not much

much except the *honour of the day*.”—*Swift*.
 “What he was pretty well used to.”

P. 413. *Burnet*. “Upon the examination of Mitchell before the privy council for the intended assassination of archbishop Sharpe, it being first proposed to cut off the prisoner’s right hand, and then his left; lord Rothes, who was a pleasant man, said, ‘Then how shall he wipe his b—ch?’—This is not very *decent* to be mentioned in such a work, if it were not necessary.”—*Swift*. “As decent as a thousand other passages, so he might have spared his apology.”

P. 414. *Burnet*, in the last article of the above trial, observes, “That the judge, who hated Sharpe, as he went up to the bench, passing by the prisoner whispered him—“Confess nothing, except you are sure of your limbs as well as your life.”—*Swift*. “O rare judge!”

P. 416. *Burnet*, speaking of the execution of the above Mitchell for the attempt against Sharpe, says, “Yet the duke of Lauderdale had a chaplain (Hickes), afterwards dean of Worcester, who published a false and partial relation of this matter, in order to the justifying it.”—*Swift*. “He was a learned and a pious man.”

P. 425. *Burnet*. “Titus Oates had gotten to be a chaplain in one of the king’s ships, from which he was dismissed upon complaint of some unnatural practices.”—*Swift*. “Only s——y.”

P. 441. *Burnet*. “On the impeachment of lord Danby, Maynard, an antient and eminent lawyer, explained the words of the statute 25th Edward III. that the courts of law could not proceed but upon

one of the crimes there enumerated, but the parliament had still a power by the clause in that act to declare what was treason."—*Swift*. "Yes—by a new act, but not by retrospect there; for Maynard was a *knave and a fool, with all his law*."

P. 455. *Burnet*. "The Bill of Exclusion certainly disinherited the next heir, which the king and parliament might do as well as any private man might disinherit his next heir."—*Swift*. "This is not always true; yet it was certainly in the power of the king and parliament to exclude the next heir."

P. 459. *Burnet*. "For a great while I thought the limitations proposed in the Exclusion Bill was the wisest and best method."—*Swift*. "It was the wisest, because it would be less opposed, and the king would consent to it—otherwise an *exclusion* would have done better."

Burnet, speaking of the party-writings for and against the Presbyters and Churchmen, continues, "The chief manager of all these angry writings was one sir Roger L' Estrange, a man who had lived in all the late times, and was furnished with many passages, and an unexhausted copiousness in writing."—*Swift*. "A superficial meddling coxcomb."

P. 483. *Burnet*. "I laid open the cruelties of the church of Rome in queen Mary's time, which were not then known; and I *aggravated*, though *very truly*, the danger of falling under the power of that religion."—*Swift*. "A BULL!"

Ibid. *Burnet*. "Sprat had studied a polite style much, but there was little strength in it. He had the beginnings of learning laid well in him; but he
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has allowed himself in a course of some years in much sloth, and too many liberties."—*Swift*.
 "Very false."

P. 509. *Burnet*, speaking of the grand juries in the latter end of king Charles's reign returning *Ignoramus* so frequently on bills of indictment, states, that in defence of those *Ignoramus Juries* it was said, "That, by the express words of their oath, they were bound to make true presentments of what should appear true to them; and therefore, if they did not believe the evidence, they could not find a bill, though sworn to. A book was writ to support this, in which both law and reason were brought to confirm it."—*Swift*. "This book was written by lord Somers."

P. 525. *Burnet*. "Home was convicted on the credit of *one* evidence.—Applications, 'tis true, were made to the duke of York for saving his life; but he was not born under a *pardoning planet*."—*Swift*.
 "Silly fop!"

Burnet, speaking of the surrender of the charters in 1682—"It was said that those who were in the government in corporations, and had their charters and seals trusted to their keeping, were not the proprietors nor masters of those rights. They could not extinguish those corporations, nor part with any of their privileges. Others said, 'that whatever might be objected to the reason and equity of the thing, yet when the seal of a corporation was put to any deed, such a deed was good in law.' This matter goes beyond my skill in law to determine."—*Swift*. "What does he think of the surrender of charters, abbeys, &c. &c.?"

P. 528. *Burnet*. "The Non-conformists were
 now

now persecuted with much eagerness. This was visibly set on by the Papists; and it was wisely done by them; for they knew how much the *Non-conformists were set against them.*"—Swift, "Not so much as they are against the Church."

P. 536. *Burnet*, "The truth is, juries became at that time the shame of the Nation, as well as a reproach to Religion; for they were packed, and prepared to bring in verdicts as they were directed, and not as matters appeared in the evidence."—Swift, "So they are now."

P. 543. *Burnet*, on Rumbold's proposal to shoot the king at Hodsdon in his way to Newmarket, adds, "The conspirators then ran into much *wicked talk*, about the means of executing it—but nothing was fixed upon; all was *but talk.*"—Swift, "All plots begin with talk."

P. 548. *Burnet*. At the time of lord Russel's plot—"Baillie being asked by the king whether they had any design against his person?—he frankly said not: but being asked whether he had any consultation with lords or other persons about an insurrection in Scotland, Baillie faltered at this; for his *conscience* restrained him from *lying.*"—Swift, "The author and his *cousins* could *not lie*, but they *could plot.*"

P. 553. *Burnet*, speaking of lord Essex's suicide (1683), "His man thinking he staid longer than ordinary in his *closet*, looked through the key-hole, and saw him lying dead."—Swift, "He cut his throat with a razor on the close-stool."

P. 555. *Burnet*. "On lord Russel's trial Finch summed up the evidence against him, but shewed more of a vicious eloquence in turning matters against
against

against the prisoner than law."—*Swift*. "Finch was afterwards earl of Aylesford. An arrant r——!"

P. 568. *Burnet*. "All people were apprehensive of very black designs when they saw Jefferies made chief justice of the king's bench *, who was so scandalously vicious, and was drunk every day; beside, he had a drunkenness of fury in his temper that looked like enthusiasm. He did not consider the decencies of his post; nor did he seem so much as to affect to seem impartial, as became a judge, but ran out upon all occasions into declamations that

* "Amongst the many scandalous appointments of trust during the profligate reign of Charles the Second, calling up Jefferies to such high situations as he possessed, was one of the most notorious. In addition to his well-known character of a *libertine* and a *servile courtier*, he was that of a dishonest man and a shuffler in his private dealings, as the following anecdote (never before published) will evince.—Having obtained a grant from king Charles II. of a lot of ground on the East side of St. James's park, he employed an architect to build him a very magnificent house there, with a private chapel, &c. As soon as the building was completed, the architect of course called upon him for payment, but was put off; he called again and again, but never could see him, and was often repulsed from his gate by the porter with rudeness and ill language. The general character and despotic power of Jefferies prevented the architect from taking any legal steps in the business, till Jefferies' power began to wane upon the first flight of king James. He then made his way into Jefferies' study, saw him, and pressed for his money in very urgent terms. Jefferies appeared all humbled and much confused; made many apologies for not settling the matter before; said, he had many weighty affairs pressing on his mind at that time; but if he would call the Tuesday following it should be finally settled. The architect went away after this promise; but between that and Tuesday, Jefferies, in endeavouring to make his escape from England, was found out, reviled, and much bruised by the populace." Mr. SEWARD, in the *European Magazine*, 1795, vol. XXVIII. p. 248.

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did not become the bar, much less the bench. He was not learned in his profession either: and his eloquence, though viciously copious, was neither correct nor agreeable."—*Swift*. "Somewhat like Burnet's eloquence."

P. 572. *Burnet*, on Algernon Sydney's trial, observes, "that Finch aggravated the matter of the book, as a proof of his intentions: for he said, "*Scribere est agere*."—*Swift*. "And yet king George made him earl of Aylesford."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "When Sydney charged the sheriffs who brought him the execution-warrant, with having packed the jury, one of the sheriffs wept. He told it to a person from whom Tillotson had it, who told it to me."—*Swift*. "Abominable authority!"

P. 577. *Burnet*. "So that it was plain that, after all the story which they had made of the Rye-house Plot, it had gone no further, and that a company of seditious and inconsiderable persons were framing among themselves some treasonable schemes that were never likely to come to any thing."—*Swift*. "Cursed partiality!"

P. 579. *Burnet*. "The king (Charles II.) had published a story all about the Court, as a reason for his severity against Armstrong, that he had been sent over by Cromwell to murder him beyond sea; and upon Armstrong's conviction, though the king promised he would not reveal it during his life, yet now looking upon him as dead in law, he was free from that promise."—*Swift*. "If the king had a mind to lie, he would have waited till Armstrong was hanged."

P. 585. *Burnet*. "Finding the difficulty of dis-
covering

covering any thing, and in confidence, I saved myself out of these difficulties by saying to all my friends, that I would not be involved in any such confidence; for as long as I thought our circumstances were such that resistance was not lawful, I thought the concealing any design in order to it was likewise unlawful."—*Swift*. "Jesuitical!"

P. 586. *Burnet*. "Baillie suffered several hardships and fines for being supposed to be in the Rye-house Plot; yet during this he seemed so composed, and ever so cheerful, that his behaviour looked like the revival of the spirit of the noblest Greeks and Romans."—*Swift*. "Take notice, he was *our Cousin*."

P. 587. *Burnet*, speaking of Baillie's execution, says, "The only excuse there was ever pretended for this infamous prosecution was, that they were sure he was guilty, and that the whole secret of the negotiation between the two kingdoms was trusted to him; and, since he would not discover it, all methods might be taken to destroy him."—*Swift*. "Case of the bishop of Rochester."

P. 588. *Burnet*. "Lord Perth wanting to see Leighton, I wrote so earnestly to him, that he came to London; and on his coming up was amazed to see a man of seventy years of age look so well and fresh, as if time seemed to stand still with him; and yet the next day both speech and sense left him, and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pang or convulsion."—*Swift*. "Burnet killed him by bringing him up to London."

P. 589. *Burnet*. "There were two remarkable circumstances in Leighton's death. He used often to say, that if he were to chuse a place to die in, it should

should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it. He added, that the officious tenderness of his friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. He had his wish."—*Swift*. "Canting puppy!"

P. 590. *Burnet*. "Stearne, archbishop of York, died this year (1684), in the 86th year of his age. He was a sour ill-tempered man, and minded chiefly to enrich his family."—*Swift*. "And yet he was thought to be the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*."

P. 596. *Burnet*. "Being appointed to preach the sermon on the Gunpowder Plot (1684) at the Rolls chapel, I took for my text, 'Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorn.'—I made no reflections in my thoughts on the lion and unicorn, as being the two supporters of the king's escutcheon, for I ever hated all points of that sort, as a profanation of Scriptures."—*Swift*. "I doubt that."

Burnet, speaking of the suspicion of Charles II. being poisoned—"Needham called twice, to have the stomach opened, but the surgeons seemed not to hear him; and when he moved it a second time, as he told me, heard Lower say to one that stood next him, 'Needham will undo us, calling thus to have the stomach opened, for he may see they will not do it.' They were diverted to look to somewhat else; and when they returned to look upon the stomach, it was carried away, so that it was never viewed, Le Fevre, a French physician,

sician, told me, he saw a blackness in the shoulder, upon which he made an incision, and saw it was all mortified. Short, another physician, who was a Papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing, and he had talked more freely of it than any of the Protestants durst do at that time."

—*Swift*. "A physician told me, who had it from Short himself, that he believed him to be poisoned."

P. 596. *Burnet*, concluding the character of Charles II.—"His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect pretty near—his hating of business, and love of pleasures—his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely, and then his putting them down, and hating them excessively—his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth; but, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that prince Borghese and signior Dominica, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him."—*Swift*. "He was certainly a very bad prince, but not to the degree described in this character, which is poorly drawn, and mingled with malice, very unworthy an historian: the style is likewise abominable, as is the whole history, of observations trite and vulgar,"

P. 651. *Burnet*. "Goodenough, who had been under-sheriff of London when Cornish was sheriff, offered to swear against Cornish, and also said, that Rumsey had not discovered all he knew. So Rumsey, to save himself and Goodenough, swore against Cornish; and he was seized on, tried, and executed in a week."—*Swift*. "Goodenough afterwards went to Ireland, practised the law, and died there."

P. 654. *Burnet*. "The archbishop of Armagh * (1685) had continued lord chancellor of Ireland, and was in all respects so complaisant to the Court, that even his religion became suspected."—*Swift*. "False!"

Ibid. *Burnet*. "And yet this archbishop was not thought thorough-paced;—so sir Charles Porter, who was a zealous promoter of every thing the king proposed, and was a man of ready wit, and, being poor, was thought a person fit to be made a tool of, was declared lord chancellor of Ireland †."—*Swift*. "False and scandalous."

P. 669. *Burnet*. "Solicitor-general Finch had been continued in this employment only to lay the load of this judgment upon him (the prosecution of Lord De la Mere). He was presently after turned out, and Powis succeeded him, who was a com-

* Michael Boyle, who, when Archbishop of Dublin, was made Chancellor soon after the Restoration (1665), and continued in that office to January 1686, during which time he was raised to the Archbishopric of Armagh. SEWARD.

† Notwithstanding this character of sir Charles Porter, king James did not think him thorough-paced enough to carry on his views in Ireland; accordingly, he remained in office but one year, and was succeeded as Chancellor by sir Alexander Fitter, a man every way qualified to stretch both Law and Gospel to Court purposes. SEWARD.

pliant, young, aspiring lawyer.”—*Swift*. “Sir Thomas Powis—good dull lawyer.”

P. 672. *Burnet*. “Intimations were every where given, that the king would not have the Dissenters or their meetings disturbed. Some of them began to grow insolent upon this show of favour.”—*Swift*. “The whole body of them grew insolent, and complying to the king.”

P. 675. *Burnet*. “Sancroft lay silent at Lambeth. He seemed zealous against Popery in private discourse; but he was of such a timorous temper, and so set on the enriching his nephew, that he shewed no sort of courage.”—*Swift*. “False as Hell.”

P. 681. *Burnet*. “The Episcopal clergy were in many places so sunk in sloth and ignorance, that they were not capable of conducting their zeal; but the Presbyterians, though smarting under great severities, expressed on all occasions their unconquerable aversion to Popery.”—*Swift*. “Partial dog!”

P. 690. *Burnet*, speaking of king William's character, says, “He had no vice but one sort, in which he was very *cautious* and *secret*.”—*Swift*. “It was of two sorts—*mule* and *female*—in the *former* he was neither cautious nor secret.”

P. 691. *Burnet*. “In a conversation with the prince of Orange at the Hague (1686), when I told him my opinion of toleration, he said, ‘that was all he would ever attempt to bring us to, for quieting our contentions at home.’”—*Swift*. “So it seems the prince even then thought of being king.”

P. 692. *Burnet*. “The advice I gave the princess of Orange when queen of England was, to endeavour to get the power of king to the prince for life;

life; for this would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had of late been a little embroiled."—*Swift*. "On account of Mrs. Villiers, now lady Orkney; but he proved a *d——d husband for all that*."

P. 693. *Burnet*. "Penn, the Quaker, was a talking, vain man, who had been long in the king's favour, he being the vice-admiral's son."—*Swift*. "He spoke very agreeably, and with much spirit."

P. 695. *Burnet*. "Cartwright was promoted to Chester. He was a man of good capacity, and had made some progress in learning. He was ambitious and servile, cruel and boisterous; and, by the great liberties he allowed himself, he fell under much scandal of the *worst sort*."—*Swift*. "Only *s——y*."

P. 697. *Burnet*. "In all nations the privileges of colleges and universities are esteemed such sacred things, that few will venture to disturb them."—*Swift*. "Yet, in king George's reign, Oxford was insulted with troops, for no manner of cause but their steadiness to the Church."

P. 701. *Burnet*, speaking of king James's proceedings against the universities, and that several of the clergy wrote over to the prince of Orange to engage in their quarrel, adds—"When that was communicated to me, I was still of opinion that this was an act of despotic and arbitrary power; yet I did not think it struck at the whole, so that it was not, in my opinion, a lawful case of resistance."—*Swift*. "He was a better *Tory* than I, if he spoke as he thought."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "The main difference between the
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the Presbyterians and Independents was, that the former seemed reconcileable to the church; *for they loved episcopal ordination and a liturgy*, but the Independents were for a commonwealth."—*Swift*. "A damnable lie!"

P. 702. *Burnet*. "So the most considerable amongst them (the Dissenters) resolved not to stand at too great a distance from the Court, nor provoke the king too far, so as to give him cause to think they were irreconcilable to him, lest they should provoke him to make up matters at any time with the Church-party."—*Swift*. "Another piece of dissimulation."

Burnet. The king's choice of Palmer, earl of Castlemain, was liable to great exceptions; for, as he was believed to be a Jesuit, he was certainly as hot and eager in all high notions as any of them could be. The Romans were amazed when they heard he was to be the person. His misfortunes were so eminent and public, that they who take their measures much from astrology, and from the characters they think are fixed on men, thought it strange to see such a negotiation put into the hands of so unlucky a man."—*Swift*. "This man was the duchess of Cleveland's husband."

P. 710. *Burnet*. "The restless spirit of some of that religion (Popery), and of their clergy in particular, shewed they could not be quiet till they were masters."—*Swift*. "All sects are of that spirit."

P. 726. *Burnet*. "When king James memorialized the States to deliver up Burnet, he says, 'I argued, that, being now naturalized in Holland, my allegiance was, during my stay in those parts, transferred

transferred from his Majesty to the States."—*Swift*.
 "Civilians deny that; but I agree with him."

P. 727. *Burnet*. "I now come to the year 1688, which proved memorable, and produced an extraordinary and *unheard-of* Revolution."—*Swift*.
 "The devil's in that! Sure all Europe *heard* of it."

P. 746. *Burnet*. "But, after all, the soldiers were *bad Englishmen, and worst Christians*; yet the Court of James II. found them too good Protestants to trust much to them."—*Swift*. "Special doctrine!"

P. 752. *Burnet*, doubting of the legitimacy of the pretender, and describing the queen's manner of lying-in, says, "All this while the queen lay in bed; and, in order to the warming one side of it, a warming pan was brought; but it was not opened, that it might be seen whether there was any fire in it."—*Swift*. "This, the ladies say, is very foolish."

P. 762. *Burnet*. "The earl of Shrewsbury seemed to be a man of great probity, and to have a high sense of honour."—*Swift*. "Quite the contrary."

P. 763. *Burnet*. "Russel told me, that, on his return to England from Holland, he communicated his design (relative to the Revolution) to lord Lumley, who was a late convert from Popery, and had stood out very firmly all this reign. He was a man who had his interest much to heart, and he resolved to embark deep in this design."—*Swift*. "He was a knave and a coward."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "But the man in whose hands the conduct of the whole design was chiefly deposited,

ted, by the Prince's own order, was Mr. Sydney, brother to the earl of Leicester and Mr. Algernon Sydney. He was a graceful man, and had lived long in the Court, where he had some adventures that became very public. He was a man of sweet and caressing temper."—*Swift*. "An idle, drunken, ignorant rake, without sense, truth, or honour."

P. 764. *Burnet*. "But because Mr. Sydney was lazy, and the business required an active man who could run about, and write over full and long accounts, I recommended a kinsman of my own, Johnston, whom I had formed, and knew to be both faithful and diligent."—*Swift*. "An arrant Scotch rogue."

P. 765. *Burnet*. "Lord Churchill (afterwards duke of Marlborough) was a man of a noble and graceful appearance, bred up in the court with no literature, but he had a solid and clear understanding, with a constant presence of mind. He knew the arts of living in a court better than any man in it. He caressed all people with a soft and obliging deportment, and was always ready to do good offices. He had no fortune to set up on. This put him on all the methods of acquiring one; and that went so far into him, that he did not shake it off when he was in a much higher elevation; nor was his expences suited enough to his posts; but when allowances are made for that, it must be acknowledged, that he is one of the greatest men the age has produced."—*Swift*. "A composition of perfidiousness and avarice."

Ibid. *Burnet*, still speaking of lord Churchill: "He was very doubtful of the pretended birth; so he resolved, when the prince should come over, to go in to him,

him, but to betray no post, nor any thing more than withdrawing himself with such officers as he could trust with such a secret."—*Swift*. "What could he do more to a mortal enemy?"

P. 772. *Burnet*. "The king of France thought himself tied by no peace, but that when he suspected his neighbours were intending to make war upon him, he might, upon such a suspicion, begin a war upon his part."—*Swift*. "The common maxim of princes."

P. 782. *Burnet*. "The morning the prince of Orange embarked for England, he took God to witness he went to that country with no other intentions but those he had set out in his Declaration."—*Swift*. "Then he was perjured, for he designed to get the crown, which he denied in the Declaration."

P. 783. *Burnet*. "After describing the storm which put back the prince of Orange's fleet, he observes, "In France and England they triumphed, believing it to be a *miracle*; we, on the contrary, looked upon it as a mark of God's great care to be delivered out of so great a storm."—*Swift*. "Then still it must be a *miracle*."

P. 785. *Burnet*. When matters were coming to a crisis at the Revolution, an order was sent to the bishop of Winchester to put the president of Magdalen college again into possession, but when the court heard the prince's fleet was blown back, the order was countermanded."—*Swift*. "The bishop of Winchester assured me otherwise."

Ibid. *Burnet*. "And now the Court thought it necessary, as an *after-game*, to offer some satisfaction on the point of the legitimacy of the prince of

of Wales."—*Swift*. And this was the proper time."

P. 786. "The princess Anne was not present at the queen's delivery; she excused herself, thinking she was breeding, and all motion was forbidden her; but none believed this to be the true reason."

—*Swift*. "I have reason to believe this to be true of the princess Anne."

P. 790. *Burnet*. "The prince of Orange's army staid a week at Exeter before any of the gentlemen of the county came into us. Every day some persons of condition came to us from other parts. The first were, the lord Colchester, the eldest son of the earl of Powis, and the lord Wharton."—*Swift*. "Famous for his cowardice in the rebellion."

P. 791. *Burnet*. "Soon after that prince George, the duke of Ormond, and the lord Drumlanerick, the duke of Queensbury's eldest son, left king James, and came over to the prince."—*Swift*. "Yet how has he been rewarded for this?"

P. 792. *Burnet*. "In a little while a small army was formed about the princess Anne, who chose to be commanded by the bishop of London, of which he too easily accepted."—*Swift*. "And why should he not?"

Ibid. *Burnet*. "A foolish ballad was made about this time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burthen said to be Irish words, 'Lero, Lero, Lillibulero,' that made an impression on the army that cannot well be imagined by those who saw it not."—*Swift*. "They are not Irish words, but better than Scotch."

P. 796. *Burnet*, speaking of king James's first attempt

attempt to leave the kingdom, says, "With this his reign ended, for it was a plain desertion of his people, and exposing the nation to the pillage of an army which he had ordered the earl of Feversham to disband."—*Swift*. "An abominable assertion, and false consequences."

P. 797. *Burnet*. "The incident of the king's being retaken at Feversham, gave rise to the party of Jacobites; for, if he had got clear away, he would not have had a party left, all would have agreed it was a desertion, and therefore the nation was free, and at liberty to secure itself; but what followed upon this gave them a colour to say, "he was forced away, and driven out."—*Swift*. "So he most certainly was, both now and afterwards."

P. 798. *Burnet*. "Jefferies, finding the king was gone, saw what reason he had to look to himself, and apprehending that he was now exposed to the rage of the people, whom he had provoked with a particular brutality, he had disguised himself to make his escape; but he fell into the hands of some who knew him, and was insulted by them with as much scorn and rudeness as they could invent. After many hours tossing him about, he was carried to the lord mayor, whom they charged to commit him to the Tower, which the lord Lucas had then seized, and in it had declared for the prince. The lord mayor was so struck with the terror of this rude populace, and with the disgrace of a man who had made all people tremble before him, that he fell into fits upon it, of which he died soon after."—*Swift*. "When Jefferies was committed to the Tower, he took to drinking strong liquors, which he occasionally

sionally did when in power, but now increased his habit most inordinately, with a view to put an end to his life, which it soon did."

P. 799. *Burnet*. "When I had the first account of king James's flight, I was affected with this dismal reverse of the fortune of a great prince more than I think fit to express."—*Swift*. "Or than I will believe."

P. 800. *Burnet*, speaking of the dilemma the prince of Orange was in about the king upon his being brought from Feversham, says, "It was thought necessary to stick to the point of the king's deserting his people, and not to give up that by entering into any treaty with him."—*Swift*. "Base and villainous!"

P. 803. *Burnet*. "Now that the prince was come, all the bodies about the town came to welcome him. The bishops came the next day (the archbishop of Canterbury excepted). The clergy of London came next. The city and a great many other bodies came likewise, and expressed a great deal of joy for the deliverance wrought for them by the prince's means. Old serjeant Maynard came with the men of the law. He was then near ninety, and yet he said the liveliest thing that was heard of on that occasion. The prince took notice of his great age, and said, 'that he had outlived all the men of the law of his time;' he answered, 'he had like to have outlived the law itself, if his highness had not come over.'—*Swift*. "Maynard was an old rogue, for all that."

P. 805. *Burnet*, speaking of the first effects of the revolution upon the Presbyterians in Scotland, says, "They broke in upon the Episcopal clergy with

with great insolence and much cruelty; they tore their gowns, and drove them from their churches and houses."—*Swift*. "To reward them for which, king William abolished Episcopacy."

P. 805. *Burnet*. "The Episcopal party in Scotland saw themselves under a great cloud, so they resolved all to adhere to the earl of Dundee, who had served some years in Holland, and was a man of good parts, and some valuable virtues; but was proud and ambitious, and had taken a violent hatred to the whole Presbyterian party."—*Swift*. "He was the best man in Scotland."

P. 807. *Burnet*. "Those who were employed by Tyrconnel to deceive the prince, made an application to sir William Temple, who had a long and established credit with him."—*Swift*. "A lie of a Scot; for sir William Temple, to my knowledge, did not know Tyrconnel."

P. 811. *Burnet*, speaking of the various opinions then agitated relative to the settlement of the state—"Some were of opinion that king James had, by his ill administration of the government, brought himself into an incapacity of holding the exercise of the sovereign authority any more in his own hand: but, as in the case of lunatics, the right still remained in him, only the guardianship, or the exercise of it, was to be lodged with a prince regent; so that the right of sovereignty should be owned to remain still in the king, and that the exercise of it should be vested in the prince of Orange, as prince regent."—*Swift*. "A regency certainly was by much the best expedient."

P. 811. *Burnet*. "The third party was made up of those who thought there was an original contract
between

between the king and the people of England, by which the kings were bound to defend their people; and govern them according to law; in lieu of which the people were bound to obey and serve the king."

—*Swift*. "I am of this party, and yet I would have been for a regency."

P. 818. *Burnet*. "This scheme of a regency was both more illegal and more unsafe than the method they proposed. The law of England had settled the point of the subject's security in obeying the king in possession, by the statute of Henry VII. So every man knew he was safe under a king, and so would act with zeal and courage; but all such as should act under a *prince regent*, created by this convention, were upon a bottom that had not the necessary forms of law for it."—*Swift*. "There is something in this argument."

P. 816. *Burnet*. "It was proposed that the birth of the pretended prince might be examined into, and I was ordered to gather together all the presumptive proofs that were formerly mentioned: it is true these did not amount to a full and legal proof; yet they seemed to be such violent presumptions, that when they were all laid together, they were more convincing than plain and downright evidence, for that was liable to the suspicion of subornation, whereas the other seemed to carry on them very convincing characters of truth and conformity."—*Swift*. "Well said, bishop."

P. 817. *Burnet*. "Some people thought it would be a good security for the nation to have a dormant title to the crown lie as it were neglected, to oblige our princes to govern well, while they would apprehend the danger of a revolt to a pretender still in
their

their eye."—*Swift*. "I think this was no ill design, yet it hath not succeeded in mending kings."

P. 819. *Burnet*. "The princess continued all the while in Holland, being shut in there by the East winds, and by the freezing of the rivers, so that she came not to England till the debates were over."—

Swift. "Why was she sent for till the matter was agreed? This clearly shews the prince's original design was to be king, against what he professed in his Declaration."

P. 824. *Burnet*. "A pamphlet was published at this time (1689), which was laid thus: 'The prince had a just cause of making war on the king.' In that most of them agreed; in a just war, which is an appeal to God, success is considered as the decision of heaven: so the prince's success against king James gave him the right of conquest over him, and by it all his rights were transferred to the prince."—

Swift. "The author wrote a paper to prove this. It was burnt by the hangman, and was a very foolish scheme."

P. 525. *Burnet* (second volume) speaking of the act for the general naturalization of protestants, and the opposition made against it by the high church, adds, "It was at last carried in the House of Commons by a great majority: but all those who appeared for this large and comprehensive way were reproached for their coldness and indifference in the concerns of the Church; and in that I had a large share."—*Swift*. "Dog!"

P. 526. *Burnet*. "The faction here found out proper instruments to set the same humour on foot in Ireland, during the last of Rochester's government, and, as was said, by his directions. So the clergy

clergy were making the same bold claims there that had raised such disputes amongst us.”—*Swift*. “Dog! dog! dog!”

P. 580. *Burnet*. “One Prior, who had been Jersey’s secretary, upon his death was employed to prosecute that peace which his principal did not live to finish. Prior had been taken a boy out of a tavern by the earl of Dorset, who accidentally found him reading Horace, and he being very generous, gave him an education in literature.”—*Swift*. “Malice!”

P. 581. *Burnet*. “Many mercenary pens were set at work to justify our proceedings, and to defame our allies, more particularly the Dutch. This was done with much art, but *with no regard to truth*, in a pamphlet entitled ‘The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late Ministry.’”—*Swift*. “*It was all true.*”

P. 582. *Burnet*. “The Jacobites did with the greater joy entertain this prospect of peace, because the dauphin had, in a visit to St. Germaine, congratulated that court upon it, which made them conclude it was to have a happy effect with relation to the pretender’s affairs.”—*Swift*. “The queen hated and despised the pretender, to my knowledge.”

P. 583. *Burnet*. “In a conference I had with the queen on the subject of peace, ‘she hoped bishops would not be against peace.’ I said, a good peace was what we prayed for; but any treaty by which Spain and the West Indies were left to king Philip, must in a little time deliver all Europe into the hands of France; and if any such peace could be made, she was betrayed, and we were all ruined; in less than three years time she would be murdered,
and

and the fires would again be raised in Smithfield."—*Swift*. "A false prophet in every particular."

P. 589. *Burnet*. "The queen having sent a message to the lords to adjourn, it was debated that the queen could not send a message to any one house to adjourn, when the like message was not sent to both houses. The pleasure of the prince in convening, dissolving, proroguing, or ordering the adjournment of parliament, was always directed to both houses; but never to one house, without the same intimation being given to the other."—*Swift*. "Modern nonsense."

P. 591. *Burnet*. "The House of Commons after their recess entered on the observations of the commissioners for taking the public accounts, and began with Walpole (sir Robert Walpole), whom they resolved to put out of the way of disturbing them in the house. The thing laid to his charge stood thus: after he, as secretary at war, had contracted with some for forage to the horse that lay in Scotland, he, finding that the two persons who had contracted for it made some gain by it, named a friend of his own as a third person, that he might have a share in the gain; but the other two had no mind to let him in to know the secret of their management, so they offered him *five hundred pounds* for his share; he accepted it, and the money was remitted. But they not knowing his address, directed their bill to Walpole, who endorsed it, and the person concerned received the money. This transaction was found out, and Walpole was charged with it as a bribe that he had taken for his own use for making the contract. Both the persons that remitted the money and he who received

ceived it were examined, and affirmed that Walpole was neither directly or indirectly concerned in the matter; but the house insisted upon his having endorsed the bill, and not only voted this a corruption, but sent him to the Tower, and expelled him the House."—*Swift*. "Walpole began early, and has been thriving in this business *twenty-seven years* up to January 1739."

P. 609. *Burnet*. "A new set of addresses ran about. Some mentioned the Protestant succession and the house of Hanover with zeal, others more coldly, and some made no mention at all of it; and it was universally believed that no addresses were so acceptable to the minister as those of *the last sort*."—*Swift*. "Foolish and factious."

P. 610. *Burnet*. "The duke of Ormond had given the States such assurances of his going along with them through the whole campaign, that he was let into the secrets of all their councils, which by that confidence were all known to the French; and if the auxiliary German troops had not been prepared to disobey his orders, it was believed he, in conjunction with the French army, would have forced the States to come into the new measures; but that was happily prevented."—*Swift*. "Vile Scotch dog! how does he dare to touch Ormond's honour so falsely?"

P. 669. *Burnet*, speaking of the progress of his own life, says, 'The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate'.—*Swift*. "Not so soon with the wine of some elections."

Here end the remarks on Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times; but opposite to the title page of
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"The Life of the Author, by Thomas Burnet, Esq." and in the Life, are the following remarks :

Opposite the title page.—*Swift*. "A rude violent party-business."

In the Life, p. 722. *Thomas Burnet*. "The character I have given of his wives will scarce make it an addition to his character that he was a most affectionate husband. His tender care of the *first*, during a course of sickness that lasted for many years, and *his fond love of the other two*, and the deep concern he expressed for their loss, were no more than their just due from one of his humanity, gratitude, and discernment."—*Swift*. "What! only three wives!"

P. 723. *Thomas Burnet*. "The bishop was a kind and bountiful master to his servants, whom he never changed but with regret, and through necessity; friendly and obliging to all in employment under him, and peculiarly happy in the choice of them; particularly in that of the steward to the bishoprick and his courts, William Wastefield, esq. (a gentleman of a plentiful fortune at the time of his accepting this post), and in that of his domestic steward, Mr. *Macknay*."—*Swift*. "A Scot; his own countryman."

DR. PARNELL TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of Friendship's sacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame ;
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd,
Resolv'd, I sing ; tho' labouring up the way
To reach my theme ; O **SWIFT**, accept my lay.

Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Thro' Contemplation's airy fields I rove ;
Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter sky ;
Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend ;
Then fills its landscape thro' the varied parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts :
Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more serenely fair.
Of these two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame,
Ye Future times, I heard the silver sound !
I saw the Graces form a circle round !
Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.

High, o'er the rest, I see the Goddess rise,
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies :
By turns, within her eyes the Passions burn,
And softer Passions languish in their turn :
Upon her tongue Persuasion, or Command ;
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.

From

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day.
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire,
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought,
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought ;
How sure you wound when ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.
'Twas thus, exploring, she rejoic'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee :
" Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,
" And learn to copy where they can't excel."

She spake. Applause attended on the close :
Then Poesy, her sister-art, arose ;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for bus'ness, more to please,
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young ;
The soul of Music warbles on her tongue ;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest temper flows :
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air ;
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the spheres, she takes a pitch to sing :

" Thrice happy Genius his, whose Works have hit
" The lucky point of bus'ness and of wit !
" They seem like showers, which April months prepare
" To call their flowery glories up to air :
" The drops, descending, take the painted bow,
" And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.
" To me retiring oft, he finds relief
" In slowly-wasting care, and biting grief :
" From me retreating oft, he gives to view
" What eases care and grief in others too.

" Ye

" Ye fondly grave, be wise enough to know,
" *Life ne'er unbent were but a life of woe.*
" Some full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,
" On his own rack each puts himself to pain.
" I'll gently steal you from your toils away,
" Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play ;
" Where, on the banks as crystal rivers flow,
" They teach immortal amaranths to grow :
" Then from the mild indulgence of the scene,
" Restore your tempers strong for toils again."

She ceas'd : soft music trembled in the wind,
And sweet delight diffus'd through every mind :
The little Smiles, which still the Goddess grace,
Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bless'd)
A gentle band their eager joys express :
Here Friendship asks, and love of merit longs
To hear the Goddesses renew their songs ;
Here great Benevolence to man is pleas'd ;
These own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.
You, gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign superior Graces in his heart.

O SWIFT ! if fame be life (as well we know
That Bards and Heroes have esteem'd it so),
Thou canst not wholly die ; thy Works will shine
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

CHARACTER OF SWIFT:

BY MR. GRANGER.

JONATHAN SWIFT was blessed, in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries, with the powers of a creative genius. The more we dwell upon the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us: in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and even his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had, in his virtues, few equals; and, in his talents, no superior. In that of humour, and more especially in irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be, unrivalled. He did the highest honour to his country by his parts; and was a great blessing to it by the vigilance and activity of his public spirit. His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear, and expressive; familiar, without vulgarity or meanness; and beautiful, without affectation or ornament. He is sometimes licentious in his satire; and transgresses the bounds of delicacy and purity. He, in the latter part of his life, availed himself of the privilege of his great wit, *to trifle*: but when, in this instance, we deplore the misapplication of such wonderful abilities, we, at the same time, admire the whims, if not the dotages, of a Swift. He was, perhaps, the only Clergyman of his time who had a thorough knowledge of men and manners. His "Tale of a Tub," his "Gulliver's Travels," and his "Drapier's Letters," are the most considerable of his prose works; and his "Legion Club," his "Cadenus and Vanessa," and his "Rhapsody on Poetry," are at the head of his poetical performances. His writings, in general, are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their Author's fame.

THE END.





